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"Were I asked what best dignifies the present and  
le of Life; what sheds the  
son; what gives the firmest  
what is best fitted to soften  
elevate his soul—I would  
s 'EXPERIENCE.'"

LORD LYTTON.

EL, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.  
How me to present you with  
n on ENO'S justly celebrated  
pation being a very sedentary  
at change of air would do for  
ie personal friends, I have taken  
the good result therefrom is my

rs truly, "A LADY."  
ill enforce,  
tem in its course;  
se or drank too much,  
e magic touch.  
its fearful away,  
like away;  
is found impure,  
fect cure.

r, free from harm,  
magician's charm  
inty draught,  
d disease's shaft;  
an the richest gold,  
wealth unfold;  
out our native land  
ave it at command."

Rev. J. W. NEIL, Holy  
th, North Shields:—

ustration of the beneficial effects  
y. I give you particulars of the  
ds. Sluggish liver and bilious  
n, that he was obliged to live

This did nothing in effecting  
nsluting very eminent members  
vigorous health: he has never  
can partake of his food in a hearty  
manner. There are others to whom your remedy has been so beneficial, that you may well extend its use *pro bono publico*. I find it makes a very refreshing and invigorating drink.—I remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully,  
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# SUSAN TURNBULL

OR

*The Power of Woman*

A NOVEL

BY

ARCHIBALD CLAVERING GUNTER

AUTHOR OF

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# BOOK I.—LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

TER	I.—The Misses Prindle's Young Ladies, - - - -	5
'	II.—Two Arrant Adventurers, - - -	14
'	III.—Two Young Minxes, - - -	31
'	IV.—The Dancing Lesson, - - -	40
'	V.—The Elopement of Three, - - -	50
'	VI.—“Caitiff, Draw and Defend Yourself,” - - -	64
'	VII.—The Extraordinary Threat, - - -	73

# K II.—SEVERAL WOLVES AND LOTS OF LAMBS.

TER	VIII.—The Turkish Wolf, - - -	82
'	IX.—The Greek Lamb, - - -	92
'	X.—The British Bull-pup, - - -	105
'	XI.—Beauty in Distress, - - -	122
'	XII.—The Destruction of the Sacred Kiss, - - -	141
'	XIII.—“Holy Allah, Must I Bust Me Father-in-law?” - - -	153
'	XIV.—From Turkish Frying-pan Into British Fire, - - -	161

## BOOK III.—A DASH AT THE QUALITY.

CHAPTER	XV.—La Belle Turnbull, - - -	177
“	XVI.—A Sprightly Evening at Ranelagh, - - -	189
“	XVII.—“Make Me a Present of Her!”	203

## BOOK IV.—PRINCESS SUSAN.

CHAPTER	XVIII.—The Promised Land, - - -	218
“	XIX.—Indigo Vat No. 22, - - -	229
“	XX.—The Spanish Schooner, - - -	246
“	XXI.—Justice Cutter's Ear Makes a Sensation, - - -	264
“	XXII.—Miss Susan Declares She Is Being Robbed, - - -	279
“	XXIII.—The Pirate's Kiss, - - -	292
APPENDIX	- - - - -	313

# THE POWER OF WOMAN.

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## PART I.

SUSAN TURNBULL.

## BOOK I.

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE MISSES PRINDLE'S YOUNG LADIES

It is the year of our Lord 1767. The world—for the world of that day meant Europe—is at peace. George the Second, after a prosperous reign, has passed away, leaving England triumphant over her old enemies, France and Spain, both on land and sea, and victorious, *without allies*. In her grasp is all of North America except Florida. Besides this she has the Island of Cuba, and practically all the West Indies, and in the East, India wrested from French dominion by Clive.

Some of these conquests she has traded away at the Peace of Paris: notably Cuba, which she has given up to Spain, receiving in exchange Florida, which she thinks will make her North American possessions complete; one of the worst bargains probably ever made

in the history of nations—relinquishing the richest island of the Antilles, the domination of all the trade from South America, Mexico, and Peru, that must come, borne by the Gulf Stream, past the fortresses of the Havannah—for a land uninhabited, unsettled, and unknown.

So at present the world is at peace. Frederick the Great, with the moneyed assistance of England, has completed successfully the Seven Years' War, confronting and defying Austria, Russia, France, and Saxony combined.

But even now, with the ink of their articles of armistice scarcely dry, the powers are commencing to scheme for war again. Frederick is negotiating with the Semiramis of the North and Maria Theresa, his old enemies, with whom he has just shaken hands, for the partition of Poland. Russia is getting ready to again despoil the Turk, and England, despite the advice of Monsieur de Choiseul, the French Minister, is going to help her.

The reason of this is chiefly because the elder Pitt, who has dominated the councils of England and made her by his statesmanship the leading power of the world, has gone out of office. When he proposed to King George III. to attack Spain before she was ready to defy England, that monarch, who disliked his statesman for his support of popular rights, hesitated; the Pitt ministry resigned, and the Marquis of Rockingham came into power. As his aide was Lord Frederick North who did more to ruin England in ten years than any man who has ever lived.

Monsieur de Choiseul had said: "In assisting Russia to despoil Turkey you are building up a power that some day will not only be your rival, but perchance your dictator. With Russia it is not a question of the present, but of the future. Coming

generations of Anglo-Saxons will suffer for the policy of England."

To this the English Government had replied: "We take care of the present; future generations take care of themselves." An idea that, ingrafted into the policy of the various administrations of England for the next ten years, produced a course of procedure in the government which alienated forever from the British crown the United States of America—a policy that for a hundred thousand pounds yearly revenue prevented the Atlantic Ocean from becoming an English sea, with four-fifths of its coast covered by the cross of St. George and St. Andrew.

It is the calm before the storm; the storm that is going to end in the French revolution—in the first tremendous protest, crazy as it was, fanatic as it was, rabid as it was—for the personal liberty of man. The old world, with its ancient ideas of the divinity of the monarch, the supremacy of *sang pur* and the suppression of all other kinds of blood whatsoever, has sat down calmly, to be awakened by the Marseillaise. It is the passing of the literary age of Addison and Steele, of Fielding and Smollett. David Garrick is still playing. Sarah Siddons has just come on the boards. The *English Gentleman's Magazine* is recording the last burning at the stake of a woman in England.\* Husbands of the lower classes still sell their wives. The glorious doctrine of the common law of England, as expounded by Blackstone, of the husband's right to chastise his better half, is still in vogue, though commonplace. The rack and thumb-screw are yet in plenteous use in many portions of the world, though in England they have grown a little rusty.

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\* Burning of women for poisoning their husbands changed to hanging Act. 30.—Geo. III., 1790.

Withal though it is the close of a great era in British history, it is the commencement of a greater; greater because it is the beginning of the dawn of personal liberty—the destruction of tremendous class distinctions. Catholics, Quakers, and Dissenters are soon to be deemed worthy of holding office in this world, though they may fry in the next. Society has begun to drift to “servant-gals cheeking their missuses,” the walking delegate, socialism, anarchy, dynamite bombs, and other luxuries of modern freedom. But in 1767 the old ideas still prevail. The American and French Revolutions, though nearly due, have not yet arrived. Servitude is still regarded as the normal state of the unfortunate. The African slave trade is yet legitimate commerce. Barbary pirates still capture Christians, selling their captives under the very eyes of the ambassadors of Europe to the Sublime Porte.

Under this great, perhaps somber, background is a pretty little foreground in the sea-coast town of Brighthelmstone, in the fair county of Sussex, England. This charming little seaside town has just grown out of a fishing village and is now becoming quite a resort of the gentry and quality, coming down in post-chaises with relays of horses from London. Some ten years from now it is to be made very fashionable by the visit of the Prince of Wales, and shortly after to be called Brighton and known as the great modern watering-place that in our day boasts of its wondrous aquarium, great Marine Parade, and its two big piers, for exercise, promenade, and flirtation.

The soft Sussex breezes were bracing then as they are now. The green sheep downs were as verdant then as they are now. There was no Grand Parade nor big piers, but Brighthelmstone was a very pleasant place and of good repute as regards the health of its

inhabitants, and as such, the favored location of young ladies' academies, as it is to-day.

One of these, at seven o'clock this fine spring morning, is taking its daily constitutional. It is a select establishment for young ladies of the upper middle classes, and conducted by the Misses Prindle under the precepts of Dr. Samuel Johnson, whose belief in and eulogy of the rod have been so ably commented upon by his biographer, Mr. Boswell.\*

Altogether, as it marches along the Steine, the beautiful lawn on which the quality are wont to take their promenade in the afternoon, Miss Prindle's establishment presents an appearance of decorous modesty and academic deportment that is beautiful to behold. Its forty odd scholars march two by two very demurely, a dragon of a mathematics-teacher of certain age in front, glaring to right and left, two pupil teachers immediately behind her, then two by two the Misses Prindle's pupils, the oldest of eighteen or nineteen at the front, the little ones of eight or ten years of age in the rear, which is brought up by the younger Miss Prindle, Penelope by name, spinsterhood showing in every line of her prim, severe, fifty-year-old face and the stern schoolmistress in every movement of her precise body.

Altogether, the young ladies of Arcadia Lodge present a very charming though demure appearance; not perhaps of the first fashion, but approaching to it, for the school is waning from its highest glory, which was

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\* In ladies' boarding-schools a century ago, the rod was unsparingly used, and even up to about the year 1830 young ladies were whipped at school. *History of the Rod*, by Rev. William M. Cooper, B.A.

Likewise letter from lady of quality, of about the year 1790, descriptive of discipline at Regent's House, Bath, a fashionable young ladies' school at that time. The writer says: "No matter whether a girl was rich or poor, old or young, even if of the highest quality, the daughter of a Lord, she was whipt when the Misses Pomeroy so decreed."

Also diary of Lady Frances Pennoyer, December 15, 1759.

*Vide also Boswell's Life of Johnson*, with his various remarks.—Ed.

three years before, when the daughter of the Marquis of St. Catherines was one of its pupils—a time spoken of with the greatest respect by the elder Miss Prindle, and spoken of very often. Nearly every other sentence which this lady, Miss Eudisia, addresses to inquirers about her seminary begins or ends with: "When I had the honor of superintending the education of Lady Blanche St. Omer, the daughter of Lord St. Catherines, who is now such a leader of *ton* in London."

She does not, however, state that Felix Vavas seur Beauchamp St. Omer, the Marquis of St. Catherines, is as bankrupt a nobleman as any in the English peerage, and that Lady Blanche's bills have not been liquidated—and that she was taken under the implied condition that they never would be.

The young ladies are all dressed very nicely for their morning walk, the elder ones sporting fashionable hoops, beneath which can be seen high-heeled, buckle shoes and silk-clocked stockings, in proportions diminishing as their ages increase.

Their locks are nearly all arranged with single ribbon and French curls—though some of the older wear their hair *tête de Mouton*, a style lately imported from across the channel.

Almost among the leading files of this institution march two young ladies: one a little over eighteen, the other a few months younger. The elder, Miss Irene Vannos, the daughter of a Greek merchant having his branch office at Modon, in the Morea; the younger, Miss Susan Turnbull, a niece of Andrew Turnbull, engaged in the Smyrna trade, and a young lady of considerable property, a good deal of it being invested in her uncle's business.

As the school on its return to Arcadia Lodge turns

into the High street, these two are talking and laughing together as much as they dare under the eye of the Gorgon who marches behind, and altogether they appear to be very well pleased with each other, with themselves, and the world in general. For though the discipline of a middle-class boarding-school for girls in England in those days was extremely severe, and the comforts of school life as naught compared with the sybaritic establishments of modern education, still these young ladies knew nothing of the coming world and were very well contented with the one in which they dwelt. Their hoops were as large as were permitted in the school, their shoes were as pretty and their feet as small, and, curiously enough for an establishment of that kind, each had her eye open for a dashing gallant as wide as she dared open it under the strict regimen in which they were kept.

This High street is a place much disliked and hurried through by Miss Prindle on account of the remarks of lounging hostlers, horse-boys, and sauntering yokels in the early morning, and sometimes the attentions of early-rising beaux and macaronies come down from the capital to recuperate from London dissipation by sea-bathing at the neighboring beach.

"Did you see him? He was looking out of the second window of the Man at Arms," whispers Miss Susan.

"No. Did you see *him*?" answers the other *sotto voce*. "He was glancing at me from the first floor window of the Royal George."

"Who were you talking about?"

"Who were you looking at?"

"Why, don't you *know*?" This is said by both girls together.

"He—he—he!" in chorus.

"Young ladies, attention!—and keep your eyes in

front!" comes in the stern voice of the Gorgon school-mistress.

"I was looking at the celebrated officer from the Mediterranean, Ballyho Bey," remarks Miss Irene Vannos.

"And I—I was exchanging glances with the notorious sea-rover, Dick Bocock, the captain of a privateer and—they say—*worse!*" whispers Miss Susan Turnbull, proudly.

"Silence, young ladies!" comes from the Gorgon at the rear. "Were you talking, Miss Vannos?"

"No, ma'am," very nervously.

"Were you talking, Miss Susan Turnbull?"

"No, ma'am!" very promptly.

"Oh, Gadzooks! what a lie!" This *sotto voce* from an eleven-year-old marching near the rear.

"What did you say, Sophia?" remarks Miss Prindle, who is within reach of the child.

"Please—please, ma'am, I said nothing."

"How dare you tell me such a fib! Come and walk by me. What did you say?"

"I—I don't want to tell!"

"Sophia, shall I take you to my room after our walk?"

"Oh, please, ma'am—don't—don't!"

"Then what did you say?"

"I—I said, 'What a fib!'"

"What was the fib you meant?"

"What Irene Vannos and Susan Turnbull told you when they said they weren't gabbing."

"What were they talking about?"

"Two dandiprats; one named the Macaroni Boy and the other called the Peacock, I think. I couldn't just make out."

Gossiping about *gentlemen!* How do they know

there are any gentlemen in town?" mutters Miss Penelope in astounded horror.

But upon arrival at Arcadia Lodge this produces a lecture from the teacher in charge. She says: "Young ladies, I have been informed that you talk about the gallants who are in town. Now, understand me, that I consider it not only unladylike, but exceedingly immodest and bold to be aware that there is a single man of any kind, class, or rank, in the place. Miss Vannos, write out fifty lines from the *Æneid* and bring it to me this afternoon. Miss Turnbull, I shall expect from you at the same time two hundred lines. 'My eyes must be always in front of me as I walk!'"

This sentence is not received without discussion, almost rebellion. The two girls walk straight at her and say: "For what?"

"For talking in the High Street, where silence is enjoined; and one of you for casting eyes at the Man at Arms, and the other for looking at the Royal George. Please do not think that I have not *my* eyes about me when you are walking."

And Miss Penelope passing on to her school duties, the two stare astonished; but suddenly Miss Turnbull cries: "I know! It was that low-born butcher's brat, Sophia Matthews—she told her. I'll make her sorry for it!"

So, having a disposition that remembers, this very forenoon Miss Susan Turnbull, catching the "brat" Sophia Matthews all by herself in the garden, proceeds to give the little girl such a pinching that the child thoroughly regrets her enforced confidences to the awful Miss Penelope.

But she keeps silence about her wrongs. In the first place Miss Turnbull informs her if she tells she will put her to death by slow torture; in the

next place, every other girl's hand, under scholastic morals, would be against her. The only thing for little Sophia to do is to grin and bear it. She bears it, but she doesn't grin—and keeping her big eyes open for a terrible revenge, very shortly gets it.

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## CHAPTER II.

### TWO ARRANT ADVENTURERS.

THE gentlemen who have brought discomfiture on Miss Irene Vannos and Miss Susan Turnbull are of course totally oblivious to this. Captain Dick Bocock, after seeing the school pass on its way toward the classic precincts of Arcadia Lodge, finishes his breakfast nonchalantly and indulges in a pipe of Virginia tobacco in the coffee-room of the Man at Arms.

Terence O'Grady O'Donohue Fitz-Ballyho, commonly known as Ballyho Bey, a dashing Irish soldier of fortune and at present a *renegado* connected with the Turkish marine service, but now in England on a special mission from the Porte in regard to the rumored Russian alliance, in his more aristocratic private apartments at the Royal George, discusses a delicate repast, not forgetting the wine forbidden by the Koran.

Then, under the attendance of a black slave boy habited in white turban and Turkish costume, he enjoys his nargileh pipe, murmuring plaintively: "By Allah and Saint Patrick both, this Brighthelmstone is a devilish quiet hole! At times I wish I'd brought me harem with me; but that wouldn't have been discrate, me boy. Bedad, the jades of my seraglio might have been a-running away from me. Howiver, if I can persuade the little darlint I came after, it will be a foine

stroke of financial luck. Though me salary is a very fair one from the Sublime Porte, still the dates of payment of the Lord of Lords and Master of the World are sometimes very far betwixt and betwane, and even now if I didn't bullyrag his Excellency Samas Pasha, our plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James, be me sowl I'd be starving in this foreign land.

"And it does seem to me a foreign land; though if I would walk over to Ballyho Castle on the banks of the Shannon, begorra, I expect a good many of me relatives would remember me, but they wouldn't like to see me, noting I am the heir to the Barony of Ballyho, though kept out of it by thaving attorneys."

For this gentleman has a way of claiming everything that under any circumstances or by any chance could come to him; the Barony of Ballyho, to which he has only the claim of an illegitimate scion, being one of his assumptions.

"Ah, by the powers, I think I'll call Antonelli and have him deck me in me finery and display meself in the Gun-garden this fine morning. Mayhap some pretty *demoiselles* of the place who show their unveiled faces—God bless 'em—despite the Koran, will look with kindness and complacency on the long mustachios of Ballyho Bey, whose nobility and fine airs are ginerally catching to the famale race, by the grace of the prophet and the blessing of Allah."

Whereupon he claps his hands, and summoning Mustapha, bids the blackamoor boy go and find Ludovico Antonelli, remarking: "The baste is always downstairs, ogling some of the pantry maids. Bring him up here, or be the piper that played before Moses, I'll mincemeat you!"

Mustapha going on his errand, Ballyho Bey, a wild-looking Irishman whose red hair is concealed by his

enormous turban and whose red mustachios have been made black by the arts of his valet, is very shortly attended by that functionary, who proceeds to his Excellency's toilet, during which the following conversation, which would make the Misses Prindle faint with horror, takes place between them, for the Italian is as great a scoundrel as his master, which is saying as much as can be said for any man.

"Antonelli," remarks Terence, "have ye seen that half-English dancing master, who has been inoculated with Frinch airs—of the Arcadia Lodge this morning?"

"Not yet, your Highness."

"Be me sword! if Monsieur Lavender Tompkins doesn't work for the five golden ducats that I gave him—did ye tell him I'd murder him?"

"Yes, your Highness."

"He had no objection to carrying the letter to that pretty little Irene Vannos whom I saw pass beside me window a few minutes ago, under the eye of her strict schoolmistress, from whose tyranny I propose to release me darlint? The poor girl only got a wink from me, but bedad! it made her blush to her eyebrows."

"He did not, your Highness."

"Divil doubt it, after ye'd explained to him as I instructed ye, that I would put public affront on Monsieur Lavender and horsewhip him for his insult in the Gun-garden the next time I laid eyes on him when the ladies were promenading! By Allah! I'd run him out of town!"

"When I explained the horsewhipping to him, your Highness, and gave him your five golden ducats, Monsieur Tompkins promised to do your bidding."

"Very well. As soon as Monsieur Lavender makes his appearance, have him shown up; I'd speak to him in person. You're sure, Ludovico, that

the black you've just put on me mustachios will not come off if I should happen to kiss a pretty girl?"

"It will last your Excellency at least twenty-four hours, no matter how much you salute the ladies," remarks the valet with a deprecating bow as he departs.

Very shortly after he ushers in Monsieur Lavender Tompkins, a gentleman who gives instruction in the art of Terpsichore; among his patrons being the Misses Prindle, who engage him for several hours a day in the instruction of their young ladies in the minuet, sara-band, deportment, positions, the art of entering a carriage, the art of stepping into a chair, the proper method of courtesying to and greeting those of higher degree, those of equal rank, and those of lesser degree, which, in conjunction with tight-laced stays, the back-board and the stocks, produce very elegant carriage, demeanor and bearing in the young ladies of that institution.

Monsieur Tompkins is a gentleman, as he describes himself, of exquisite demeanor. He is likewise of conservative disposition and perennial smile. A grin is the foundation of his expression. He smiles deprecatingly, he smiles triumphantly, he smiles approvingly, he smiles disconcertedly; sometimes on rare occasions he has been known to smile in anger, at some unpardonable *gaucherie* or mistake in steps of his pupils at Arcadia Lodge. Under these conditions his expression is not imposing.

His eyes are blue—a heavenly blue. His mouth is weak, but softly beautiful; all the more so because he is clean shaven. His curls, golden and luxuriant, are very highly barbered and finished with bear's grease, perfumed with the odor of his name. For Mr. Lavender Tompkins, with all his little brains, is conscious of his one strong point—his appearance. Therefore he

is dressed so dapperly; dancing pumps, lacquered and varnished, always adorning his agile feet. His lithe and well-developed legs are shown from ankles to hips by the tightest-fitting blue inexpressibles, into which apparently they have been melted and run each day. A nankeen vest with brazen buttons of highest polish, and ruffled shirt just from the bleaching field and laundry, high stock, lace cravat, and claw-hammer coat of blue cloth, likewise with brass buttons, also tightly belted in to his frame, display his form, which, though not of commanding height, is capable of graceful pose and sudden little artifices of movement that have given to him the sobriquet among the young ladies under his tutelage of "Jumping Jack" Tompkins. His age is probably not over twenty-five.

The door being opened for him, this creature of airs and graces comes in with sliding step and deprecating smile, and arriving in six glides before the awful Eastern potentate, who sits squat-legged indulging in his nargileh, bows before him with elaborate reverence, takes posture and murmurs: "I hope—I hope I don't intrude."

"Divil a bit!" says the great Ballyho Bey, with an affable wave of his sublime hand. Then he cries: "Mustapha, close the door quick and stand in the hallway to see no listening maids are about, or, *Bismillah*, I pity thy black bones!"

The blackamoor boy making exit with many and elaborate salaams, Terence, Ballyho Bey, remarks pleasantly: "Now we'll get to business, Monsieur Jumper."

"Your—Your Highness speaks English?" murmurs the dancing teacher, astonished.

"Divil a bit! I spake Irish—and also Frinch, Spanish, German, Turkish, and the patois of Tunis

and Algiers, besides a smattering of modern Grake, having forgot me ancient Grake that was whacked into me by Father O'Toole, bad cess to him! But as to acknowledging I spake the language of the tyrants of me country—niver! But now to business. Did ye deliver that note I gave ye to the pretty crature called Irene Vannos?"

"Yes, your Highness; when I had the honor of instructing her in the minuet yesterday."

"Did she give you answer to it?"

"Yes, a—a note—your—your Worship."

"Ah! Trust the darling girl to throw dust in the eyes of her schoolmarm. Why don't you hand it over?"

"I have not as yet received my ducat, your Highness."

"Ah, ye avaricious spalpeen! Yer looking for the shekels as well as the rest of us," returns his employer, complaisantly, and producing a gold coin from his sash, tosses it to the agile dancing master, who, making pirouette, catches it in mid-air like a flash and immediately brings himself to courtly bow, presenting a little *billet-doux* which, under the ardent eyes of Ballyho Bey, reads as follows:

My Darling Alcidor:

Cupid, Venus and the Muses bless you for giving me the permission to call you darling. You did that in your last sweet letter, fiery Alcidor, in which your description of the dazzling circle to which you will raise your entranced Arethusa has taken me into a heaven of delight more charmingly romantic, more passionately vivid than any of the rapturous scenes that surround the heroines of dear Mrs. Aphra Behn, whose works I have perused, they being brought to me surreptitiously from Miss Mund's circulating library.

You write you must meet me face to face. I respond, *not* face to face, but *heart to heart*, like Oroonoko and his beloved mistress. I will bear the risks of detection by my jailers (the hated Misses Prindle), who are holding me from thy arms.

The wall of my school is very high, otherwise I would fly over it on wings of love to my Alcidor. Therefore, thy Arethusa would suggest to her adorer that he meet her at the dancing lesson given by thy myrmidon, Jumping-Jack Tompkins, at Arcadia Lodge, by some ingenious stratagem such as is in use in those diverting comedies of Messieurs Congreve and Wycherley that I have read surreptitiously, also from the circulating library, but by a stern fate have not yet been permitted to see upon the boards. I know my own Alcidor will have the courage to dare, and that his love will find a way to his ecstasied

ARETHUSA.

P. S. I think these lovely names I have used will tend to prevent suspicion coming upon me, in case by ill adventure any of my dignified yet romantic epistles should fall under the eyes of the Medusa and her sister Gorgon that watch over your unhappy

A.

The perusal of this florid epistle seems to amuse Ballyho Bey mightily. Two or three times he chuckles grimly over it, though it is in quite the proper style between the lovers of the day, then suddenly asks the dancing master: "Did me darlint appear unhappy?"

"You mean Miss Vannos?" replies Lavender, with a frank smile. "Demme! not the slightest in the world. She seemed in the sweetest of spirits as she danced her minuet, though her hand trembled a little as she passed me her note under the handkerchief, and her dark eyes were somewhat affrighted; but perchance that was because she thought the eyes of Miss Penelope Prindle were upon her as she made her courtesy and palmed the billet doux."

"If you can find me access," says Ballyho Bey, "to Arcadia Lodge, there'll be tin guineas for you, Mr. Jumping Jack!"

"My mind does not grasp such a proposition."

"You mean the ten guineas or the entrée?"

"Both—your liberal Highness."

"Bedad; if yer puny brain can't grasp it, perhaps me

giant intilligence can. Tell me all about this academy and the Gorgon Misses Prindle, bad cess to 'em!"

The information being given him that the school-mistresses are, like most of their class, worshipers at the shrine of the aristocracy, Ballyho Bey suddenly asks: "Who is the most honored visitor to Arcadia Lodge? Whose word would have the most weight from the world of fashion with those she-devils that are kaping me from me darlint?"

"Felix, the Marquis of St. Catherines. His daughter, Lady Blanche St. Omer, was a pupil at Arcadia Lodge, and it has never been forgotten. Demme! I had the honor of teaching her ladyship the steps with which she now delights the first chop of London society. But her bills have not yet been paid," remarks the young man with a sad and deprecating smile.

"What the divil do I care about Lady Blanche's bills? Ye don't suppose I'm going to pay thim?" remarks Ballyho sententiously. "Just the same," he goes on, "I think ye've given me an idea. Mustapha!" he claps his hands; "bring me the cards of the quality that were left at the Turkish Ambassador's, which I claned out and put in me pocket for convanience of acquaintance with the nobility."

These being brought in, Ballyho Bey, after a careful examination of them, suddenly cries: "I've got him! Here's St. Catherines's card, arms, armorial bearings, and everything." Then he says to Lavender: "Do ye think this will give me admission to Arcadia Lodge?"

"It will place the classic shades of Arcadia Lodge at your disposal," murmurs the dancing teacher. "The Misses Prindle will bow down to it—demme—like they would to a—a bishop."

"Hurrah! Get word to me darling—you have

some lessons to give at the school—that I will see her when next she dances with you. When is that?"

"At three this afternoon. She and Miss Turnbull perform the saraband under my instruction. Miss Vannos steps exquisitely, though perhaps not so well as her companion, Miss Turnbull. Oh, your Highness, you should see the delightful creatures in their robes of the dance, performing the saraband—demme! such capers as they kick, and then the whirl and then the setting!"

"Faith, an' I'd like to! That's not a bad idea. I'll take a look at me sweetheart as she flips her pretty feet about. It'll remind me of me Eastern beauties. And now——"

"Might I suggest—very humbly—my ten guineas, your Highness."

"After ye've done yer work, Mr. Jumping Jack. 'Sdeath! Do ye suppose I'd trust ye?—and ye betraying yer schoolmisses."

"But *Mon Dieu!* a—a little—on account, your Highness, and I—can give you some information that may astonish you."

"Information of what?"

"Information that may be important."

"Tare an' ages! Will ye speak out?"

"Not unless I receive your Highness's two guineas on account."

"Take 'em, ye slave of Plutus!" And the Irish adventurer dispensing this amount with evident reluctance, the dancing master falters out to him: "I—I fear your ludship has a rival."

"Death and the divil! Beware how ye excite the wrathful emotions of Ballyho Bey. His name?"

"One Captain Richard Bocock, a seafaring gallant, who tried to bribe me to convey a note for ten shillings, but I indignantly refused."

"Asked you to carry a letter to the young lady of my soul?"

"I refused too indignantly to learn her name. All I know is he wanted me to bear an epistle to a young miss in the academy. Since I scoffed his ten shillings—demme!—I believe," adds Lavender with an oily smile, "Mistress Betty Jones, the charwoman, accepted his lucre that I scorned."

"By the ghosts of his father's tomb! Are ye sure this springald aspires to the lady of me love and the lady of me sword?" utters Ballyho Bey in an awful voice.

"No; but with the exception of Miss Turnbull, Miss Vannos is the prettiest girl at the academy. Besides, I think she has the greatest hope of money—also with the exception of the same young lady."

"That doesn't come into the consideration of gentlemen of honor," remarks the Turko-Irishman with indignant hauteur. To this he adds: "But I'll have me eye on this same Captain Bocock. Where does he lodge?"

"Almost <sup>ac</sup>ross the street—at the Man at Arms."

Even as he speaks, Mustapha, with deprecating salaam, enters and says: "A sailor gent'man named Captain Bocock craves audience with your Highness."

"Show him up. Be me sowl, no man can say Ballyho Bey ever turned his back on a pretty woman or a bold rival for her favor. Now, Monsieur Jumping-Jack," whispers the Irish nautical warrior, "give yer dancing lesson at three o'clock, and I'll be there by the power of this card to see me beauty perform her little steps. Thank ye for yer warning of Captain Bocock, a gentleman I think I can dispose of, aither be fair manes or foul."

Then the little dancing master, reaching the door of

the room in six positions, makes his bow and skips down the stairs, passing a tall, stalwart-built gentleman, whose face has been bronzed by the sun of the tropics and beaten hard by the strong winds of the ocean, who is arrayed in high top-boots, white leather tight-fitting inexpressibles, has a sword at his side, wears a blue coat with two epaulets, and is carrying a high-cocked hat under his arm.

A moment after, in Ballyho's parlor, these two gentlemen confront each other, both as dashing villains as the sun shines on this fine day in any portion of the earth, and both polished by military bearing though Bocock has a brusque nautical quarter-deck manner.

For Captain Richard Bocock had originally entered the British navy (at that time by no means the fashionable service it afterward became) as a midshipman, some twenty years before, and being disgraced for peccadilloes, had engaged in privateering on his own account, but had at times assisted, under the easy naval routine of that day, the forces of His Majesty in attacking their mutual enemies, the French and Spanish. He had served as a volunteer under the celebrated Anson at the capture of Martinique, and commanded a private armed vessel with Sir George Pocock at the capitulation of the Havannah. Now, peace having been proclaimed, he is resting for the present on his prize money and loot of Spanish galleons, innocent French merchantmen, and occasionally vessels of other nations, when they came in hand. When his money is exhausted he purposes to fit out another privateering vessel and will forget that peace has been declared, and will go on plundering till he comes to a bad end by a hostile bullet or the cord of some incensed country.

Dick Bocock is, however, a gallant ruffian, and fears no man under the sun; likewise Ballyho Bey, who in

his Irish devil-may-care manner has never turned his back on anything ashore or afloat. Driven by penury from his beloved Ireland, some twenty-odd years before, he had become a soldier of fortune in the Imperial service of Austria, under his great compatriot, the celebrated Marshal Count Browne, who fell in command of the Austrian forces at the pitched battle of Prague against Frederick the Great, some ten years before this.

Soon after that the Chevalier Terence O'Grady Ballyho, as he was then called, not thinking his merits were properly appreciated by Her Imperial Highness Maria Theresa, left the Austrian service for that of the Knights of Malta, and in one of their sea fights with the Turks was captured by the celebrated commander, Hassan of Algiers.

That redoubted Moslem captain, who knew a good officer in friend or foe, had given Terence his choice of being chained to an oar as galley slave or entering the Ottoman service and renouncing Christianity. Under these circumstances Bally had very promptly chosen to become a *renegado*, thrown down the cross and taken up the crescent, and had risen to be one of the trusted officers of the Turkish navy, during the last three years serving under his celebrated captor.

Both these gentlemen have similar objects in view. Captain Bocock on his return voyage from the Havannah having learned of the big land grant Andrew Turnbull has received in Florida, which has lately come into possession of the British, and thinking a marriage with Miss Susan, who has large financial interests with her uncle, may be of benefit to him, has come down to Brighthelmstone in the hope of captivating the heiress and carrying her away to a hasty marriage—a thing which was very easy in England at that day, though a

little more difficult since Parliament had abolished Fleet Marriages.

Ballyho Bey, being recently appointed Turkish Governor of Modon in the Morea, and knowing that Alceste Vannos is the leading merchant of that town, believes that a union with the daughter of the Greek capitalist, even though he can make her only an addition to his harem, will enable him to put a claw into the trader's money bags that will not be easily withdrawn. Therefore, he has been utilizing the time which he could spare from diplomatic duties in England in the hope of entrapping Miss Irene Vannos, with an eye to satisfactory financial results.

Unfortunately these mercenaries have done their work very well in the two or three weeks they have been loitering about Brighthelmstone—fatally well for the two young ladies at the Misses Prindle's academy. A few stolen glances—half a dozen ogles at the Gungarden, some under Miss Penelope's very eyes—a few letters and *billets doux*—have made Miss Vannos very love-sick for Mr. Ballyho, and Susan Turnbull exceedingly eager for the wooing of Dick Boccock.

So the two gentlemen confront each other, one upholding Eastern dignity by a salaam, the other carrying out the dashing rover of the seas by an easy quarter-deck salute.

"Happy to see ye, Captain," remarks Terence, who thinks he might as well begin this interview in a peaceable way, even if it leads to war. "Faith, I'm glad to see by yer bearing that yer in the same nautical line of business as I am. Permit me to introduce meself as Terence O'Grady O'Donohue Baliyho Bey, Captain in the navy of the Sublime Porte. Now if you will seat yourself and take a pipe with me and mention yer business, I'll be plased to confer with ye."

"Thank you for your pipe, Captain Bailyho," remarks Bocock, "but I have something with me in the line of tobacco that I prefer."

Thereupon, to the astonishment of the Turko-Irishman, who has never seen such a thing, he produces an article quite rare in England at that time, a Havannah cigar.\* In fact, he produces several of them, and remarks: "These I picked up in Cuba. Will you join me with one?"

"Tare an' ages! What is it?"

"It is what is called a cigar, and is very popular among the Spaniards—by it you get the taste of the tobacco as well as its aromatic smoke. Try one—observe me."

"Bedad there's nothin' like larning," says his Highness, and under Bocock's tutelage cuts off the end of the weed and lights up. "Holy St. Patrick and Allah combined! It's like going to Paradise!" he cries after a whiff or two. "Murder, it's chewing and smoking both!"

Then noting that this little present has placed the Turko-Irish diplomatist in a good humor, Captain Bocock opens his mouth for business.

"I have taken the liberty of calling on your—your Excellency," says Dick, "to obtain your assistance in a delicate little love affair that I at present have upon my hands."

"Be the powers, that's cool!" remarks his Highness. "You presume to pay attentions to young Miss Irene Vannos?" his eyes lighting up with the fire of battle.

"No," replies the other laughing. "If I did I

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\* Cigars are of comparatively recent use in England. . . . The manufacture and consumption of cigars in Northern Europe only dates from the close of the last century. It was in 1796 that the fashion began in Hamburg, and soon spread. Fairholt's *Tobacco, its History and Associations*, 1859.

The consumption of cigars was, however, common in Havannah and the American colonies some thirty or forty years earlier.—Ed.

wouldn't come to Ballyho Bey for assistance; I have too many excellent reasons for imagining that is where he has placed his august affections. The young lady of my desire is Miss Susan Turnbull."

"Oho! Then we hunt in couples, but not the same bird."

"I hope to run in the same leash with your Highness, and it is for that reason," remarks Bocock, "that I have addressed myself to you. If we don't hunt in couples, we may flush each other's game and bag—nothing!"

"By the piper that played before Moses, how did ye learn this?"

"Lavender Tompkins!"

"The traitorous little dancing dervish! He hinted a few minutes ago you were me rival."

"The damnable varlet!" cries Dick. "He has been in my employ the last few weeks."

"Well, if he's betrayed you, and proved false to me—may he not have sold us both to the two Gorgons who are guarding our beauties? Captain Dick Bocock, this is a thing to be looked to right smartly!"

"I don't think he has dared," remarks the English privateersman, "I having told Munsur Tompkins if he did, I'd pass my sword through his little carcass."

"Ah! that's the way to talk. That shows you're a seafaring captain like myself—quick with your word, but—quicker with your sword! I shall esteem it an honor to hunt in yer company," replies Ballyho Bey admiringly.

"Then might I suggest that we board and carry the enemy together and at the same time. If you elope with Miss Vannos to-night, my gallivanting with Miss Turnbull to-morrow will probably be knocked galley west. The Misses Prindle will be suspicious of even a white flag."

"Bedad, you're right!" says Ballyho. "If I cut my swate craft out of harbor one night, they're sure to have the port fires in the battery alight, and a hot reception for your boarders the next."

"Therefore I have to propose that we both carry our lasses off on the same evening and at the same time."

"But in different post-chaises, ye divil," returns his Highness with a wink, adding: "Faith, though, I think you're about right. We'll help the girls over the wall together, then divide the booty, and away we go."

"My only trouble is to get word of mouth with my charmer, Miss Turnbull, for these arrangements in a letter sometimes lead to devilish nasty mistakes," remarks the Englishman.

"That I will do for ye. By the soul of Mahomet I've got the *entrée* to the Misses Prindle's establishment for young ladies, as straight as if I were a bishop or a dean; perhaps better—as one of the patrons of the institution."

"Could you not let me board by your side—I mean take me with you on your visit?" mutters the dashing privateersman very eagerly. "I've had a dozen notes from my charmer, I have ogled her at a distance, I have had three words with her at the circulating library, but have not been able to whisper my plans into her little ear."

"I daresn't do it, me boy. Too many cooks spoil the plum-duff. Another gallant with me might make those two she divils, the Misses Prindle, suspicious of me mission. But I'll bear any missage to yer Susan, and bring back any word that yer charmer whispers in me ear for ye."

"I presume you're right," remarks Bocock, "and must intrust my case to your keeping."

"Then consider it done, me boy! Faith, no one

ever accused Ballyho Bey of not having a heart for beauty in distress."

So, with many words of assurance, Terence dismisses the English privateersman, who goes away quite confidently, but doesn't know that Ballyho Bey has a prodigiously large heart for the fair sex, and forgets that a Moslem is not limited as to the number of his spouses. Circumstances that might make Dick Boccock more than suspicious as to the Turko-Irishman's entire good faith when he sees the pretty face and charming figure of Miss Turnbull.

His visitor having departed, Ballyho inspects his Arethusa's fervid note again and laughs "Bedad, the nonsense these little darlints get into their pretty heads from the romances they peruse even under the very rod of their schoolmissus! Mrs. Aphra Behn—nice rading for the girl that is to become the fourth and most beloved spouse of Ballyho Bey. Wait until Irene gets into me harem; I will sec if Mrs. Behn gets in with her. Tare an' ages! With such amorous literature, me eunuchs would have a busy time preventing romantic elopements."

Then getting to the postscript, he laughs: "But she's got a bright wit, me darlint. Alcidor!—if the schoolmistress did get hold of it how would she guess that Alcidor spelt Ballyho Bey, and 'your ecstatic Arethusa' meant Miss Irene Vannos? Surreptitiously! Ho-ho! With the tricks she has played at the school, it may take the bow-string and bastinado to restrain the future fourth helpmate of Ballyho Bey. But I must array meself for me conquest."

So, calling his valet, under the hands of the deft Antonelli he makes a gorgeous toilet for the *empressement* of the Misses Prindle and the beguiling of any beautiful school-maidens that may come in his way,

cogitating: "This Captain Dick Bocock says the little Miss Turnbull is a pretty crature. Howly Saint Patrick! If I should fall in love with her also!"

For Ballyho has learnt during his life in the Levant to look at things in an Eastern way, and one or two more beauties in his harem will not trouble this worshiper of Allah very greatly.

A remark that he makes even as he takes his way in a chaise drawn by four post-horses, for the express purpose of adding to his majesty before the Misses Prindle, might have made Captain Dick Bocock utter a good many quarter-deck curses, for this follower of Allah is muttering: "*Bismillah!* In this accursed country, marrying the two of them at one time would be called BIGAMY!"

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## CHAPTER III.

### TWO YOUNG MINXES.

ARCADIA LODGE is located on one of the streets toward the west of the town, which at this date is flanked by a huge cornfield, running down to the sea and off toward Worthing Point.

It is a pretty brick house of considerable extent and three stories in height, of Queen Anne architecture, having been built in that reign by a retired general officer of Marlborough, who had spent his declining years in the soft Sussex breezes, but he having now passed away, and his descendants preferring the gayety and fashion of the capital, the place has for a number of years been leased to the Misses Prindle.

Surrounded by trees and flower gardens, and bounded by a high brick wall adorned by spikes and broken

glass, it seems a safe receptacle for even innocent youth and unprotected maidenhood.

Like most similar institutions of that day, its young lady inmates are taught very little that the strong-minded woman of this age would look upon complacently. A smattering of French, needlework, embroidery on the tambour frame and otherwise, enough arithmetic to do housekeeping accounts, a dash of English literature, perhaps a smattering of classics, music in plenty, playing on the harpsichord, the spinnet, the harp and the guitar, and last but not least, dancing, finished their curriculum.

For the art of Terpsichore was the great school-girl instruction of that era. A miss might be permitted to be lax in anything but her steps. In deportment and the trick of managing their figures in French dances and country dances, the stately minuet and the more dashing saraband, young ladies were instructed very thoroughly.

The education of that day aimed simply to make the average girl a good housekeeper and give her sufficient light accomplishments to render her a charming occupant of the fireside and a pleasing companion to her lord and master when he chose to occupy the opposite side of the hearthstone.

Therefore Monsieur Lavender Tompkins is a great functionary in the corps of teachers of Arcadia Lodge; also, most of the young ladies under the rule of the Misses Prindle have brains quite empty of solid mental stock, and consequently very receptive of the frivolities of this world—with one exception, Miss Susan Turnbull.

This girl has a vastly superior mind to any in the institution—by no means excepting the intellects of her preceptresses, the Misses Eudisia and Penelope Prin-

die. She has picked up a smattering of the classics; she has even gone so far in the mysteries of higher mathematics that she can, much to the wonder of her companions, compute common interest with some accuracy. She has also read everything that she ought not to have put her hands upon, including portions of the *Principe* of Signor Niccolo Machiavelli, who was just beginning to be talked about by English men of letters, also two disquisitions on the law of revenge, written by an unknown Italian, which created a great furore in that day and were denounced from the pulpit as lessons from Satan. These she has put very carefully away in her mind, and acts upon them with a fidelity to their instructions that would have made their author—who was about this time frizzling in the lower regions—rub his hands with glee to keep them cool.

In proof of this, may be quoted Miss Susan's action in the Sophia Matthews matter on this very day; but more notably, once when some two years before, Miss Eudisia had corrected this young lady with the rod—and though no one knew the reason except Miss Turnbull and some concealed grains of calomel in her castigator's solitary and pompous evening meal—her martinet schoolmarm had been sick with such fearful cramps, writhings and agonies, she thought she was like to give up the ghost.

But over all this depth of intellect, force of unforgiveness, and untiring capacity to avenge what wrongs may come to her in this world, this young lady has an extremely pretty manner, an arch piquancy of expression and very charming baby, put-myself-in-your-hands, trust-you-and-love-you style of expression in both speech and deportment. Besides, were it not for a very slight squareness of under jaw, her face would be like an angel's. For Miss Susan has the brightest of

steely blue eyes, the fairest of sunny hair, two pretty red lips, that would be rosebuds were they not too thin, and at times the witchery of Cleopatra herself.

In fact Miss Turnbull's one eulogium of herself is: "I can twist a man about my finger; *vide* my uncle or any others that have come my way. But with women I am not so fortunate; they are cats, and I am one of them and hate them—all except Irene. I love Irene; though if she bothered me—but I won't think of that; I must have one friend in the world, and Irene, with her unselfish soul, her true heart and trusting spirit, is the *safest* friend that I can have."

Miss Turnbull has some reasons for her belief in herself. What few times she has been away from school, since she has arrived at an age of discernment, if not discretion, she has been petted and caressed at the house of her uncle, Andrew Turnbull, in London, who is a merchant in the Eastern trade, the Levant headquarters of his house being Smyrna. Here she has been bowed down to by his heads of departments and the younger partner of the house, one Israel Northcote. But she will have none of them, for this young lady's ideas are much more ambitious for her pretty self, and she aspires to wed at least among the quality; a rather difficult feat in those days for the daughter of a city merchant, when the line was drawn very hard and very fast between gentle blood and the plodding sons of toil or commerce, when even bankers were sneered at by the quality; when the veriest country squire looked upon the richest Cræsus in the world of trade or finance with but little more social respect than he would one of the yokels tilling his fields or one of the grooms currying his horses.

In contradistinction to Miss Turnbull is Miss Irene Vannos; not as regards beauty, for if anything she

is the prettier of the two; the expression of her face being sweeter. Though perhaps not so brilliant, her dark eyes and classic features, clean-cut Attic nose, and soft, trusting, loving lips—full rosebuds—would make her more tempting to the average man. She has not as deep an intellect as Susan, but her mind has considerable grasp, and had it not been stunted in its development and perverted by the romantic, hypersensitive, absurdly exaggerated romances of that epoch which were still tinged with the grossness and sensuality descended to them from the times of Charles the Second, would have been a girl to bless a husband as a most charming companion and truthful helpmeet. But she has been educated away from home, her father, Alceste Vannos's business rendering his place of residence uncertain; it sometimes being in Greece, the Grecian Archipelago, and the Balearic Isles, though now chiefly in England. Therefore she has been placed at the Misses Prindle's institution, where he visits her from London; in which capital, compelled by business, he lives a portion of the year, her mother, Aleria Vannos, being a lady still youthful in appearance, and still given to fashion and frivolity.

As Ballyho Bey is preparing himself for the conquest of the Misses Prindle's institution, these two young ladies, the chief objects of his attack, in the quiet of the schoolroom, the rest of their companions being out at play in the pretty garden to the rear of the house, sit with their pretty noses bent over their desks finishing their impositions, their pretty figures tightly strapped to backboards and their delicate feet confined within schoolroom stocks that are under their desks. But their little tongues are not shackled, and as they write, seated side by side, their conversation is energetic, at times even vigorous.

"The hateful cat!" remarks Miss Susan *sotto voce*. "Does she think this backboard will improve my figure which has been pronounced by Jumping Jack Tompkins as perfect as that of Venus herself?"

"Pish!" laughs Irene. "I'd write fifty more lines of Virgil to get another glance at my Alcidor's fervid eyes or his loves of mustachios. You—you must have noticed him. He was of extreme London *ton*—he wore a turban, Susan."

"No, darling. I had only eyes for my dashing privateersman. You could not have missed seeing *him*! A tall gallant—and, they say, a devil of a rake with the ladies; but I will train him from that habit. I wonder if he got my note?"

"O gracious! If *he* did not get mine!"

"Do you think Jumping Jack can be trusted?"

"I know he can," replies Irene. "Tompkins wouldn't dare play traitor! Ballyho Bey would cleave him to the chine like Amadis de Gaul did the caitiff ogre."

"Oh, if you've got to your novels, legends, and romances, I am outdone at once. My hero is of more common clay. He doesn't destroy dragons; he only smites the garlicky *Dons* and frog-eating *Parlez-vous*, hip and thigh. And the only beautiful maid in the castle that he is going to rescue is the young lady sitting next you, Irene Vannos, and just finishing: 'My eyes must be always in front of me as I walk.'" With this Susan throws down her quill and prattles: "Oough! My poor fingers stained black with that odious ink! Gracious! It will soon be time for the dancing lesson. That's fun, anyway. I like to see Lavender roll his blue eyes as I cut my capers. I know he thinks I'm charming and have the most shapely ankles in the universe—not even barring yours, dear;"

then sneers: "The miserable, aspiring, caracoling fool! What good does that do *him*?"

"I don't think your conduct with Monsieur Tompkins is always discreet," remarks Irene; then even she jeers: "The poor broken-down English caperer, disguised with Parisian simpers!"

"But the best teacher of French steps and minuets and *contre*-dances in the Channel counties. Wait till I dance at court——"

"*You* dance at court! You forget you are the daughter of a merchant."

"Ah, you playful puss, who has such ready claws," snarls Susan. Then she adds laughingly: "But I do intend to forget I am the daughter of a merchant. You'll see me flip my feet with the quality, while you, my darling, are back under the Turk, and perhaps—who knows—in a pasha's harem; when I'll be tripping my measures at the court of St. James."

"Oh no," says Irene sentimentally, her eyes lighting up. "My Ballyho is too true a wooer. Besides, he has sworn to me on the Alcoran that he loves me and me only." As she speaks, the girl's excited but romantic face shows that she will love perhaps often—but always love the man better than herself.

Susan's exquisite but colder eyes indicate she may have passion—but scarcely love for any one but her own pretty identity that she adores, has adored, and will adore so long as she breathes—still if the spark struck *true* fire, her very passion might produce a wilder flame than Irene's love.

But these confidences are interrupted by the entrance of Miss Penelope, who comes in, gathers up and inspects the two impositions and then commands: "Young ladies, to your dormitory, to array yourselves in your best dancing frocks for Professor Tompkins's

class!" adding, in tones that strike Irene Vannos with flutters of bashfulness, hope, romance and rapture: "The celebrated Turkish diplomatist, Ballyho Bey, introduced by letter from Lord St. Catherines, is visiting the institution this afternoon. He will inspect your steps and deportment, young ladies."

Were not Miss Penelope even while she speaks examining Miss Turnbull's imposition to see all *i*'s are crossed and each *i* strictly dotted, the tell-tale blush that flies over Irene's face and neck would suggest to this discerning schoolmarm that there is something unusual in her pupil's mind. The effect of the next announcement that she makes would add certainty to her suspicion, Miss Prindle remarking, with an imposing wave of the hand, "At present, his Excellency Ballyho Bey is in consultation with my sister, and talks of putting his *four daughters* to school with us."

As the "four daughters" strike her ear, Irene grows deathly pale with horror and shudders of despair run through her fair limbs. For Ballyho Bey, in the exuberance of his spirits and wishing to clinch his very excellent standing at Arcadia Lodge, has gone to talking terms with the Misses Prindle—a sure way to any schoolmistress's heart.

But Penelope suddenly goes away to get another view of the great Turkish diplomat—commanding: "Be very careful, Miss Turnbull and Miss Vannos, to have on your prettiest stockings and newest dancing slippers"—*as if they wouldn't!*

Her departure is very fortunate, for Irene's face is of a sickly hue; her pretty lips are murmuring tremblingly: "Four daughters! Heaven help me—my—my Ballyho has four awful daughters!"

"Yes, four with him in England," jeers her chum, "and Allah knows how many more sons and other offspring in his harem in the East."

At this cruel suggestion Irene might perhaps faint, did not Susan, seeing she has gone too far, suddenly whisper in her ear : " You foolish thing, it's but a ruse, like some of Mr. Congreve's comedies we read. If I were you, I'd like my gallant twice as much for such vivacity of mind. Think what it means to you ! He will ogle you face to face ; his hand at convenient opportunity will press your dainty fingers ; perchance, aha ! in some convenient corner he may steal a kiss. Irene, you will look upon his eyes for a whole hour ! " then adds, sighingly : " And my poor helpless privatersman dandy a-walking up and down outside, chewing his moustachios, sighing for a sight of the face he loves and longs for most in all this world."

Now this is very comforting to the Anglo-Greek maiden, and she suddenly cries : " Oh, yes ! It is the very ruse I wrote my Alcidor. Ah, Susan, you have put new gladness in my heart ! What will you wear for the dance ? Our frocks must contrast properly, or be the very same."

" Well, I shall don my silver gauze over white satin petticoat, with white silk stockings clocked with silver."

" And I—" cries Irene, " I will sport my white muslin, trimmed all over with little silver crescents, a compliment for the service of my beau."

So the two run away to their dormitories, to make preparations for delighting the senses and charming the heart of his Excellency, Terence, Ballyho Bey.

They find the sleeping-rooms full of excited girls dressing for saltatory exercise. The whole school is in an uproar over the advent of this great, aristocratic and distinguished visitor. Girls are stealing each others' gewgaws, clothes, and bedeckments for the occasion, and sharp words and sometimes sharper

slaps are exchanged in the struggles for feminine adornment, which carried as great weight with young-ladyhood in the eighteenth century as now. Though the misses of that day had probably less of fashionable garb in which to display their beauties, still, not being overfed with syllabubs, they had fresher faces, and well plumped and rounded figures, fairly agile, but not made gaunt, angular, bony and unfeminine by the craze for athletics of the present generation, which forgets that a woman's beauties are those of Venus, not of Hercules, and that men prefer to dally with the charms of Hebe rather than to caress the brawn of Vulcan.

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## CHAPTER IV

### THE DANCING LESSON.

As for his Excellency Ballyho Bey, he is having a pleasant time of it, chiefly in expectation, though he is being regaled with very ordinary sherry and biscuit by the two Misses Prindle. He is, however, making his entertainers happy by remarking that on consideration he thinks he will send down his four bouncing trollops of girls to gain deportment and dignity of carriage under the hands of these fair ladies that he sees exemplify the highest "brading" and most aristocratic "damainor," reminding him of the courtly beauties of Versailles and even the more dignified, austere etiquette of the circle of Her Imperial Majesty Maria Theresa, to whose court he has been at one time accredited.

Such remarks please his hearers greatly, especially as he doesn't object to their monetary terms for the instruction of his daughters, which have been made quite low in consideration of Ballyho Bey's educational prop-

osition being a wholesale one, he suggesting that he has a few more offspring in the East who may be brought on in the future, and that he will recommend the Misses Prindle to his friends of the Austrian nobility at present in London, and some of the French noblesse who are sojourning in that capital.

But all the time he is desperately anxious to put his eyes upon his charmer, and awaits with impatience the signal of the dancing lesson. "At which," he remarks, "I will say all your young beauties of the school," adding: "Faith, your ladyships, don't be surprised if an ardent old gentleman should give a fatherly salute to some of your fair damsels, who may remind him of his own little darlints who are soon to come under your roof," paving the way, as Mr. Ballyho thinks, with a cock of his eye at a particularly buxom waiting maid who is serving him at lunch, for his forgetting himself and becoming too ardent with his charmer.

Suddenly his Highness, who compliments everything in the establishment, remarks: "Bedad, what's that? It is the music of the spheres," as, from a nearby apartment, a squeaking sound comes, setting his teeth on edge.

"I nose are the strains of Monsieur Lavender Tompkins's kit," remarks Miss Eudisia, grandly, "and if your Excellency will not be ennuied, and will permit me the honor, I will now show you the young ladies under my charge—who, I think, are as well-trained and well-stepping a dancing class as any in the kingdom; not omitting establishments that pretend to more fashion, at Tunbridge Wells and Kensington."

"Madame, I am at your command," says the eager Eastern dignitary, and offering his arm with Western etiquette, Ballyho conducts the principal to her throne

of authority in the *salle de dance*. This room is now only occupied by Lavender Tompkins, who is tuning up his kit. This gentleman receives his employer with a profound bow, then giving his briber a smiling wink, in four positions, glides to the door and commands: "Miss Vane, your class in saltation."

"They will enter," remarks the principal, "in classes, for your Highness's inspection; the youngest first."

With this some twelve or fourteen little girls from eight to twelve march in, to the music of the kit, groomed for the occasion and attended by an articted pupil teacher, Miss Vane, whom Tompkins hates. She is a dignified girl of some nineteen years of age. Her father, having been a half-pay officer serving under Braddock, has died and left her nothing save—the mercy of the Misses Prindle, which is naught. She teaches the younger scholars the harpsichord, and her lot is worse than a servant's, for she is under the strictest school discipline herself and answers for her little pupils' faults to Miss Penelope, who has particular charge of her, and to whom she also each evening and morning acts as maid. She envies the domestics at service, but is too proud to accept the title and status of female flunkeydom. To her, the unprotected, Jumping-Jack Tompkins has made advances, which have been haughtily repelled. Now is his chance for vengeance.

"Young ladies, first position!" he cries, tapping the back of his kit with his violin bow. "Heads erect—toes turned out—hands at side! Your chin a little higher, Sophia Matthews!" this blue-eyed child being directly in front of him. Then looking them over, Lavender gives a grimace of disgust and says sternly: "Miss Vane, I cannot understand, on such a day, why

you should have these children so slovenly dressed."

This is a libel, for the little girls are all of them very neatly gowned and wear pretty white aprons over their frocks. Their curls are all nicely arranged, and each has on little black slippers, with one thin black strap buckled across each instep, and short white socks that leave above them plump little limbs bare to connecting skirts and pantalettes.

"I do not see, Professor Tompkins," answers Miss Vane, who is a girl of fine appearance, but anxious eyes, "that the children under my care are not all clean and properly arrayed. I am sure I took an hour scrubbing them."

"And you yourself!" cries Lavender. "Oh, Miss Vane, with such an example—slovenly yourself!"

At which the poor girl blushes red and falters: "I have on my best." Which is in truth no great show of finery, being a plain black dress, cut short for dancing, and white stockings and black dancing slippers also. For Mr. Tompkins is wont to call her in front of the class and instruct her, that she may teach the little ones, this great man's time being too valuable to give it extravagantly to chits.

"Enough of this discussion, Vane," remarks Eudisia sternly. "Take three black marks and fall to the rear."

This is only answered by a courtesy, as the pupil teacher does as she is bid, though the little ones are snickering at her, and Sophia Matthews is saying to the girl next her, "I wouldn't be in poor Priscilla's shoes for a good deal—after prayers."

But Mr. Tompkins, now being anxious to display himself, suddenly says: "Children, watch your professor! Remember, the closer you imitate me, the nearer you approach to perfect grace and ease." With this, he

cuts seven capers, and takes such pirouettes and demi-vaults that Ballyho Bey whispers to Miss Penelope: "Bedad! I think the crature must be an imported whirling dervish from the East."

But little Miss Matthews is doing a little whispering on her own account to her nearest classmates, who cannot refrain from giggling. Upon which the elder teacher, casting Argus eyes about, remarks sharply: "Sophia, come to me!"

The little girl approaching reluctantly, makes her courtesies before her schoolmistress.

To her Miss Prindle says: "You were whispering in your class, which is against the rule and also is very impolite in genteel society. Tell me what you were saying."

At this little Sophia hesitates.

"Tell me at once!"

Then the child, opening her eyes and pointing at Lavender, who now is in *débonnaire* position, regarding his pumps with a self-satisfied smile, says innocently: "I—I was asking: Has *it* springs or strings?"

At this a shriek of delighted laughter from Ballyho Bey makes the room echo.

Taking hint from this great gentleman, the Misses Prindle, despite their schoolmistress dignity, he! he! quite snickeringly, and the children, not to be outdone, follow their example and scream with merriment till the tears come into their youthful eyes. The only one who doesn't laugh is the unfortunate Miss Vane, who having had many under-dog experiences, is very much afraid that the discomfiture of Mr. Lavender Tompkins will bring misery upon her.

His Excellency Ballyho Bey, however, apparently has no such fears, for he keeps on chuckling in his jovial Irish way, and picking up little Sophia, takes her on

his knee, crying out ecstatically: "Ah, faith, ye blue-eyed divil, ye remind me of me own little Fatima!" patting her fair hair and adding: "With whom ye'll have great times, Mistress Penelope. By Saint Patrick, little Fatima's got her father's spirit—bit off a eunuch's ear one day—a regular little harem despot, ye know "

This uproarious laughter at his expense, though it produces a series of deprecating smiles and grinning bows and tittering first positions from Lavender, makes him very sulky with this chuckling Eastern potentate, and he may do him an ill turn when chance gives him convenient opportunity.

But soon the laughter is not all at his expense. For Miss Eudisia says: "Little Miss Matthews is a very bright child, your Highness;" then she commands Sophia: "Tell his Excellency something you have learned by general observation to-day," adding grandiloquently: "It is a method of instruction I have lately invented, with most excellent results."

"I—I don't want to tell you," says Sophia, solemnly.

"At once—*instantly!*"

"Well, ma'am, I—I did not know before to-day that Turks were Irishmen."

At which silence falls upon the Misses Prindle.

With a muttered imprecation Ballyho puts the child down and says: "Go to dancing." For his Excellency in his innermost heart, even though he did it to avoid the galleys, sometimes feels ashamed of having given up the Cross for the Crescent.

Taking this hint, Tompkins, concealing malice with his stereotyped grin, says pleasantly:

"Now, children: One, two, three—position!" playing upon his kit. "One, two, three, four—*pirouette!*

One, two, three, four, five, six—*Jeté ! Assemblez !*" and begins to dance, directing them to imitate him. But he doesn't get much ahead of the children, for the little ones, loving the exercise, are imitating him with all their youthful feet.

Suddenly Lavender stops the children and commands: "Now, Miss Vane, in front of me! Come to position!" and looking on her, remarks: "I will elucidate to you some steps in which to instruct your charges between lessons."

Then upon this unfortunate girl does Tompkins vent the slight he feels has been put upon his dignity and art. He remarks to her, smiling affably: "Let us see, Miss, if you are as awkward as usual. Now, both hands to your side. Extend them, and between your fingers and your thumb take your skirts and raise them stylishly as you courtesy to the floor." And the girl executing his commands quite gracefully, as she poses, one slippered foot advanced, Lavender with a gesture of despair shrieks out: "*Mon Dieu*, how slatternly! Once again—your right knee must touch the floor!" then sneers "What *gaucherie*!" and snarls, "Courtesy again. Now up and do your capers, and show his Excellency how badly you can dance."

Though she does her steps quite well and prettily, Priscilla cannot please the dapper Tompkins, who accompanies her by "That's not the way! Stupid! Dolt! The only light thing about you, Miss Lead-toes, is your head!" until Miss Eudisia says sternly: "Enough of this disgraceful exhibition. Vane, you will report to me after prayers."

To which the persecuted one says: "Yes, ma'am," with a pale and frightened face, and courtesying, leads her class away. Though at the door she turns and gives this professor of cavorts and demi-vaults a glance

that if he had a heart in his miserable body would make him pity the victim of his petty persecution.

Even little Sophia's heart is touched. She whispers to Minnie Lozier, who goes out next to her: "I'm sorry I put a pin in Miss Vane's chair the other day."

But Mr. Tompkins is calling up another class. At which Ballyho Bey gets impatient, as he is hungry for his charmer's face, but doesn't think it wise or prudent to appear uninterested "in the nursery exhibition," as he expresses it to himself, that goes on before him.

The older pupils' dancing, however, pleases him more, and one or two who are attractive receive from him polite ogles of the eye and some clapping and enthusiasm of the hands, and finally Miss Cynthia Punter, the daughter of a country baronet and the girl of highest rank within the school, a maiden of some sixteen years, mincing before him some French steps very daintily, the enthusiastic Turkish diplomatist rises and remarks: "Me pretty young lady, permit me to have the honor of kissing your fair hand in appreciation of the graces you have shown me. I have met your father, Sir George, at White's Chocolate House in St. James's Street, and though he is a handsome man—faith, I didn't know there was so much beauty in the family until I saw ye." And he sends Miss Punter away thinking Ballyho Bey a very fine gentleman and leaving the Misses Prindle very much pleased with his appreciation of the young ladies under their dominion.

So now it comes to Monsieur Lavender's prize pupils, as he tunes up his kit again to be sure his melody will be precise, and announces the next will be the lesson in the saraband, by Miss Turnbull and Miss Vannos.

At this the Turko-Irish officer cranes his neck to get sight of the coming beauties, who produce very disastrous effects upon his ardent heart, for both are

looking extremely pretty and coquettish, as they come running in and sweep into graceful courtesy before the throne of their schoolmistress.

Both have very charming blushes on their fair cheeks. Their feet are dancing and their eyes are dancing also, and their white arms, bare to the elbow after the fashion of the time, have very pretty dimples in them.

Their girlish frocks permit glimpses of snowy necks and shining shoulders, and being cut short to dancing length make entrancing display of graceful limbs in tight white silk stockings clocked with silver, and white slippers of satin secured by crossed elastics on the high insteps and round the delicate ankles.

In position as they stand before him, Ballyho Bey can't help thinking, as he looks on Miss Susan, who is somewhat slighter than Irene and not so tall of stature, though both are very plump and prettily rounded as to figures and limbs: "If it were not the one, then 'twere the other."

Next, the two giving him greeting under their schoolmistress's direction, Miss Susan, as she stands in front of him courtesying, looks the gallant full in the eyes, and as she drapes her skirt and sinks down before him, favors this bashaw with a merry little wink.

As for Irene, forcing herself to bow before this idol of her young and foolish heart, she gives one veiled glance at her Alcidor, blushes flying over face and neck and shoulders as she sinks in graceful salutation.

Beneath these glances his Highness sits entranced. Such ripe cherries, ready for the picking, have never been under his Eastern eyes before. "Youth, beauty and loveliness and archness all combined," he murmurs to his ardent soul, then whispers to Miss Penelope: "How graceful the pretty creatures are!" as the two girls are dancing with all their youthful vivacity

agility and abandon before this gentleman they both mean to captivate.

For into Miss Susan Turnbull's bizarre mind has flown this startling proposition: "He is a devil-may-care-looking fellow anyway, and has got roguish eyes. Why not captivate Ballyho for the afternoon, as my poor Dick can't be with me. I'll see if Irene, as she dances by my elbow, has more attractions for this dashing black-mustachioed, turbaned, Irish-Turk gallant than I have."

So she puts all her spirit into her dance. Each time as she circles round with twinkling feet and gleaming ankles, instead of regarding—as the love-sick maiden at her side does this potentate of her heart—with languishing and appealing glances, little Miss Susan, tossing her fair hair off her brow, makes her blue eyes particularly roguish, and at the proper moment and very warily, knowing her schoolmistress's glance is on her, favors Ballyho Bey with such winsome, trust-me, love-me, delicious little ogles that they stimulate the mind of the Eastern potentate to a grand idea, which appeals very strongly to his amorous heart:

"The sea is but half a mile away," he thinks, "Sure! If I could whisk the two into a lugger-yawl *to-night*, to-morrow morning I'd be upon the coast of France, which favors Turkey, and be me sowl, there I could get passage for the Levant. In the harem, little Susan, whose uncle—the Misses Prindle have told me—is a rich Smyrna merchant, might be as valuable to me as Miss Vannos. Sure, Smyrna's Turkey! Bedad, little Susan, they tell me, owns half the business. Aha! Look to yourself, me gallant seafaring Englishman; you have Ballyho Bey to deal with, who is in love with *two!*"

For now he would not give up *either* of the girls, Irene Vannos also being a dream of beauty this afternoon. The soft skirts fly round her fairy feet; her exquisite figure is a picture of perfect abandon. Each time her eyes meet his they tell her villain adorer that she loves him with her heart and soul. A young heart, an innocent soul, a foolish love—but still it is her all.

And as the two girls sink before him in graceful courtesy, Ballyho Bey astonishes himself and audience by rising ecstatically with clapping hands and eyes on fire and crying savagely: “BOTH!”

The Misses Prindle ask him what he means, and he stammers: “I mane, I—I award the crown of beauty and grace to *both* yer beauteous pupils.”

But the prim Eudisia and the argus-eyed Penelope would have fainted then and there, and have had hysteria for the remainder of their days had they known what this Irish believer in the Koran and the law of Allah as to plural wives, meant by “BOTH.”

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## CHAPTER V

### THE ELOPEMENT OF THREE.

THEN Eudisia, rising grandly, nearly drives poor Ballyho Bey to despair by remarking formally: “Young ladies, you are dismissed,” and thinks the affair is settled.

This would destroy the Turko-Irishman's plans; he is compelled to accompany the Misses Prindle as they move toward the door, but contrives to slip behind for a moment and whisper to the professor of the dance, who is putting his kit into its bag: “Quick! Call those two darlints back, if ye want yer ten guineas, Lavender.”

“What excuse?”

“Tare an’ ages! Any ye like! Call ’em back—give ’em fury—make ’em do their steps over again—only get ’em back for me to have word with ’em!”

With this the wily Irish diplomat promptly joins Miss Penelope, who has lingered a little behind her sister, waiting for him. As he gets to the door Ballyho notes that his commands have been obeyed.

Fortunately this is easy, for the young ladies do not wish to end the interview any more than their admirer does, and have lingered in their going out, courtesying several times, and even now are just outside the door.

Whereupon Lavender raises his voice, crying savagely: “Come back! Miss Turnbull and Miss Vannos, return! You were slatternly in your steps. Do for me quickly the last movement over, and be very careful about it.”

“Pooh! We did it very well,” says Susan, coming in, followed by Irene, astonishment in their eyes.

“Did it well, when your ankles were not arched? If it had not been for the presence of his Excellency, I would have reproved you then. Now quick—in position! only the toes of your right foot touching. Bend the ankles out and curve them as you dance.”

“Just excuse me, my dear Madam,” remarks Ballyho to Miss Penelope; “I think that baste is rating the poor darlings who danced so divinely.”

With this, he steps hurriedly back, crying: “What are ye saying to those pretty dears, Mr. Jumping Jack Lavender? Oh murder and mercy, there are tears in their beautiful eyes!”

But the beautiful eyes of both Irene and Susan are not teary; the two girls have better use for them in glaring with rage upon the dancing master.

The next instant Ballyho is bowing before them,

saying very loudly for Miss Prindle's ears: "I apologize for him. Young ladies, I apologize for your Jumping Jack tyrant." Looking into Irene's eyes he whispers, "Have ye a letter, me darling?" And she, courtesying to him, passes him a little note which she has discreetly covered by her handkerchief.

Then he turns to Susan, and in lowest voice mutters: "A communication from your lover, the dashing captain. Faith, we hunt in couples." With a sly wink Miss Turnbull receives and deftly puts away a *billet-doux*, as he whispers to both his charmers: "If ye love yer gallants, both of ye in the garden as quick as ye can get there."

A communication which is received with deep blushes by Irene, whose eyes meet Ballyho's appealingly yet lovingly and trustingly, and by Susan with a little roguish glance and a nod of her head, for now Miss Penelope is very near.

To her the Turko-Irish cavalier remarks: "I have jist saved your prize pupils from doing their steps over again with this professor of shakes, who is very hard to please. Now, with your permission, I will inspect the school a little further." For Ballyho Bey fears being politely dismissed before he has time for verbal communication with the two fascinators of his heart.

To effect his purpose he racks his brains, and apparently arriving at a satisfactory solution of the problem—Miss Eudisia being taken away by school duties—Mr. Bally commences to use his Irish tongue in romantic flattery upon the ear of Miss Penelope, whose heart he discovers, if old, is still susceptible.

"Ah, faith, it is a beautiful place you have here. Will you permit me to walk in the garden at yer side, dear lady? I can then see the pretty grounds me own

little ones will play among, before I settle with yer sister the exact terms and date of their arrival."

With these words they stroll into a garden, of some extent and, fortunately for Ballyho's plans, quite full of trees and flowery thickets that surround the back of the house. These are in turn encompassed by a high wall that seems quite an obstacle to plans of evasion, being surmounted in places by numerous spikes, and all of it crowned more or less with broken glass bottles, for the equal prevention of ingress by housebreakers or sturdy beggars and also of the egress of any of the young ladies of the institution.

As Mr. Bally talks he keeps his eyes busy to see any weak point in the wall, or in the armor of Miss Penelope. He soon finds one in the latter; the old school-mistress is vain as to her personal charms. Whereupon he flatters her quite deftly by allusions to her distinguished air and stately bearing, and the two sitting down together on a bench, converse for a time Penelope thinks is all too short.

She has just said to this gentleman whom she now considers her gallant: "Oh, you wild Eastern Pasha. Of course, I can understand the difference in your feelings—you who are not limited by the law to a single spouse. I have always thought your land a wondrous one, ever since I read the dear, delicious Thousand and One Arabian Nights. A seraglio must be such a romantic place, with its perfumed fountains and rustling pomegranate trees and flowering date shrubs."

"Faith, you're about right, with the exception of the date tree being a shrub, and the pomegranate bush being a tree," remarks his Highness easily. "And as for the perfumed fountains, divil a perfume is in any of thim except once an unfortunate monkey got in and was drowned for a week, the lazy eunuchs not fishing

him out. But still it is a romantic place to a man with a heart like Ballyho Bey. You see beauties of ivery kind, from young chips of girls to women of stately demanor and beauteous mien." This subtle flattery he emphasizes with two tremendous ogles, as Penelope simpers, blushes, and flutters: "You should not talk so. I'm afraid you are a sad dog."

"Bedad, I've been bad since I was a pup," remarks Ballyho jovially. But all the time he is scratching his turban to get rid of his elderly charmer, for now he sees two pretty dresses flashing among the trees on the other side of the garden, and is very anxious that Miss Penelope should give him a chance of interview with the two darlings he would snatch from under her very eyes.

Even as he cogitates, the pupil teacher, Miss Vane, unknowingly aids him. This unfortunate girl puts her foot into it again, by approaching and interrupting this *tête-à-tête*, courtesying and saying: "Miss Penelope——"

"Well, Vane, why are you bothering me? Don't you see I'm talking terms with this gentleman?" remarks Penelope.

"I came out to find that little Sophia Matthews. It is now the time for the lower class to take their tea. I thought you might have seen her, as she has run out into the garden to eat tarts."

"To eat tarts!" screams the teacher, savagely. "How did she get tarts?"

"She had a hamper sent her from home. Sophia is a little glutton, and the other children tried to mob her and steal them from her."

"And you permitted such riot in your class!" returns Penelope, enraged at her first love *tête-à-tête* for many long years being deranged, but delighted she is

able to avenge the interruption upon the disturbing party.

"How can I keep them in order when I have no more authority than one of them, myself?" says Priscilla apologetically, not liking the look in her schoolmistress's eye.

"Silence! Don't attempt to defend yourself, Vane! Don't dare to answer me. Remember that you are as much under my rod and discipline as the smallest child in the school."

"You—you never let me forget that," mutters the girl despairingly.

"How dare you answer me when I say silence?" returns Penelope. But here she suddenly ejaculates: "Why your whole class are gadding into the grounds!" for several of the little ones, in pursuit of Sophie Matthews and the tarts, are now making their appearance. "Come with me, Vane, and as soon as we have got the children into the schoolroom remind me of your disobedience."

"Yes, ma'am," falters the poor girl, blushing like a rose and then growing deathly pale as she makes courtesy with trembling limbs.

"Run and catch that one over there—that brat Minnie Lozier!" screams Penelope. "Children, go back into the house at once!" Then she says hurriedly to Ballyho: "Excuse me for a few minutes, your Highness," adding in the ear of the Eastern gentleman, "Do not leave, I pray you, until I—I am once more by thy side, sweet potentate!"

"Dragons couldn't drive me from here until yer return, beauteous lady," remarks her gallant, and is delighted to see Penelope and her victim depart; for the fluttering of two white satin petticoats across the garden has made this Irish adventurer very impatient.

Little Miss Matthews, who has been the cause of his luck, has been regarding the incident from the concealment of a neighboring arbor, under the vines of which she is hiding, hamper and all. The juvenile glutton is opening her large eyes and pretty mouth very wide, the latter being engaged in reducing the number of assorted fruit tarts her fond mother has forwarded to the child to mitigate the hardships of school diet.

A few minutes later, however, little Sophie's eyes become much wider as she regales herself, for she sees the dashing Bally and the roguish Miss Susan Turnbull meet in the concealment of this arbor—and each do their part in a spirited and entertaining interview.

“You are Ballyho Bey,” says the girl roguishly, “who have come to prey on Miss Prindle's preserves, and incidentally to aid my gallant, Captain Dick Bocock, steal me from under her wing also. He wishes me to elope with him to-morrow evening.”

“Faith,” remarks the Turko-Irishman, who has thought out his plan very well. “That's what I want to tell ye about. There is a change of *date*. Ye are to elope with Captain Dick Bocock to-night; we hunt in couples. Ye observe that little gateway in the wall?”

“Yes,” replies Susan, “but that is of no use. It has been bolted, barred and nailed up ever since Lady Blanche St. Omer tried to gallivant through it with a cashiered captain in the footguards.”

“Faith, but right over it, ye see, the wall has no spikes on it, and only some broken bottles. There will be a ladder put down from the top of it for ye to climb up from the garden. On the other side—faith, there'll be a lover's ardent arms for ye to jump into; but ye won't mind that much, darlint.”

"Ah, Captain Bocock will catch me," smiles Miss Susan.

"Bedad, if he *don't*, I *will*!"

"And what about my poor feet among the bottle glass on the top?" says the young lady, looking coquettishly at one of her little dancing slippers.

"Oh, trust Ballyho for that. He's scaled too many walls not to be able to negotiate broken glass or fish-hooks or greased planks. Yer swate little tootsy-wootsies will be as safe as if they were tucked in yer little cot bed upstairs. At eliven o'clock to-night, if ye love Captain Dick Bocock. And now, me swate Cleopatra, aren't I to have, as yer gallant's emissary, one little guerdon for doing his business and yers also?"

But though Mr. Ballyho tries his Irish best to get greeting of her coquettish lips, he only succeeds in placing a *soupeçon* of a kiss upon the blushing cheek of fair Miss Susan, who, dodging him quite vivaciously, laughs in his face, and says: "No! These are all for my Dick. Forage upon your own preserves over yonder, my Lothario. Irene has more for you than you deserve." Though all the time the little witch is very much pleased to find she has made an impression upon the emotions of this mustachioed, turbaned, devil-may-care Turk.

Then she says suddenly, earnestly, but in almost business tones: "*What*—after I jump into my lover's arms?"

"Oh," returns Ballyho enthusiastically, "then, faith, it is post-horses to the minister. Divil doubt, if Dick is the man he looks to be, but he'll be in a taring hurry to get yer loveliness to the parson. Ah, this same dashing Dick Bocock is a very divil of a fellow!"

"Isn't he!" cries the girl, her face flaming, her eyes passionate. Then she says, "You can tell Mr.

Dick to catch me at eleven o'clock, and be sure to have a special license—no Fleet marriage for Susan Turnbull since that last act of Parliament. I'll give Irene a little hint on this legal point, eh, Mr. Ballyho!" she laughs playfully as he curses her under his breath. But a moment after Miss Volatile sighs: "If he were here now!"

"Wouldn't I do to represent him for the moment?" pleads the ardent gentleman.

But she laughs in his face and cries: "Quick! Miss Vannos will be very jealous." Then she adds bitterly: "I would, if Dick kept me waiting, dallying with anyone else."

Even while the vindictive expression, which flies over Susan's features as she makes this remark, astounds the Irish adventurer, the girl runs away from him.

"Bedad, I belave the minx is right. Irene *will* be jealous," mutters Ballyho Bey, and strides off through the garden, to find his first charmer in another secluded nook on the further side of the inclosure, and that she *is* very jealous and *is* pouting and *has* tears in her great brown soulful eyes, which perchance add to her loveliness.

Now he has time to inspect Irene Vannos, he sees what a wonderful beauty there is in this girl, and that in a year or two more she will be almost perfection as regards symmetry of figure and loveliness of feature.

Having quite craftily selected her spot for secret interview, the maid sits in a little bower of green foliage. The light gauzes of her dancing robe give her an appearance more ethereal than the exquisite developments of her figure would otherwise permit; for her arms are beautifully rounded, and her neck and shoulders are plump enough to have delicious dimples in them.

Even as Irene sits, her attitude is childlike, one pretty limb being tucked away under her short skirts, for, schoolgirl fashion, she is sitting on her foot; the other, drooping to the ground, is dejectedly swinging about in white stocking and dancing slipper, the toe of which is tossing up the gravel of the walk.

Above all this is a face to which a jealous love and indignant passion gives maturity; its two eyes would be stars, only they are clouded by tears; its two lips are pouting with disappointment and trembling with mortification.

Twice, as Ballyho gazes, the girl's arms are raised despairingly; three times do two big tears roll down miserably upon her flushed cheeks.

For pretense she has a book in her hand, but is not reading it. Suddenly she utters a cry of rage, and throws it from her, desperately, heedlessly, with all her might, not looking where it goes. This missile Ballyho Bey laughingly dodges. Her glance following it, she sees the gallant whose fancied neglect has caused her petulance.

"Bedad!" says his Highness eagerly, "if ye'd lifted yer eyes, me little sweetheart, jealousy would not have made ye throw that book."

"I—jealous?" The girl springs up, attempting haughtiness.

"Faith and ye were! Be me soul, I know the symptoms in me har—" He checks himself and goes on: "If not jealous, why are ye kicking up the gravel so and firing yer schoolbooks about? It's lucky for ye, I'm thinking, Mistress Penelope didn't see ye degrading Dr. Johnson's dictionary into ammunition and bombarding the shrubbery with it!"

At this Irene looks at him savagely, blushes red and sighs: then says falteringly, tears coming into her deep

brown eyes: "And you kept me waiting to give her greeting *first!*"

"Ah, be aisy, me own true love," he answers, quite pleased to see that he has nearly broken her heart. "Thine own Alcidor—that's what ye called me, darlint—is as true to ye as Saint Patrick is to Ireland. I was just giving word to yer friend from her own gallant, the dashing Dick Boccock, who will elope with little Susan to-night, as I will do with ye, at eliven o'clock. Ye see—with those bright eyes that ye are just wiping the tears out of—that little gateway in the wall? Above it from the coping to the garden below there will be a ladder. From the top ye will jump into me arms, *acushla*—and then the post-chaise, and then the minister, and then—ah Heavin!"

To him she murmurs, her eyes looking love and trust into his: "My Ballyho!"

"Meantime," he says jauntily, "ain't I to have a little kiss—just the first of the many yer going to give me?" and his arm goes around her lithe waist. But after one blushing glance into his ardent face, the girl droops her head and turns away her lips in bashful timidity. To this he murmurs: "Don't be too coy, me goddess; we haven't a blessed minute to waste. That hag Penelope will be coming."

"Have you no other love than me?" asks Irene anxiously.

"How could any man have when he's looking at yer beautiful face!" answers Ballyho enthusiastically.

"Will you have no other love than *me?*"

"Never, my darling, never!"

"Then I am thine!"

But seeing that the girl only presents her cheek to his salute, Mr. Ballyho, who has an Eastern method of coercion with females, and is very well satisfied that

Miss Vannos is a young lady who will yield easily to command, and furthermore she will adore her tyrant, says quite sternly: "No paltering with yer lover, Irene. Obey yer lord and master—put up those rosy lips for the first caress of thy Ballyho."

To these orders his sweetheart murmurs: "Yes, my lord," raises her eyes trustingly to his, and blushing and paling in the same moment, does as this villain she adores directs, receiving from his fervid lips a salute that she fondly thinks is the first kiss of true affection—but he knows it is not.

This thought makes her very submissive to this creature who commands her love. So a moment after, her suitor, seeing that this young lady's disposition is one that responds to authority—even in sentiment—now says to her: "This time, me princess, ye must kiss yer Ballyho of yer own free will—with all yer loving lips, and burning soul."

"Oh, no! I—I could not, *yet*."

"Bedad! Are ye rebellious so soon? At once obey yer future spouse. Now put yer arms round me neck and comply with me command."

To this she falters: "Yes, my lord," then begs him: "Don't be angry," and does his bidding with rare grace and docile tenderness.

But time is flying.

He murmurs: "I hear your Gorgon coming. Remember—eliven o'clock to-night, if ye love me—if ye trust me—your lord Ballyho! The ladder will be at the wall. Consult with little Susan about the matter. Her Romeo will also be there, and ye'll both go over the fence together. And now kape this chaste salute to render back to me—and remember, to no other man upon this earth."

With this he kissing her with great deliberation and

impressive ceremony, she murmurs: "This shall remain upon my lips until I can return it to your lips, my honored lord and master."

Then this proud victor in the game of love saunters away, thinking: "Bedad! She's rare loveliness and docility, and would let a man have a quiet life at home. But, oh, that little rogue, Susan—she would kape four eunuchs and a *kisla aga* very busy."

A moment after he meets Miss Penelope, and contrives to play the Romeo to her for some five minutes, forcing himself to simulate an ardor that seems like the taste of Dead Sea fruit, as he thinks of the two beauties from whom her coming has dragged him.

Finally, stepping out of the garden with the school-mistress, he meets her elder sister, and there arranges the terms for his four own darling daughters, that he declares he will send down for tutelage within the fortnight.

So passing out of Arcadia Lodge to his post-chaise and four, Ballyho steps in. As he drives away he thinks: "Faith, I have arranged me eloping business with as much art as any sneaking seraglio conspirator of our lord of lords, the Sultan."

Has he?

It is said in the harem of the Padishah and Ruler of the world—surrounded by the exquisite gardens of ever-blooming roses and fronting that fair stretch of water, tinged by eastern romance and called the Golden Horn—that children sometimes carry on their innocent tongues words that settle the life or death of Turkey's Sultan.

So now the chances of this night turn on the babble of little Sophia Matthews, who will have vengeance on Susan Turnbull for the foul pinching she gave her this forenoon, but doesn't consider it in her school-girl eti-

quette quite the proper form to tell tales unto her teachers. Racking her little brain, this child remembers that she has heard Miss Susan speak during the morning walk of a Captain Peacock as if he were her lover. Getting word with Mr. Lavender, who has been detained by further lessons to some of his older pupils in some fancy dances, just imported from the continent, to him she whispers: "Do you know one Captain Richard Peacock of the Man at Arms?"

"Why so?"

"Because if you do, tell him his duck, Miss Susan Turnbull, is false to him and will run away to-night from the little gate in the garden wall with a Mr. Ballyho Boy. That's all. If he's the gallant that he looks, this Peacock will prevent it."

This hint is enough to Mr. Jumping Jack. He whispers: "Are you sure—to-night?"

"Yes; sure as I shall be sick on tarts this evening."

"Very well. Consider thy message delivered, you little brat," Lavender says laughingly, and goes away quite eagerly, because now he thinks he has chance of vengeance for the hilarious merriment of his Highness, Ballyho Bey, at Sophia's witticisms upon his capers and grimaces.

But all unknowing this, Miss Susan Turnbull, with eager but businesslike way, prepares for her elopement with her dashing privateer-swashbuckler; and Irene Vannos, her heart throbbing with love and tenderness and even *duty* to this Turko-Irish villain, thinks of his kiss and murmurs: "That has made my lips sacred to him—FOREVER!"

## CHAPTER VI.

“CAITIFF, DRAW AND DEFEND YOURSELF!”

So, likewise, Mr. Ballyho Bey, in the innocence of his heart, rejoices, and getting back hurriedly to the Royal George calls up his factotum, Antonelli, and says to this Italian gentleman: “Is there any boat fit for sea voyage in the harbor?”

“Yes, your Excellency, one or two. A fishing yawl that runs to Yarmouth, and a lugger that sometimes smuggles silks and high wines from the coast of France.”

“The lugger will do! See if ye can hire her and her captain and crew to make a night’s run across the channel. Tell thim I will give thim twenty pounds. Is there a cabin on it? She’s stanch and seaworthy, I suppose?”

“Safe as a frigate.”

“Very well; have the captain anchor her off the bathing-beach, but ready to make sail at a moment’s notice,” returns Ballyho. “Tell him to be there by ten o’clock at least, to-night; and also order a carpenter to make a trough of strong two-inch plank, eight feet long, one foot deep, two feet wide, without any ends. That’ll make a safe capping over the glass, to save the damsels’ feet,” chuckles the soldier of fortune, who knows how to circumvent the dangers of escalade in strong places. “Also procure a ladder sixteen feet in length. It won’t quite need that, but it’s safer to have too much than too little.”

“This looks like gallivanting and elopement, your Highness,” murmurs Antonelli, rubbing his hands.

“Be the powers, it does! And it looks like twinty guineas for ye, if iverything goes favorably, Ludovico,

me lad," answers his master, whose Eastern experience has taught him the power of "the golden touch."

These arrangements being made, Ballyho Bey walks over to the Man at Arms, and says: "With yer permission, my dear Captain Bocock, I will take supper here, if ye will be me guest. We'll crack a good bottle of Pontac together—and, by the by, here's a billet-doux from Miss Susan, who says she will jump into yer arms at eliven o'clock *to-morrow* evening. At which time I also do the Gretna-Green act."

Then the privateersman, reading over his sweetheart's epistle of love, grasps the Turko-Irish adventurer's hand and would shake it nearly off, were not Ballyho Bey's sinews of steel. They soon sup together quite merrily, and quaff several goblets to the perdition of the Gorgons, the Misses Prindle. Made affable by wine, Ballyho Bey tells Dick of his four imaginary offspring who are coming down from London to school at Arcadia Lodge, at which honest Bocock shakes his sides with laughter, then winks and says: "What if your Irene had heard it? You were taking risks, my boy."

"Not at all. Me charmer would think me true to her, despite the testimony of everything but her own eyes. I know me girl. But I can tell ye, me honest mariner, you've got a sweetheart that will lade you a pretty dance through life. The roguery of her smile and the witchery of her eye—Ha! ha! ye're a lucky boy."

"God bless you for the words!" cries the English sea-dog heartily. After a game of billiards, for Ballyho doesn't dare to sit down to cards—he has too much business on hand this evening—with very cordial shake of the hand he departs for the Royal George, leaving behind him the privateer captain, extremely happy and jovial and blessing his luck in having en-

countered a man of such nicety of discretion in intrigue as his friend, comrade, and brother-mariner, Ballyho Bey of the Turkish service.

The privateersman might have had suspicions of his gentleman before, had Ballyho not dined with him, for twice Lavender has looked in upon them in the coffee room, and once when they were driving the balls over the green cloth. But each time seeing the Irish dare-devil, the little professor, his feet shaking and his whole body trembling, has retreated, fearing to make revelation in the presence of a man who, he is confident, would spit him as if he were a lark.

This obstacle no longer in his way, Lavender tries to get an interview with the seafaring man, and to his dismay finds he has gone out for evening walk. He runs to the Gun-garden, but in its dark recesses cannot see his man. Then he hunts through the High street, with no better result, for that thoroughfare is now very dimly lighted by flickering lamps of oil. Finally he questions the watchmen on their beats, but gets no satisfactory answer as to the whereabouts of the mariner, who has strolled along the sands, and is taking sea air upon the beach, thinking but twenty-four hours are between him and Miss Susan's bright eyes.

Therefore it is fully a quarter of eleven, and Tompkins fears that he will be too late when he at last gets interview with the gallant Richard Boccock and astounds him by saying: "Your mistress, fair Miss Susan Turnbull, if I may dare to hint, will gallivant to-night."

"You blundering idiot, it is *to-morrow* night! but don't you get blabbing of it," mutters Dick savagely, "or I will hamstring you, my French caperer, so you will never cut another pirouette."

This terrible threat is like to shut Lavender's mouth entirely, but at last he ventures: "You are mistaken, I think, gallant captain."

"Mistaken! Haven't I word from my own charmer in this note?"

"But a little girl who overheard the assignation between Ballyho Bey and Miss Susan says that he told her the date was *changed to to-night*."

"You're dreaming, man!"

"Dreaming or not, would it not be well for you to go up past Arcadia Lodge and see. If this Turko-Irish officer is true to you, no harm is done. If he is tricking you, spit him and carry off the girl yourself; for she loves you, and it is some trick of this Eastern fanatic, who jeers at my finest pirouettes and French steps."

"By Neptune, it won't do any harm! The night is fine. I will saunter up there, Mr. Jumping Jack. But mark ye!—no word to man, woman, or child of this affair, as you love your miserable *parlez-vous* legs."

So Dick, taking care his hanger is convenient to his hand, strolls off, and Lavender, with the curiosity of a feeble mind, must follow after him at a discreet distance, to his prolonged regret.

Unguessing what may come to him, Ballyho has cheerily gone on with his preparations. The lugger, Antonelli has informed him, is anchored off the bathing beach. A boat is at the shore. Ballyho's valise is ready. Mustapha and the Italian have carefully in the darkness carried the open trough and ladder and concealed them by the wall in the quiet little lane that runs past the garden of Arcadia Lodge. A post-chaise is discreetly in waiting, some fifty yards away.

As the clock on the town hall strikes eleven, and the watchman cries the hour and "All's well" in this

quiet little town of Brighthelmstone to-night, Ballyho Bey—for he thinks it wise for this adventure to have no companion save his sword, pistols, his own strong arm and undaunted nerve, and has sent his valet Antonelli with his baggage to the boat, Mustapha being kept in waiting at the post-chaise—puts up the ladder from the lane outside right over the little door in the garden wall of Miss Prindle's academy.

Then carrying with him the trough with unclosed ends, some two feet wide, to cover the coping of the wall, and one foot of solid plank on either side, to prevent its slipping, he places this in position, capping the wall and the broken glass. Standing upon this, he draws up the ladder and slides it down with a cautious hand until its lower end is planted firmly within the garden. Next, cautiously, Ballyho lets himself down and drops within the lane, where he stands waiting for the blessings of the God of love.

All this has been watched by two trembling maidens who have sneaked from within the house, passing with quaking steps and fluttering hearts the doors of their awful school-mistress's sleeping apartments, and coming down in stocking feet to a little side door opening upon the garden. Here they have sat down and put their pretty feet in shoes once more, and hand in hand, together very cautiously have crept along the walks, each one gripping a little sack that contains her jewelry, money, and most valued ornaments. So, groping along, Miss Turnbull at last puts hands upon the ladder.

"Here it is," she whispers. "Everything is right;" then says determinedly: "Hold the steps firm, Irene, as I run up."

Being of a disposition that leads and does not follow, Susan trips lightly up the rounds, and after some dif-

ficulty from her fashionable hoops, that embarrass her getting from the ladder, stands balanced on the boards that protect her pretty feet from the cruel glass, and looking down, hears from beneath in manly voice: "Jump quick, ye darlint!"

Without further parley, and spurred by terrors of the imagination that make her think she hears a noise of movement in the building, Susan makes her spring. Then her big hooped skirt acting as parachute, she sails gracefully down and is caught rapturously to the heart of Ballyho Bey, who, as he puts her on the ground, says cheerily: "Now for the other."

"But, Dick? Where is Captain Bocock?"

"Waiting for ye at the post-chaise, me love."

"Waiting for you *HERE*," cries a gruff, angry voice. 'Sdeath! Treacherous dastard and caitiff—who would rob me of my love—draw and defend yourself!"

Fortunately, Ballyho Bey, from force of habit, does draw quickly and defend himself, just parrying in time a desperate cut from the stalwart privateersman's weapon.

Then these two practiced warriors fight it out, as if they were boarders on quarter-deck. Cut follows cut, and parry follows parry, and to the click of the steel, Susan, after one short, gasping exclamation, half of astonishment, half of terror, stands watching them, even in admiration, as they battle. For she knows these two dashing, blood-thirsty gallants are fighting for *her*—and it greatly pleases Miss Naughty's vanity and love of self.

She is so interested she does not note that Irene, who has reached the top of the wall, looking upon this scene, shudders and flies back into the garden.

Suddenly, beholding his master is attacked, Mustapha, Ballyho Bey's black Arab boy, from the re-

cesses of the post-chaise, pokes out a mighty bell-mouthed blunderbuss, and fires in the air, with the report of a small cannon.

To its noise comes back an answering scream of agony and despair, which rises over all the din, shrill as the shriek of a French fiddle. It is from the unfortunate Lavender, who, writhing on the ground, screams: "*Mon Dieu! Despair! My right leg is gone! Good Gad! Without a caper in my shins I starve!*"

At the report the post-boys take the alarm, whip up their horses and drive off, with Mustapha in the post-chaise, screaming, "Allah, il Allah! Down with the infidel dogs!" and other wild and barbaric cries.

But, unheeding all this, these gallants of many desperate *mêlées* on sea and land fight on. Blood shows on both from various cuts and wounds, though as yet none are serious, and the girl standing by applauds, crying: "That was a good stroke, dashing Dick! Cut down this coxcomb who would steal me from your arms!" or whispers, "Oh, Ballyho, that was a mighty blow—you have an arm of steel!"

Suddenly there is a watchman's rattle of alarm, and the cry "The watch is coming!"

"Peace in the King's name!" comes floating on the air. Lights begin to flash from tallow dips within the windows of Arcadia Lodge, showing the Misses Prindle and their panic-stricken pupils are up and doing, this fine spring night, and the din is not made less by the watch coming up with truncheons in their hands and crying: "Strike up their weapons! Peace, in the King's name! Peace!"

So the myrmidons of the law beat up the arms of these two wounded warriors, and drag them to the lock-up of the town, bearing with them also the shrieking Lavender.

Then all is quiet, except some faint screams coming from the establishment for young ladies of the Misses Prindle, and a girl in the lane suddenly whispers: "Irene! Irene! Quick! Up on the wall! Up on the wall! Let down your scarf that I may pull myself up and get back before I'm discovered."

But no answer comes!

For a fluttering maid, before the general alarm had been sounded and the establishment awakened, had sped back through the garden up the long passageway, and had quickly and silently disrobed and slipped cowering into bed, knowing full well that if this escapade is discovered it will bring to her a punishment most cruel and most dire.

Again Susan, from the gloom in the lane, speaks imploringly, yet angrily: "Idiot! Coward! Get up on the wall, I say, before it's too late! Drop me a scarf! Help me—to get back *in time!*" and receives no answer.

Once again she speaks desperately: "Irene! For mercy's sake—in pity! My heaven! if Miss Prindle discovers!"

But still there is no reply to her entreaties, which are piteous now.

Then comes the noise of a door opening and voices in the garden, and Susan doesn't dare speak again; but thinks with all her might!

And now a tragedy of the emotions begins in this young lady's heart.

But over any terror, the peculiar strength of the girl's mind displays itself most potently. She knows she has made a fool of herself. She thinks bitterly: "Dolt! Idiot that I was to let any passion make me forget one of the aims of my life!" Then she jeers herself for being a lovesick fool, adding de-

spairingly: "But oh, that won't help the matter *now*!"

Suddenly into her mind flies: "I've plenty of money in my purse. I'll not go back to their chastisement," for she knows that a most merciless flogging with new birch-rods will at least be her fate at stern Miss Prindle's hands. "It is but five minutes' walk to the stables at Brighthelmstone. There I will engage a chaise and post up to London. By to-morrow morning I will walk in upon my uncle."

Here she pauses and mutters desperately: "And what will I tell him? That I have been a numskull—that I have made a schoolgirl's escapade—and FAILED even in that? And he—my uncle—who regards me as of most solid intellect and common sense," she laughs bitterly, "who has sometimes already appealed to me for advice in his business transactions and matters of finance and trade, whom I hope some day to so impress with my intellect and tact as to have commanding weight in the affairs of the firm of which my money makes one-half the capital—he will jeer me as a silly ninny. Good-bye to my influence with him forever!"

"Had I married this dashing captain, and walked in and said, 'Behold my husband!'—it might have been a different thing. But to come home, flying from school-girl chastisement, he and all his clerks will laugh at me as little Miss Booby-love-sick, and I shall no longer be the oracle of the house. Shall I throw away coming power and influence for present pain and anguish, no matter how severe?"

Then, nerving herself to the deed, and it does take resolution, for Miss Susan knows full well the humiliation and the torture that are before her, she walks with firm steps round to the front entrance of Arcadia Lodge, and lifting the massive iron knocker—hesitates for one instant—then brings it down desper-

ately with a sounding bang, and adds a rat-a-tat-tat that would awake the household were they asleep.

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## CHAPTER VII.

### THE EXTRAORDINARY THREAT.

BUT some of them are moving yet. Miss Penelope and her sister have discovered that one of their pupils has disappeared. They have discovered the tell-tale ladder, and are even now searching with frightened eyes for the missing one.

A moment later there is a faint female voice from the inside of the door, faltering: "Who's there? Are you of the watch? Be careful, if you are not honest men—we have the gardener within call."

"It is I—Susan Turnbull. Open for me!"

There is a shriek of relieved suspense that is almost joy. The door is quickly unbarred, and Miss Susan entering, is confronted by Penelope and the elder Miss Prindle, who has now come down.

"Where have you been?" cries one sister.

"What have you been doing, you shameless chit?" says the other sternly. For her schoolmistresses' minds being relieved, fierce anger comes upon them against their culprit scholar.

"You have been trying to run away," says the first severely. "Don't dare to deny it! We have seen the ladder against the wall."

"I am not going to deny it," answers Susan sturdily. Then she adds, in tones whose firmness astounds her hearers: "I was going to elope; but my gallant has been wounded and is even now carried off to jail."

"Oh you bold jade!" gasps Penelope.

"With whom were you going to fly?" commands Eudasia.

"That I shall not answer. I have confessed as to myself; his secret *he* can tell."

"Very well; come with us," remarks the elder schoolmarm, savagely.

And Susan, following them, is ushered into Miss Prindle's private parlor.

Here Miss Penelope suddenly asks: "What are you carrying with you?"

"My bag of trinkets and money."

"Give them to me."

Without a word, Susan surrenders them; then coolly, though her hands tremble, takes off her hat and cloak, sits down and gazes at the two Gorgons, who are in consultation.

A moment after, the elder Miss Prindle suddenly says: "We have concluded to expel you. To-morrow morning, you brazen hussy, we will put you in a post-chaise and send you to your uncle."

Then the brazen hussy astounds the Misses Prindle. She says defiantly: "I—I won't be expelled!"

"And why not?" gasps Miss Eudasia. "You have disgraced the institution."

"No; until this affair is public, there is no disgrace to Arcadia Lodge. If you send me away, you will bring disrepute on yourselves. Therefore you had better let me stay."

"I had presumed," remarks the elder schoolmarm, "that a girl of your age would have preferred being expelled."

"I prefer to stay."

Then the two holding consultation together for a moment, Miss Penelope says:

"Miss Turnbull, we are so sorry for you that we

will not disgrace you and your family by expelling you. Go quietly to your dormitory and your bed as usual, and to-morrow evening report to me here at eight o'clock. I need not tell you what the penalty will be; and be assured it will be as severe as we can make it."

"Thank you for your mercy," mutters the girl bitterly, and courtesies to the floor.

Then turning away she gets quietly to her room and goes to bed—but not to sleep. For even with her resolute soul, tears will come into the maiden's eyes as she thinks—thinks of her foolishness—of her lost privateersman—of the cruel chastisement that awaits her on the morrow.

So rising unrefreshed and nervous the next morning, and evading her chum and friend of yesterday, who would ask her what really was the dispute between their two gentlemen, poor Miss Susan goes through her exercises and her lessons, in so preoccupied and down-hearted a way that early in the afternoon, being summoned to Miss Penelope, she fears she has another fault for which to answer.

But entering her preceptress's parlor a spasm of astonishment flies through her when she sees the dashing Turko-Irish adventurer standing with her teacher, his left arm bearing the signs of combat, being gracefully supported by a silken sash.

"Come hither, Susan," remarks Miss Penelope; and the girl standing before her and courtesying in the school etiquette of the day opens her eyes very wide with amazement as the spinster schoolmarm puts her hand upon her culprit shoulder and continues: "I have sent for you, you little silly jade, that you may thank his Excellency for having defended the reputation of this institution and saved you, even at the risk of his gallant life, from eloping with a ruffian, one Captain Richard Bocock."

At this, despite her misery, for one second there is a subdued jeering snicker, and the "little silly jade" in her heart mocks her teacher's foolishness, as the Turko-Irish diplomat, making impressive bow, says easily: "Faith, I've just been explaining to Miss Penelope how I saved yer innocence, me poor child, from that swaggering gamecock. He is now—praise to Allah!—laid up for three months or so on his back with a wound from me hanger. We're both under bonds to kape the peace, though I've promised the gallant another mating when he gets on his feet again; for Ballyho Bey turns his back on no gintleman who can handle weapon." To this he adds deprecatingly: "I hope, Miss Penelope, ye will not be too hard upon yer pretty pupil's indiscretion."

"No," answers the spinster. "We have concluded to forgive this wayward and foolish child, whom you yourself must acknowledge has committed a heinous offense, after she has received, this evening at eight o'clock, a sound and wholesome whipping. You Eastern potentates admit the wisdom of Solomon."

At this announcement Penelope can feel the culprit's delicate shoulder tremble under her gripping fingers. Miss Susan's face grows red as poppies; then she droops her head and turns away her eyes that have tears in them at the humiliation and the shame of nursery treatment and threat of childish chastisement made before this man, with whom yesterday she had coquetted as a dashing young lady of fashion.

"Faith, it would be a great favor to me if ye could forgive her intoirely," says Ballyho Bey, who cannot help pitying the misfortunes his ardent soul has brought upon this young maiden, whose delicate figure is trembling with outraged pride.

"Impossible!" replies Penelope sternly. "Ask any-

thing but that, your Highness. If we did not show you we were capable of conducting our establishment, would you trust us with your own four darlings?"

But all this time Susan's heart, throbbing with anguish, is also filled with indignant rage at this man who carries off so easily his treachery to both herself and Bocock, and she is praying: "God give me vengeance!"

The next instant there is a rap upon the door, and Penelope opening it, after receiving a message, remarks: "My sister wishes to see me on some school business that cannot be postponed. Your Highness, I hope, will excuse me for a few minutes;" then adds sharply: "Susan, go back to your class."

Not doubting that her command will be obeyed, the schoolmarm departs.

Suddenly, with one swift step, the Turko-Irishman is at the girl's side. He whispers: "Bedad! I've closed the mouth of Mr. Lavender with thirty guineas for his game leg."

Then Susan thinks with all her excited brain: "How shall I have vengeance?"

Suddenly she opens her blue eyes innocently and says coquettishly: "What was the matter between you two hot-bloods, that you so suddenly drew your swords last night?"

"Bedad! I think yer lover, Dick Bocock, was a little jealous of me holding ye in me arms too long and too tinderly, when ye dropped yerself over the fence," returns Ballyho, meeting childish innocence with Eastern diplomacy. "But ye forgive me, me darlint."

"Oh, I suppose I must, you naughty fellow," murmurs Susan, giving him one veiled glance, then drooping her eyes bashfully under his ardent gaze.

"In proof of that, quick!—present this little letter from me to Irene, and I'll do me best to mitigate yer chastisement, me pretty houri." whispers Ballyho eagerly.

Then comes the triumph of childish innocence!

The girl seizes the note like lightning. Her deft hand slips it into the bosom of her dress, safe from recapture, and turning on him with blazing eyes, she whispers: "You dastard!"

"Bedad, I did the best I could for ye."

"Did the best you could for me? When, had it not been for your treachery, to-night I would have been the bride of my Dick Boccock; when instead—" the girl closes her pearls, called teeth, with a despairing snap.

"Faith, yer tender flesh will be squaring yer accounts with the Misses Prindle," sneers Bally, who is by no means pleased at Miss Susan's animadversions on his conduct, and sees now he has nothing to hope from her assistance.

"Yes; but now *you* square accounts with *me*!"

"And in what way?"

"You leave Arcadia Lodge within five minutes, without attempting to get word with Irene Vannos, who deserted me in my extremity. For I know, failing *two* you will take *one*," jeers the girl.

"And if not, ye little devil?"

"If not, even if I suffer more for it, I will denounce you to Miss Penclope here as being the man of the attempted elopement, both with Irene Vannos and myself."

"Tare an' ages!" laughs this gentleman of Eastern wiles. "Who would listen to a naughty school-girl? Bedad, they'd think ye were trying to save yer own trembling skin by putting poor innocent Irene in along

with ye." Then he jeers: "How can you prove it?"

"How can I prove it?" cries Susan. "Why, by the letter I have from Dick Boccock, stating you were his emissary and would deliver it to me; appointing that to-night you elope with Irene Vannos, when he escapes with me. Inquiry will prove my truth. Who hired the post-chaise last night? For whom was the ladder manufactured, over which I flitted? Think for a minute, Ballyho Bey!"

"Still, I will try me declaration against the tongue of a whimpering school-girl."

"Will your word go further than the note I have just now received from you, addressed to Irene Vannos?"

As she speaks, Susan sees the shot has struck; for Mr. Bally makes sudden grasp to seize her and compel return of the epistle.

But with light step and agile youth she dodges him, flies to the door of the room, and with easy retreat behind her, thus addresses him:

"Swashbuckler! Attempt to lay hands on me and I will yell so loud that every teacher in the school will hear me!" Then, venturing one step into the room and closing the door behind her, but keeping hand upon the latch, she glares at him with strangely vindictive eyes, and whispers: "By this note I could have vengeance on her who deserted me. But that will not be revenge ENOUGH! As for you, you Irish blather-skite—if you do not leave within five minutes, and without attempt at further communication with the love-sick girl for whose kisses you are longing, I will tell my tale and *prove it*! Even in the gloom of coming humiliation and approaching agony, I laugh: one villain is at least defeated! This is the last you will ever see of Susan Turnbull!"

With these words the girl passes out.

Ballyho knows the evidence is against him, and as soon as he can bid consistent adieu to the mistresses of Arcadia Lodge, departs from that institution, feeling he is beaten—at least for the present.

Returning to her class, over her lessons the scholars think Miss Turnbull has even more than usual spirits; for the girl has a jeering laugh in her voice and is very lofty all this day—apparently. But as it gets toward evening, several times this proud culprit looks anxiously at the clock, and shudders; for with a genius for unpleasant effect, the Misses Prindle have calculated upon their victim passing a day of mental anticipatory anguish.

At half past seven, when the rest of the school are congregated in the study-room, Miss Susan slips up to her room and there makes necessary change in her toilet for the coming discipline. Then with slippers on her feet she glides sneaking through the passageways, fearing the eye of any one and only seen by one, little Sophia Matthews, who chuckles to herself: "This evens me!" For the maiden is very haughty, and dreads her humiliation and disgrace being scoffed at by her fellow-pupils.

Thus it comes to pass that at eight o'clock there is a despairing rap upon Miss Prindle's door, and the voice of the schoolmistress answering quickly: "Come in," Miss Susan enters. Her two preceptresses, rising, confront her. To them giving very low school-girl courtesy, she says, her eyes disdainful, her voice husky, there being a little tremble in her upper lip: "I am at your command."

To this Eudosa replies: "I hope, Susan, you are penitent;—if not you will be soon!" Then pointing to an inner and more retired chamber, orders, sternly: "Go in!"

And the girl bows her head and obeys, with firm steps—though her face is deathly pale save hectic fever spots that glow like fire upon each dimpled cheek.

But reaching the entrance, Miss Penelope notes that their victim, perchance dismayed at the dire preparations she sees are made for her correction, lifts one bare arm, gleaming white and beautiful from out the laces of her negligée, despairingly to heaven, and for one instant turns as if to fly. The teacher also sees that Susan's little foot is trembling like an aspen leaf. To her she says, sharply: "Enter at once!"

With a long, hopeless sigh, the culprit obeying, passes in, and her two executioners glide in after her. A moment later the door is closed, and heavy curtains drawn over it to prevent the sounds of anguish reaching the outer world.

Something like an hour after this, Miss Irene Vannos, in her room, is astounded at seeing the young lady who had refused to speak to her this morning enter—a mass of tears and agony and blazing eyes, her fair limbs even now writhing and quivering with burning smart and anguish unendurable.

"Oh heaven, Susan!" cries Irene. "You—you have been punished?"

"Yes!—through your cowardice!" the girl gasps, her lips trembling with passion, her voice low and weak with pain, but now growing bitter as Marah. "Through your desertion I have been, not chastised, but flayed and *tortured*!" Then she breaks out in awful voice, so merciless, so vindictive, so unforgiving, that she appalls her listener: "Irene Vannos, do not forget this—for I never shall! Last night your craven soul left me helpless to escape the awful ordeal of this night! Remember!—for I shall remember too! Some day you will think heaven has struck you!—but it will be SUSAN TURNBULL!"

## BOOK II.

### SEVERAL WOLVES AND LOTS OF LAMBS.

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#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### THE TURKISH WOLF.

RETURNING to his inn, Ballyho Bey finds awaiting him a communication by courier from the Turkish Ambassador that makes him open his eyes and shiver: "Holy St. Patrick, what an escape ! With this news, had I, connected with the Ottoman legation, done anything to create a scandal in this bastely straight-laced country—I were a dead man ! The Lord of Lords and Ruler of the Universe, who is now praying to England for aid against that divil, Catherine of Russia—bedad, would have had the bastinado and the bowstring ready for ye, me boy, when ye got back to Greece. Still, just the same, I'll write a love letter to that poor, foolish, loving, swate girl, Irene Vannos. Be me soul, her father may bring her back to Modon ! Oho ! no telling what time may produce ! It's an awful unlucky penny that *always* flips up losing."

Therefore, being called by these very dispatches in haste to London, Mr. Bally takes his departure for that capital, but first intrusts a note to Lavender Tompkins—who now has hopes of flipping his shanks again if the doctors do not phlebotomatize him to

death,—instructing Monsieur Jumping Jack as soon as he gets on his feet to take his first opportunity at dancing lesson to discreetly deliver the epistle to Miss Irene Vannos and post him her reply, care of his Highness, Samas Pasha, Turkish Embassy, London.

It is very short and sweet, his Excellency not being very much given to the arts of composition, and reads:

MY DARLING ARETHUSA :

Your Alcidor is called away by his Padischah to fight for his flag, otherwise he would never have lost sight of Arcadia Lodge without carrying you away from it with him. It was all your fault, however, ye little hesitating darling, for not jumping over the fence *first* ; then I would have been able to smooth that English roysterer who thwarted Cupid.

I strictly charge you by your love and obedience to yer lord never to permit that swashbuckler to have word with you, also not to believe any stories that little Jezebel may whisper in your ear. She is jealous of your beauty. Communicate with me, at the Turkish Embassy, or at Modon in Greece, where I am informed your father has his head office. Try to induce him to bring you out with him to that town, where I am the governor and will delight to do you honor.

Remember also to keep that kiss I placed upon your sweet mouth for return to me, who owns it, permitting no other man to have cognizance of those lips I now regard as my own property forever. Also understand that the words your Alcidor likes best to hear from your dear voice are “I love you and I obey you.”

Your devoted lord, master, and lover,

ALCIDOR.

P. S.—I sign Alcidor for safety ; but you know who's waiting with impatient ardor for the moment when you will bless him by your sweet and lovely self. You can also guess who I hint at by “Roysterer” and “Jezebel.”

As he posts away, Ballyho thinks: “Faith, me going has probably saved me charmer some unhappy expairiences at the hands of the Misses Prindle ;” for he is very well aware that had he stayed in the town,

Irene would have dared a great deal to have had interview with him.

“Tare an’ ages ! when she gets to London,” he laughs, “I think me darlint, with her lovely eyes, will have to make a hard fight to kape those rosebud lips for me.” Then, the beauty of the girl coming to his mind, he mutters: “By Allah, I hope it won’t be a very stale kiss when I get it. As for little Susan, faith, I wouldn’t trust that witch two minutes out of my sight. The poor little divil. How she faced me!—how her eyes flamed at me! Bedad, how she hates me!”

So Ballyho, posting up, passes through the little hamlet of Vauxhall, crosses the new stone bridge at Westminster, and journeying past the Houses of Parliament and the Abbey, drives to the Star and Garter, a well known hostelry in Pall Mall, to find himself in London—not the London of to-day, but still a London of which Englishmen of that time were justly proud.

Divided by Temple Bar into the city proper and the Borough of Westminster, and only connected with the Surrey side by two bridges, the one called London and the other over which the Irish adventurer had passed—for Blackwell’s or Pitt’s Bridge, though then under construction, was not opened until two years later—this capital was even then, judged by its times, a wondrous city.

The streets of the old town were of course narrow, tortuous, crowded, unsavory as regards odor, and noxious as regards sewerage. But toward the west, where the outlying hamlets were already built into wider and more modern streets, many fine mansions clustered already about Hanover, Berkely and Grosvenor Squares, and quite a different city from even that of Queen Anne, fifty years before, was growing up.

Fashion and quality, moving to the westward, had already rather deserted Covent Garden, and even got beyond Soho and Leicester Squares and nearer to St. James's Park, where White's Chocolate House and Almack's—just now a year or two old—were the centers of gaming and gay and fashionable life.

Still to the north of Hyde Park the town was as yet unbuilt, and many green fields could be seen beyond Oxford Street, which was then Oxford Road.

Altogether, though not the great London of to-day, it was a London that thought itself just as great, and its streets, illuminated by feeble glass oil lamps, as beautifully lit as if they had been blazing with electricity, and its thoroughfares, though drained in a way that would make a modern board of health scream "Murder!" as secure and sanitary as though of modern hygienic sewerage. Its Bow Street runners and night watchmen were considered as efficient as our modern Metropolitan force; though highwaymen still did some business in its outlying suburbs, and kidnapping people for the plantations of the New World had not as yet been wholly given up.

It was as much the banking house of the world then as it is at present; its fleets carried practically the produce of the globe, as they do now; its nobility were deemed of the finest *ton* and finish, as they are at this moment. Its scheming, financiering and trade-grabbing propensities were as gigantic then as they are to-day; *vide* some of its ancient trusts, run upon modern principles: the Hamburgh Company, to control the German trade; the Russia Company, for the Baltic and other ports; the Levant-Turkey crowd, making a monopoly of the commerce of the Eastern Mediterranean; the East India Company, then engaged in gobbling up an empire; the Royal Africa Association, to be suc-

ceeded by one of more modern times and perchance even greater appetite for the Dark Continent, which was very dark in those days; the South Sea Company, which some forty years before had nearly ruined England in its first grand stock-jobbing craze; the Hudson's Bay concern, which controls, even to-day, the fur trade of the world.

Insurance had also been invented, and the Sun Fire Office in Cornhill, the Hand in Hand, of Snow Hill, and the Phoenix, in Lombard Street, all in the business of making men safe in their goods "at reasonable rates," were producing great profit for the companies. But assurance for human life had not begun! What company would dare insure against the King's press gangs—or take chances on Barbary pirates and the privateers of all nations when men voyaged by sea—or plagues which sometimes came along and bleeding-doctors which were everywhere?

In truth, human life was the one thing cheap upon this earth in that epoch. For instance, sovereigns selling their troops to fight the battles of other princes; *vide*, the employment of the Germans in Colonial wars—Catherine of Russia giving away human beings, twenty thousand souls at a crack, to the cashiered favorites of her court and bed—the slave trade in full swing, supported by every nation under the sun, England, as usual in commercial affairs, having the most ships employed in it—the barbarous removal of women of the town to distant tropic lands, for purposes of building up foreign colonial settlements and British commerce—the transportation of criminals and other unfortunates and selling them as indentured slaves—and, most marvelous of all, Christian Europe sitting silent and permitting sometimes their very wives and children to be carried off to barbarous captivity

by Mediterranean rovers, and not firing one saving gun at the forts and batteries of Algiers, Tripoli and Sallee. In fact, the domination of might still carried with it the suppression of almost every right, human and divine.

Yet this world, though nearing the French revolution, which was about to make some suggestions as to its supreme disregard of the flesh of fellow-mortals both white and black, still thought itself civilized, and was as well pleased with its progress from barbarism as we are to-day.

What will the twentieth century think of us?

In the delights of this great capital of London, Ballyho Bey proceeds to revel with much barbaric gusto, making several evening visits to Vauxhall and there enjoying its refreshments and music in the company of various ladies of more than doubtful reputation; Sadler's Wells Gardens also receiving his attention, as well as a boxing bout upon the Green stage behind Montague House, Bill Darts, the champion, and Swansey, the butcher, being displayed.

Though this affair his Excellency sneers at, as not being of the extreme *ton*; the manly art of fisticuffs having fallen into disrepute with court dandies ever since the Duke of Cumberland\* lost ten thousand pounds by betting on the wrong man, and under his influence, legislation abolished Mr. Broughton's amphitheatre in Oxford street, because Mr. Broughton had been punched blind by a certain Mr. Jack Slack's right-hander, this champion being famous for his knock-out blows.

During this time Ballyho, however, takes occasion

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\* This defeat proved Broughton's ruin. The Duke of Cumberland could never speak of this contest with any degree of temper, and turned his back on the beaten man. The legislature interfered, the amphitheatre was closed, and Broughton never fought more. Miles's Pugilistica, vol. i, p. 28.

to write to the Misses Prindle, stating that, being called away suddenly from England by the commands of the Sultan, he is compelled to take his four daughters with him, and will therefore not be able to entrust them to their care—not even little Fatima, who has just now bitten off the eunuch's other ear.

He has also several interviews with the representative of his Padischah, receiving word to hold himself in readiness for immediate return to the Levant, there to take command of a portion of the Turkish squadron that is being collected to oppose the Russian fleet, when it makes its descent upon the Ottomans in the Mediterranean. This Muscovite armament is under preparation at Cronstadt. Leaving that port, it will pass through the Baltic and the English Channel, by the consent and favor of His Majesty, George the Third, who, under the advice of the most foolish English minister of any day, is secretly countenancing the efforts of Catherine II. to weaken the power of the Turks, and so lead to the treaty of Kainardji, which, by the loss of the Crimea and by the various conditions contained in it, laid the foundation for the ultimate gradual dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire—something which is a matter of the greatest anxiety to the England of to-day.

While this is going on, some two weeks after his arrival in London, there comes to Mr. Ballyho a letter written in pretty feminine hand, that tells him his diagnosis of the character of Irene Vannos has been correct. It is full of the heart of a young girl, who pours out to him the very innermost springs of her affection, and gives him the confidence of a trusting, but perhaps foolish, soul. Careless of danger, and defying chance of detection, it reads:

ARCADIA LODGE, BRIGHTHELMSTONE, }  
April 3, 1767 A. D. }

MY BELOVED BALLYHO :

I do not address you as Alcidor, because I only think of you by the sweet name which you called yourself when you placed your kisses upon my lips.

So defying any risk that may come to me, I, your Irene, write to you to bless you for your undying love and thank you that you have in the grandness of your affection deigned to consider that I am *bound* to you—for by that I know you feel that you are *bound* to me.

Your dear note was received by me with such ecstatic joy that my face must have shone like the sun. Several times that day I noticed Mistress Turnbull, who for some reason thinks I was the cause of her detection, look curiously upon me, wondering at the brightness of my face. Ah, it was very bright, my Ballyho—bright with the radiance of undying love.

Poor Susan apparently disliked me more for my happiness, it being in such contrast to her own abasement. For she has been dealt with very severely by the Misses Prindle, being flogged most mercilessly the night after her attempted elopement, from which chastisement she came to me and uttered awful threats against me. Since then she has been in disgrace; once, wearing a dunce's cap and standing on a stool in the large schoolroom all day long; and this week she has been compelled—which is considered a woeful humiliation—to take off her fine clothes and don the coarse garb of the Red Charity School of Bristol, in which Miss Susan makes a most ludicrous figure, for her haughty face has not the humility a charity brat should have. The costume is all red, my Ballyho, and she wears coarse shoes and scarlet woolen stockings in full display, the skirts reaching scarcely to her knees. When visitors come in she is not permitted to fly from their eyes, but is kept in prominence, to her discomfiture.

For all these things Susan seems to hate me, charging that I deserted her in her extremity, and glares at me so unforgivingly that oftentimes she makes me shudder.

In contrast to her abasement, I have been informed I am to have a prize for dancing and playing on the harpsichord, at midsummer holidays. At that time I will go up to London and try to induce my father to take me with him on his return to Greece, unless you have not left England. In this hope I

can endure until it may please heaven to bless me in your love.

My daily life here would be quite bearable were I not so anxious to give you back that kiss, which be assured I keep as sacredly for you as I do my heart.

Therefore, let no danger of chastisement to me keep your pen quiet. I will brave *anything* to read the handwriting of my lord, whose precept I remember : " I love you and I obey you." So when this comes to thy hand, my darling Ballyho, be sure it has many kisses on it for you, though I still keep that *sacred* one that you intrusted to my care—the one that will be surrendered to no other lips than thine, by

Your devoted, adoring, and unalterable

IRENE.

Reading this over, the *renegado* cogitates: " Bedad, if little Miss Susan has as much sinse as I imagine is in her head, she won't be staying long with the Misses Prindle, with their charity dresses and their fools' caps and their rods. A moment after he ejaculates: " Why not look in upon me future father-in-law, and see if the old gintleman is likely to cut up well as regards fortune. I'll impress him with me state, though divilish little persuasion is generally needed from a Turkish governor to a Greek merchant. Bedad, the spalpeens know me brade too well to dispute with them."

Wishing, however, to appear in fine feather, he orders at the Star and Garter a sumptuous coach at livery, and giving directions, proceeds along the Strand, making his entry by way of Temple Bar, into the city proper. Passing through Blackfriars, he is regaled with the hubbub and din which was probably even greater in those days than at present. Hucksters are plying their vocations and crying everything under the sun. " Fair lemons and oranges!" is shrieked into his ear. " Oysters, twelvecence a peck!" is howled by men wheeling the bivalves about in barrows. " Fine writing ink!" is also suggested to him, and boys are shouting: " A merry new song on Wilkes and Liberty!—also a humor-

ous description of how they chalked '45' on the soles of the boots of His Excellency Count Seilern, the Austrian, together with some jokes upon the battering of the doors and shutters of Her Grace the Tory Duchess of Hamilton!"\*

"Bedad! If we had ye in Turkey, we'd chalk something on the soles of yer feet with the bastinado, yer leveling villains," remarks Ballyho, who, like most Irishmen of quality, doesn't believe in the rule of the masses.

His soliloquy is interrupted by the cries of "Chimney-swe-*ee-ps*!" "Maids buy a mop!" and in the great crowd, he being now in Lombard street, which then contained the homes as well as the offices of the bankers of the world, a great big ruffian, judging from his turban that Ballyho is a foreigner of docile disposition, shoves his wares into the open window of the carriage and under the very nose of the *renegado*, yelling, "Mahomet, buy a dish of my great eels!"

"Eat 'm yerself, ye spalpeen!" cries his Highness, tossing the writhing mass into the man's grinning face. "Holy St. Patrick! offering snakes to an Irish gentleman!" at which, though the huckster cries out for constable and Bow street runners, the crowd shout with delight at the delicate repartee of the Turko-Irish lord.

But not wishing to be delayed by police justice, Ballyho calls to his coachmen and footmen, for he is rigged out with all the airs of quality: "Hurry on,

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\* On March 28, 1767, the day of Wilkes' election to represent the County of Middlesex, great riots took place. "Wilkes and Liberty" was the cry with the mob. The crowd pulled the pompous Austrian ambassador, Count Seilern, from his carriage and chalked "45" on the soles of His Excellency's boots, 45 being the number of the edition of Wilkes' paper which declared for liberty. He complained of the insult, writes Walpole, but it was as difficult for ministers to help laughing as to give him redress.—ED.

ye brutes—38 Mincing lane! though, faith, a man of me rank is ashamed to give a tradesman's address."

So making their way through busy Fenchurch, they turn into the side street, which is devoted chiefly to the trade of the Levant, though one part of it is decorated by All Hallows Staining Church and another portion by the Clockworkers' Hall.

Stopping in front of the indicated house, Ballyho alights, assisted by his bowing footmen in all the glory of their powdered wigs and staffs, by which with elaborate flourish they drive away some gaping urchins. Confronting him is the sign of "Alceste Vannos, Modon and London," in gold letters of modest size upon plain background, in great distinction to the elaborately carved and gilded monstrosities of some of its near-by rivals. "By Allah! Here's the shapefold," mutters his Excellency pleasantly, inspecting the place.

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## CHAPTER IX.

### THE GREEK LAMB.

THE house is three stories in height, the ground floor being used as the sample-rooms and counting-house of the Levantine firm. Above are the apartments of Alceste Vannos's family, though a few of the junior clerks, and some of his apprentices, live in the upper story, while one or two more make domicile in the cellar; for articted youths were not reckoned highly in those days, not being permitted—save in the last year of their service—to keep their hats on in the presence of their master, whether in the open air or not.

As he enters the large sample-room, in which are

displayed goats' hair, cotton-stuffs, dyes, drugs, the wine of Cyprus, sponges, and raw silks—the chief importations from the Levant—Ballyho is met by a handsome clerk of such distinguished bearing that he stares at him and mutters, "You are——"

"Only Marco Trefussis, Mr. Vannos's clerk; and at your service," remarks the man, with a bow. Then with a deference, perchance overdone into a sneer, he adds: "What are Effendi Bey's commands?" the turban making him know he is in the presence of one he hates.

"Bedad," says his Excellency jovially, "I would spake with yer master, old Mr. Vannos. Announce to him that His Excellency Ballyho Bey, Governor of Modon, would have word with him."

And this being done, the clerk preceding him with somewhat haughty ceremony, shows the Irish adventurer into the office of the bird he wishes to pluck by Moslem methods.

"Be me soul!" thinks Ballyho, as he follows the clerk, "this chap looks more like a Grake warrior than a Grake slave. Musha, he is above his business!"

And Marco Trefussis is above his business!

Ballyho Bey would be very much astounded if he knew what was in this gentleman's mind as he stands gazing after the disappearing Turkish potentate and thinking: "One of our turbaned tyrants, with whom we shall reckon soon!"

For Mr. Vannos's chief clerk is the secret agent in England of the first Hellenic League, and he is even now negotiating for Russian aid in the Greek uprising that is already planned. In his veins courses the blood of Greek warriors like Achilles and Pausanias; still in his mind are the subtle forces that made Ulysses a diplomat and strategist. He has an intellect that could

have planned the Grecian horse which tore down the walls of Troy, and he has a stout enough heart to have been one of the inmates of the wooden artifice who sallied out upon that night fateful for Ilium.

With Greek craft, instead of flaunting his mission among the statesmen of Westminster and having open interviews with the Russian ambassador, Monsieur Trefussis has taken the humble position of clerk with Alceste Vannos, London merchant, and very quietly does his collecting of funds for Greek armament from philanthropic Englishmen, of whom there were very few in that day, and in the dead of night makes his communications to the representative of Catherine II. —doing his work all the better because he is making so little noise about it.

He is an extremely handsome man, of distinguished mien, and hardly twenty-seven years of age. He still has the beauty of youth, though this has been tempered by the anxieties of a patriotism to which he has devoted his life, ever since he was educated at an English public school and returned in young manhood to his native home upon the olive slopes of Mount Taygetus, to see his land and his religion under the heel of the Moslem.

Physically he might be Hector, the youthful Trojan hero, embellished with a long, drooping moustache and dressed quite modishly, for Marco Trefussis, like most other great men, has a heart for women and knows the value of fine feathers in their coquettish eyes. He has been in Mr. Vannos's employ only for a few months; that gentleman having some inkling or suspicion of his mission and receiving him into his service with a great many shakes of the head. But the influence of his compatriots had been too strong for Alceste Vannos, and the minute Trefussis had spoken to him,

under the subtle magnetism of his soft voice, he had succumbed.

With a disdainful shrug of his shoulders, Mr. Tre-fussis turns from thoughts of Ballyho Bey to his samples of raw silks, drugs and olive oil, and forces himself to be very polite and subservient to some entering customers. Though he cannot help thinking that the visit of the Turkish satrap means but little good to his employer and his friend.

Perchance suspecting this, there is a very anxious look in the eyes of the wary old Greek merchant, as he rises to bow before the Turkish dignitary, his voice being slightly unsteady, as he mutters in *Lingua Franca*: "My lord favors his most humble slave with the honor of his presence;" then adds: "What are the wishes of the Governor of Modon with Alceste Vannos, whose head is in his hands, and whose knees are itching to do him honor?"

"Well, first and foremost, drop yer Eastern lingo and let us get down to plain Irish," laughs his Excellency, "I called on ye simply to make yer acquaintance in a friendly way. Ye're the biggest merchant in the town of which I have been governor for two long years, but have never seen the place."

"Ah, but your deputy has seen *me*!" murmurs Alceste, who has several times been required to pay his tribute to the representative of the gentleman to whom he is salaaming, some portion of which has doubtless found its way to Ballyho's pockets. For it had been a custom with the Porte to reward gallant deeds by making the great officers of its army and navy governors of certain places, that they might collect the taxes, stealing therefrom a sufficient portion for their own needs. This, it is needless to say, increased the imposts mightily, as each Pasha or Bey at that time

settled the amount of revenue that it was necessary for him to collect, and gathered it in with a stern persuasion that would make a modern tax official open his eyes in wonder and delight.

"Oh, bedad ! I have no doubt ye've seen me deputy, Reis Gazoul, who probably steals from both of us," chuckles his Highness affably. "Yes, thanks; I don't mind a pipe, even at this time of day, —and coffee, the true Mocha," for a boy is already before him, bowing, with refreshments. "No, I don't object at all to a bite of Smyrna figs and raisins, and though it's against the Koran, we'll have a bottle of champagne together. *Shukur Allah !*" And he slaps the astounded Vannos on the shoulder, for Ballyho is very well pleased at the apparent business prosperity of this gentleman, upon whose daughter and upon whose fortune he would like to place his hands.

"Yer family, I hope, is well," continues the Turko-Irish potentate, as he casts an inquiring eye toward the door that leads to the domestic portion of the house.

"Quite well, your Excellency," murmurs the Greek, who of course doesn't know exactly Ballyho's business with him, but—lumping him with other Turkish officials—is very well assured that it is for no good—Alceste Vannos being a very wary man.

Had he not been so, he could not have existed as long as he has in the Levantine trade. He is a wiry Greek, of less than the medium height—a man probably not more than forty-five, though the anxieties of his business, which are at this time very heavy, have made him look fully fifty. For a Greek merchant in those days had not only the risks of commerce, but the danger of plunder to encounter: plunder from his Mussulman rulers, who ground him down with taxes;

plunder from the pirate galleys that roved the Mediterranean and looted his argosies whenever chance permitted; grinding opposition even in London, where he had to fight against the Levant-Turkey Company.

He has dark eyes, that were it not for their sharpness, would remind Ballyho of the soft orbs of Irene, is slightly bald, and wears a long moustache, now somewhat grizzled, and is of suave, polished manners and considerable education for that time. Dominating this, is—from very force of habit that had come upon the Greeks of that day from centuries of oppression—a deprecating, anxious-to-please manner and a bowing head. But, though he will bow and fawn before the Turkish governor, still he will not by any means admit him to his dove-cot, despite one or two pointed hints in which Ballyho suggests he would like to have the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Madame Vannos. These the Greek appears not to understand.

But he doesn't know the easy assurance of Ballyho, who very well understands the privileges and power of the governor of the town in which Vannos makes his business headquarters.

So they converse for a few minutes, during which both spar for wind, Alceste trying to discover for what the Turko-Irishman has really come, and Bally attempting to find out as much as possible about the amount of Vannos's worldly goods.

Then thinking he can form perhaps a better idea of the absolute financial value of the girl that he now feels belongs to him, by an inspection of the style in which her parents live, and besides reckoning that an intimate knowledge of the family will do him no harm in this affair, the Turkish Bey suddenly rises, and remarks: "A word in yer private ear, Mr. Vannos: one too important to risk anywhere but in yer own little sitting-room."

With this, suddenly opening the door that leads to the merchant's *lares et penates*, he deliberately walks upstairs, followed by the faltering Greek, who would be astounded were this not a Turkish official, and did he not know the freedom with which they have treated the homes of his compatriots in the Orient, and the manner at times in which they have confiscated their wives and children.

In England he does not fear this. But in Greece Vannos has decided respect for the power of the representative of the Padischah. He knows that his worldly goods and chattels in Modon and the Levant can suffer woeful diminution at Ballyho Bey's command; therefore he doesn't absolutely dissent, but pilots the Turkish governor into a drawing-room on the second floor, which is fitted up in such Eastern luxury that the Bey rolls his eyes about entranced.

Here the wolf and the lamb sit down together, Ballyho continuing his remarks as follows: "Ye see, Vannos, ye're the biggest merchant I've got under me thumb and of course I want to protect ye; because if yer trade fell off, the revenues going to me master, the Sultan, would suffer diminution, and the Lord of Lords not liking to see his income become beautifully less, might hold me accountable for not paying in all the taxes that I gather for him. Therefore I have come to warn ye, so that ye may kape yer trade in better condition than ye otherwise would." With this he whispers into his year: "The bloody Rissians are coming! Bad cess to 'em!"

"Coming to Greece? Holy Saints—from where?" This is uttered in faltering tones and with pale lips.

"From Cronstadt. They are going round into the Mediterranean to try and stir up ye Greeks to rise against me master and yours. There'll be the divil to pay there in the next year or two."

[ This announcement has a more powerful effect than even Ballyho expects, for though Vannos has had some hint of the matter, this information makes him almost certain. The Greek merchant, with white face gasps: "You are sure?"

"Sure as I know yer foolish countrymen will rise up and kick against the pricks, and we'll have to slaughter 'em and confiscate 'em at a great rate to kape thim quiet."

To this Alceste makes no reply. He knows the Greeks will rise; it is a habit they have. They always *will* rise, and they generally get the worst of it. He knows precisely how much Russian aid will mean; it will be just enough to get his countrymen started in their attempt against the Sultan, and not enough to defend them from his rage and vengeance.

He is however opening his lips to speak, when he is interrupted by a very pretty woman, who comes in hurriedly, crying: "Alceste, what do you think? Those odious India merchants are charging two shillings a yard more for flowered India silks than they did on the last invoice from Bombay; and my new dress for Alderman Plunket's ball—" then seeing the Eastern potentate, Madame Vannos, for the lady is Alceste's helpmeet, murmurs: "Excuse me!" and would retire.

But Ballyho is not to be balked of the sight of a pretty woman in this way. He rises gallantly, and taking her hand, bows over it, saying: "Madame, I cannot permit beauty to escape me eyes so aisily," adding in the impetuosity of his wild Irish tongue: "Ye remind me too much of yer charming daughter, whose eyes ye have. Faith, I always knew Miss Irene had a lovely mother!" then pauses, for the wily Greek is gazing at him, a peculiar latent alarm in his countenance.

He falters: "You know my daughter Irene, your—your Excellency?"

"Ah! faith an' I do," says the satrap, judging that easy frankness will best allay suspicion. "I had the pleasure of visiting Arcadia Lodge on a little errand from me friend, the Marquis of St. Catherines, and while there, at the dancing lesson, I saw your daughter and several other beautiful young ladies do their steps most illigantly."

This information is received by Madame Vannos in great contrast to her husband. She prattles: "Irene—yes; people say she does dance like me. I am pleased that you have brought me good tidings from her. I have sent her down a very handsome brocade gown for Easter."

"Ah, faith, ye must let her come up and show her beauty to the quality here. Bedad, she'd make a sensation even at court!"

This remark is not received with as much favor as his first. Aleria Vannos, who is a very pretty though frivolous woman of thirty-six, who looks quite juvenile, and who has not yet given up the idea that she is, giggles: "Irene is altogether too childish at present. The gallants of the capital will have to be content with her mother for several years yet."

"Be me soul, yer appairance, me dear Madame, proves yer daughter is indade an infant," remarks Ballyho, in blarneying tones, then suddenly cries out: "Ah, ye have some more beautiful darlints!" as two pretty children come flying into the room.

"Papa! Papa! We know why you've come upstairs!" these ejaculate. "You've brought that Everton toffy you promised. You wouldn't have dared to come without it." Then with exclamations of joy, partly for papa and partly for expected sweets, two pretty girls throw

themselves upon Alceste and proceed to rummage his pockets and bribe him with kisses to make him surrender the coveted sweetmeat, which has just now made its way from Liverpool into London favor.

Suddenly the younger cries: "No toffy, but here's money to buy it with!" and holds up in triumph a golden guinea she has fished from her father's pocket.

Then the difference in the dispositions of the children becomes apparent. The elder says: "Clyte, that is too much for sweetmeats," adding laughingly but dictatorially: "Papa, we will give you back the golden guinea for a silver crown, which will be sufficient to buy enough toffy to make Clyte and me quite ill."

"Well, have your way," says the merchant, taking his two dear ones to his heart, "though I'm afraid the golden guinea will go to the leech this very night."

In their excitement of hoped-for sweets, the children have not noticed the Turkish potentate. Anxious to play the friend of the family, he now seizes little Clyte and claps her on his knee, patting her head and crying: "Bedad, here's another crown for ye, me little darlint. Ye remind me of me own sweet angel, Fatima, who bit off the eunuch's ear."

Here the child, turning her face to him, dismayed by his ferocious moustache and barbaric turban, utters a yell of fear, and were it not for the silver crown the Turkish officer holds up to her, would struggle from his knee. But money has generally been the delight of Grecians, and the five-shilling piece seems to enchant little Clyte as she grabs it; then the glittering orders with which his Excellency is decorated catch her eye, and reaching out her hands she would rob the diplomat of the emblems of his Sultan's favor.

"A-a-h! ye cunning little witch! Ye like diamonds,

don't ye?" says Ballyho. "Faith, they would look beauteous on ye, but more beautiful on yer mother," he adds in a way that delights Madame Vannos, who is very much pleased with what she regards as his fatherly admiration of her children; though her helpmeet doesn't seem to have the same guileless trust in the Turkish potentate.

"These are my two younger ones," remarks the merchant. "Your Excellency, this is Georgia, who is fifteen, and Clyte, who is thirteen.

"Ah, yer a happy man, Vannos," remarks the potentate. "A beautiful wife and three lovely daughters—one of thim a very coming Vanus—" but Ballyho shuts his lips here and doesn't say which one. "I'm thinking," adds the Turkish ruler, "that a better understanding between the Governor of Modon and his first merchant would tend towards good government. In that view, permit me to propose that ye and yer good lady accompany me to Ranelagh this evening, where we can listen to the music, take refreshments, and enjoy the fireworks."

This proposition the elder Vannos would probably decline were it not accepted for him. Aleria doesn't let the words get out of Ballyho Bey's mouth before she is courtesying to him and fluttering: "Thanks, your Highness, for the honor. We will accompany you with the greatest pleasure." For under the escort of this military gallant, the merchant's wife thinks she will not only see some of the quality, but perhaps even have the honor of *meeting* them—a joy generally denied to merchants' wives in those days.

Then thinking that he has laid the foundation for an intimacy with the Greek by this entrance *vi et armis* into his domestic circle, Ballyho, after a few minutes, takes his leave, patting the children on the

head as they are being consigned to the care of their governess, and making arrangement that Alceste and his wife shall meet him that evening at the Star and Garter, from whence he will conduct them in his equipage to the gardens which at that time were the most fashionable resort of outdoor London life.

"Faith, I'll show ye all the bucks and dandies and ladies of the *ton*," returns Ballyho, as the Greek merchant and his lady bow before him, and proceeds on his way, shaking off the dust of the city from his aristocratic body, and remarking: "Bedad, the town disgusts me! Nothing but tradesmen and money changers; though it would be a fine place to plunder and sack!"—an idea some fifty years afterward concurred in by the great Prussian Marshal, von Blucher, who had as good an eye for possibilities of this kind as any looting, freebooting, jack-booted general of the seventeenth century, not excluding Wallenstein and Tilly.

All this day, however, Marco Trefussis notes that Alceste Vannos, though he attends to business, does it in a gloomy and preoccupied way. This is partly caused by the fear that the Russians are coming to Greece; but more immediately produced by the fact that Ballyho Bey has wandered into the bosom of his family.

He speculates upon the reason of this potentate's sudden interest in him; he knows he is a goose that will pluck well, and this doesn't add to his serenity. He is conscious also his daughter Irene is a girl of exceeding beauty, and this doesn't increase his peace of mind.

However, he has made an engagement with the Turkish official, that cannot well be broken. So in company with Madame Vannos, who is most fashionably arrayed in gorgeous brocade looped over white

satin, that evening the Greek merchant proceeds to the Star and Garter. From there they are conveyed by Ballyho in great pomp and state in his same livery coach to the delights of Ranelagh.

There Aleria professes herself enchanted with the music and the fireworks, saying: "La! Your Highness," and fanning herself with the affectation of a Court End dame of quality. "Is that the Duchess of Hamilton? Ah, she is very beautiful, but somewhat *passé* of countenance; and her gown, I think, might be improved. And, goodness, how old her Grace of Kingston is getting! I saw her when she was the reigning beauty, in George the Second's time."

But her supreme delight comes from gentlemen of *ton* being presented to her by Ballyho, who has picked up a smattering of fashionable acquaintances, including some young bloods of the town. These, for his own glory, he introduces, among them Philip Molyneux St. Omer, Viscount St. Maurice, the eldest son of Lord St. Catherines, together with Jack Swagger, a lieutenant in the guards, and the Earl of Buzzlington, who, the Irish-Turk proudly announces, has just lost, the night before, some fifteen thousand guineas at Almack's.

"*Ma foi!* But I won it all back again this evening at a single game at hazard!" laughs his lordship, who is a callow boy of about twenty. "Demme, I might have made some money, had I been playing *deep!*"

During this time the Greek has used every art of subtle and diplomatic conversation to draw from Ballyho, by some careless remark, the real reason of his hospitality, and without effect. But now Mr. Jack Swagger comes to his aid.

"*Pardie*, Madame Vannos; your family is not entirely unknown to me," he remarks; "I have heard my

friend Bally, who is communicative in his cups, speak often very amorously of the beauty at Brighthelmstone."

This hint makes the merchant quite sure he has now guessed the reason of the entry of the hawk into his dovecot.

So coming home from this *fête*, he says gloomily to his wife: "There are, I'm afraid, vicissitudes before us," and quite frightens his lady, who screams out: "Has the Bank of England failed? Cannot you afford me the new gown for Alderman Plunkett's rout?"

"It is not that. This Turkish officer will squeeze me very dry unless I give up Irene to his *zenana*. That is what he means, for the Moslem scoundrel has three wives, and now designs to confiscate the first born of our love to his infamous harem."

"O Saint Constantine!" screams his wife. "The abominable Turkish villain!"

But neither Vannos nor his wife knows the possibilities of an ardent military adventurer's appetite for love and money.

For Ballyho Bey, as he walks his chambers at the Star and Garter, is snapping his fingers merrily and crying out: "Bedad, I'll have that beauteous Irene in me harem, and Vannos's fortune to boot—to give her dower! By Allah and St. Patrick combined, I'll have a try at it, anyway!"

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## CHAPTER X.

### THE BRITISH BULL-PUP.

This habit of being communicative in his cups, which Mr. Swagger had so politely hinted to Madame Vannos, very shortly afterward rids the Greek merchant

of the Turkish governor, as he fondly hopes, forever. For Ballyho, under the influence of infidel wine, of which he drinks a great deal in his London season, has too careless a tongue for a Turkish diplomat.

In this condition, he is wont to swagger and bluster and engage in broils, not on behalf of the Mussulman but in support of the Irish. The Turkish ambassador soon discovers that his Padischah has made a woeful mistake in supposing that an Irish tongue will appeal persuasively to English hearts; Ballyho's turban driving sober Presbyterians and Dissenters to frantic rage in about the same manner that the cross of a renegade Moslem would incite religious madness in the janisseries of the Sultan.

In truth, the Turko-Irish officer, as he strode up St. James's street or threw dice at White's Chocolate House or bet his money at Almack's, swaggering about in turban, was a living example of what little chance a Christian had within the dominions of the Sublime Porte, when so gallant an officer and a man of such marked courage had to throw down the Cross and take up the Crescent to escape being a galley-slave under the genial Ottoman rule.

Wisely considering that Ballyho's fighting qualities were much more useful to the grand-signior in the East than his diplomatic finesse in the West—as exemplified by several bonds compelling him to keep the peace, and one or two actions for assault with intent to do bodily harm—the Turkish ambassador gives the *renegado* his *congé* for the Levant. Fortunately the Irish Bey has not been admitted into the innermost Turkish counsels, though he thinks he is; otherwise the Russian ambassador would be able to send to his mistress, Catherine II., more accurate accounts of the Ottoman movements than he does.

Therefore, some few weeks after this, his Excellency Ballyho Bey finds himself on board an English ship bound for Smyrna, from whence he will take voyage either to Constantinople or to Modon, as may seem most to the interests of his master.

Upon this vessel, which carries a few other passengers, journeys Andrew Turnbull, the owner of it and the uncle of pretty Miss Susan. This gentleman is of a bluff, hectoring nature and one who thinks himself a good deal above his business, he having connection through several financial schemes with some of the English gentry and nobility.

Curiously enough, he is visiting the Levant in the interest of his Florida speculation, and has taken passage on this very ship for the purpose of meeting and cultivating the good graces of this Irish governor of a Greek town, and most marvelous of all, he has been instigated by subtle Miss Susan.

As Mr. Ballyho shrewdly reasoned, this young lady has remained no longer under the Misses Prindle's rod than was absolutely necessary to avoid confessing that she had made a fool of herself. This, fortunately for her, has been brought about quite rapidly by her uncle's suggesting that she should come up at the Easter holidays and spend a few days with him in town.

Susan needs no second invitation, and bids the Misses Prindle a fond adieu, which they think is only for a few days, but she has determined is *forever*!

"She is a sweet child, who, I think, loves us well," has remarked Miss Eudisia, after kissing her pupil good-bye, which salute has been returned quite fervidly by Miss Susan.

"Yes, now that we have eradicated the foolish romance from her nature, we shall have no further trouble with her," assents Miss Penelope.

They won't!

These two precise old schoolmistresses would have been very much astonished, and would have opened their prim eyes and rubbed their spectacles in horror, if they had heard the "sweet child" snap her jaws together like a bull dog as she is driven away from the classic precincts of Arcadia Lodge and mutter: "Oh, secret poison! how I'd like to kill you *both!* I'd do it, too, if I dared! Merciful Satan! How I hate you, but I hate Irene *the most!*"

And Susan shakes her delicate fist in impotent rage, knowing she is making confidant only of the rattling windows of the chaise. For this young miss, having a pretty long purse, is posting up to London like a lady of highest quality—something she is going to make a great effort to become.

The girl's soul has not been softened, but hardened, by chastisement and fools' caps and charity dresses. In truth, when Miss Turnbull makes her entry into London, no boarding-school of that day has turned out a pupil with a heart having less of the milk of human kindness in it than the vivacious organ of Miss Susan; and the feminine heart, when it is really merciless, can give lessons in stern, cold, unrelenting vindictiveness to the most savage and bloodthirsty masculine tyrant.

But with all this, pretty Miss Susan has a very bright mind, and she is not going to show her heart any oftener than is necessary, covering up its naughtinesses with vivacious archness, and at times demure but radiant beauty. So she takes up her abode in her uncle's house in Lombard street, to assume the airs of a fine lady and put her little foot very firmly down when it is suggested that she return to Arcadia Lodge.

This point she has but slight difficulty in carrying, as Andrew Turnbull regards his niece as a chip of the

sturdy old Scotch block, and very shortly discovers, what he has often before guessed, that pert Miss Susan has a wondrous capacity for inventing methods to obtain—always legally—other people's goods and chattels. In fact, she soon gives to him what he considers the grand idea of his future commercial triumph—*i.e.*, that of turning human flesh, for which he will pay nothing, into British pounds sterling at a very rapid rate.

This has all come about through Turnbull's big Florida land scheme, and the peculiar political interests at present involved in the successful colonization of that almost uninhabited region. For the British ministry, having made the worst of trades in exchanging populous, productive and well-located Cuba for the unpopulated, unknown, unsettled, unexplored peninsula, are now desperately intent upon showing that they have made a good bargain. Therefore Florida must be made productive, and the present governor of that colony has been instructed to use every effort to so settle up the country that its exports may pay a revenue to the British crown.

Under these circumstances it is consequently easy, with sufficient promises of settlement and enough political influence at home, to obtain prodigious land-grants in that productive but uncultivated wilderness; and Turnbull, who has visited the West Indies and on his return has journeyed up the coast of Florida, receiving reports of engineers that certain lands on Mosquito Inlet may be made available for the cultivation of indigo—a very profitable crop—and being backed up by Sir William Duncan with money, and the Marquis of St. Catherines with political influence and talk, his chief capital about this time—has obtained a concession from Gen. James Grant, the governor, of some

sixty thousand acres of land, under contract with the British government to settle up and make productive this very large estate.

But to cultivate such a big property under a tropic sun requires an immense force of slave labor, and slaves cost money ; good, stout Africans bringing at that day often fifty pounds sterling and sometimes even more in the markets of the West Indies or the provinces of the British in North America.

"We will need two thousand Guinea negroes," Turnbull had said to his *confrères* in the speculation.

"Confound the black imps ! That means one hundred thousand pounds and more !" had cried St. Cathelines, when this plan was broached to him, muttering : "Fore Gad, man, do you think I'm a Cræsus or a Jamaica sugar-planter ?"

And the scheme would likely fall entirely through, for Duncan doesn't propose to put up any such sum of money, or even his share of it, while St. Catherines advances nothing but curses, ravings, and imprecations at the price of slaves.

But her uncle chancing about this time to talk to the little lady as to his speculation which is like to come to worse than naught, shouting out he will be ruined, if the government come upon him for damages for non-fulfillment of his contract with them—as they are like to do, for the ministry are very desperate now about this Florida affair—little Miss Susan has suddenly and pertly said, with a rashness, half of ignorance, half of extreme acuteness : "Why not buy slaves *for nothing* ?"

"Damn it, you pert jade, don't mock me!" has screamed the irate Andrew, "or I'll ship you back to Arcadia Lodge so quick that there's a rod in pickle for you now."

"No, you won't, dear uncle," she has purred to him,

then cried out with flashing eyes: "And if you do, as soon as I come of age I'll ruin you by withdrawing every pound I have out of your business. And you daren't embezzle my estate, for if you do I'll have you hanged. Jack Ketch swung up last Friday three embezzlers, five forgers, six shoplifters, and one murderer.

"Besides," here the girl goes on calmly, knowing she has won her point, "I'm not mocking you; I'm simply suggesting that it is easy to make promises, and, after the advice of the cunning Signor Machiavelli—*not to keep them.*"

With this she translates, from the French edition she has of that gentleman's works, one or two paragraphs which make the bluff merchant open his eyes. Miss Susan's rendering of them into English is by no means perfect; still he perceives the marvelous scope of the suave Italian's *Principe*.

"Curse it, girl, thou must have a bright idea in that head of thine!" he says, patting Susan's fair cheeks.

"I have!" she laughs. "What will you give me for it?"

"What do you want?"

"First, a greater interest in this scheme than my money will command."

"Anything else—you financial glutton?"

"Yes, I want a certainty that I shall not go back to school. Besides, I require that my allowance be quadrupled, so that I may make a showing with the quality of this town. If you're anxious to make money, I'm ambitious to display it."

"I will do the first if the scheme succeeds. You need not go back to school anyway. My wife living in old Smyrna makes me wish to have a pretty face about this London house. As to the other—four times your allowance? No!"

"I must! It's only quadruple my school-girl's pocket money. Besides, the income that I have from your business warrants it a dozen times over."

"Damn it, you can't have it!"

"I will!—you bullying braggart!" she cries, then archly and laughingly murmurs: "La! *demme!* I'm going to be a lady of quality!"

"Hang it, you swear like one now!" And Turnbull leaves his piquant niece glaring savagely at him, though he doesn't concede her point.

But the next day, coming back worried over his Florida scheme, he says: "Tell me thy plan, thou little cozening wench."

"Am I to have four times my present allowance?"

"Od rot it, yes!"

"Then pay me my first quarter's money now, and I'll hint to you of a little transaction that will set your avaricious pate on fire!"

This Turnbull does, saying in his jovial way, as he counts down the guineas: "You dashed little English bull-pup, you've got the grit of your breed, haven't you? Now let's see if you've the brains of a fox."

"Very well, uncle dear; listen to thy little Susan!" And she begins to unfold a scheme that she has pondered over and studied upon the night before and all this day, calculating its chances with that infernal sharpness that some ladies have when limited by neither conscience, humanity, nor morals. "You want two thousand slaves and you *don't* want to pay for them?" she purrs.

"Right as a trivet!"

"In what land is there going to be war *soon?*"

"Poland."

"That is not easy of access, otherwise it would do very well. Though I'm told the Poniatowskies and

the Stanislaus Sobieskies are devils to fight! Better take people who have been oppressed for centuries—a race who are accustomed to being ruled by foreign *masters*—flesh and blood convenient of transportation to your Florida estate. Now in what country is there going to be a war soon—one of that kind from which people will flee as from the plague of London? Turkey—the Levant—Greece! Look at this slip of news in the *Daily Advertiser*.”

“Well,” says Turnbull, scratching his head.

“Well, go to Greece. You can buy from some Turkish Pasha for a few hundred pounds—at least I saw one Ballyho Bey not long ago, Governor of the town of Modon, who could be dealt with very cheaply—the privilege of transporting the inhabitants, who will be anxious to run away from coming butchery and rapine—and they will mostly be the timid who can easily be controlled—to your plantations in Florida. There, you tell me, they will be surrounded by the wilderness, by enormous swamps full of reptiles of most noxious sting and hideous form. In that place, under your hand, make them work like dogs—to whom can they appeal? To Grant, the Governor of Florida, who is your friend, should they ever by any ill chance get to him. But in that wilderness, travel by land you say is almost an impossibility, and *you* have all the ships.

“Therefore, my dear uncle, make all the promises they want in Greece—of lands or anything else; but bind them to you by indentures running long terms of years, and when you get them to Florida give them what you like—but I advise abject slavery; for if you give them *half* of what you promise, they will want the *whole*—at least, I always did with cake, at school. And furthermore, I know, if men have natures like

school-girls, and poor, downtrodden, crushed creatures probably have, the more they are flogged, the easier it is to flog them."

"Has it been that way with you, little Susan?" cries her uncle jovially, but noting that the girl's face grows pale, then red, and she bites her lips and clenches her little fist, he says: "It's evident you've had plenty of it, and Miss Prindle's rod has toughened you, which proves you have a noble, bulldog nature."

With this scheme Turnbull runs away to his English *confrères*. At it they jump, because it costs so little money.

"Anyway," remarks St. Catherines, "with our influence we have nothing to fear from the shrieks of a lot of devils who don't speak English, four thousand miles away from here, and five thousand from their own country. Turkey won't bother us for the wrongs of a few thousand Greeks, when the rest of their tribe are in rebellion against her, and British philanthropy very seldom goes beyond the Channel Islands."

So Turnbull, giving his niece her will, which is to remain mistress of the house in London, spend plenty of money, and attempt to become a lady of *ton* and fashion, fortunately discovering that Ballyho Bey is about to journey to Smyrna on the good ship *Clive*, one of Andrew's own vessels, and being recommended to this very potentate by his little niece's words, has taken passage on the vessel with him.

Thus Mr. Turnbull sails away, leaving behind him a great reputation with Sir William Duncan and the Marquis of St. Catherines for astute business plans, for he has permitted his associates to think this precious scheme of spoliation and enslavement emanated from his own brain and given little Susan no credit for it; though all the time he is in mighty fear of the

young lady, reasoning: "If she's as smart and devilish with me as she is with others—Gad!—it'll be hard to hold my own with her when she gets her jaws well grown and snaps them into the cash and consols of poor old Andrew Turnbull."

Making it his business to get acquainted with the Turko-Irish official, the merchant and Ballyho soon become boon companions, smoking their pipes and drinking their wine together after dinner, and long before the end of the voyage they get to an understanding; for one has a privilege to sell and the other has the money to buy it.

Their agreement is something to this effect, that for the sum of four hundred pounds sterling paid down, Ballyho, as Governor of Modon, will permit said Turnbull to ship to foreign parts such of the inhabitants of that district as lured by his promises wish to go with him; but for any more than five hundred single men or persons with families, the Englishman is to pay an additional premium of one pound sterling for each unmarried man or two pounds for a family.

"Bedad, if I didn't put in this condition ye'd be robbing my Padischah of all his subjects, and *with no profit to me*," remarks Ballyho laughingly, as he concludes the bargain.

In this affair Turnbull has not mentioned the name of little Susan, and their voyage, save for this transaction, would be an uneventful one, were it not that one day, off the island of Nicaria, they are chased by an Algerine pirate, and such fear of loss of ship and goods, and perchance even his own precious self, comes to the merchant that he is like to have died from fright.

Though the captain and crew are stout British sea dogs and clap on sail sturdily to fly from their enemy

if they cannot fight him, the passengers, among whom there are some ladies, are very pale and trembling, especially one beautiful English girl, who has just been married and is going out to Smyrna with her husband, the chief clerk in an English house. This bride is not reassured by Ballyho Bey's laughing remark of "Bedad, if that fellow catches ye, with yer beauty, ye'll have another husband in a day or two, me fascinating lady."

But the salvation of the ship ultimately comes from this jeering Turko-Irish, devil-may-care dignitary, who doesn't, fear for himself, being an officer of the Sultan, but has no wish to have his bargain with Turnbull spoiled.

About nightfall, the island of Khios being on their larboard bow and the Algerine almost within gunshot, he says to Andrew : "Give me full command of yer ship, and I'll save the whole of ye."

But the merchant hesitates to grant this, perchance fearing treachery. Soon a shot from the bow-chaser of the corsair brings consternation and despair upon them all save the jeering Ballyho, who is going about among the passengers, laughing: "*Bismillah!* It will cost a good deal to ransom some of ye, and the pretty girls won't get ransomed at all. In two hours, if Turnbull don't say the word, every one of ye will be clapped under the hatches of that vessel—the gentlemen in bilboes and double irons and the ladies veiled from the eye of man and under very tight lock and kay."

These suggestions produce such excited implorings and entreaties from the passengers that Turnbull, after consulting with the captain, cries out to the Irish sailor:

"Take the quarter-deck!"

"Sure, ye're saved!" remarks Ballyho with Irish modesty, accepting the skipper's speaking-trumpet and promptly taking command.

Piloting the vessel in the gloom, for this scalawag, dare-devil, land-fighter and sea-fighter knows every inch of the Ægean Archipelago, he drives the ship, dark as it is, right into the Khios straits; then suddenly putting her about, within a quarter of an hour they are in almost a landlocked cove and sheltered from outside observation by one of the rocky islets with which this sea is dotted.

A moment after, anchor is let go. The next morning, having first gone on shore in a boat, climbed a neighboring headland himself and taken very careful observation, Mr. Ballyho, regaining the quarter-deck, puts the vessel under way. They see no more of the Algerine, and the following day are anchored safe from dangers of the deep in the roadstead of the great seaport of Asia Minor.

Here Mr. Turnbull finds himself at home—for his wife, who is a lady born in the Levant, preferring the sunny East to the more rugged climate of England, lives in this place. In his own house, the money being there paid down, the English merchant receives from the Irish adventurer the requisite permission and license to make his trade in human souls with the Greeks who reside in Modon. Though even Ballyho doesn't guess the full scope of Turnbull's plans, and laughs: "Faith, I'm doing a good thing for thase poor divils, letting them go to a place where they won't get their throats cut when it comes to doing to death our Greek patriots."

Therefore, in the course of the next two months, armed with the Bey's approval, sign manual and seal of office, Mr. Turnbull, greasing the palm of his

deputy, Reis Gazoul, with fifty more English guineas, succeeds, by specious promises of lands after service and for duty to be rendered in Florida, in decoying on board his vessel, some two hundred and fifty Greeks with their families, these chiefly of the poorer class, and setting sail for the coast of Florida, settles them at a place some seventy odd miles south of St. Augustine, on Mosquito Inlet, which he calls New Smyrna.

He has already had sent to him from the West Indies some fifty stalwart overseers and purchased negro drivers, and under these places his helpless colonists, as fully slaves as if they had been of darker skins and imported from Africa. Beneath the rule of these men they clear and drain the land, plant corn, sweet potatoes and other vegetables, which grow like magic in the virgin soil beneath the soft sun of Florida.

Then eager for more slaves at so cheap a price, Turnbull proceeds again to Greece, and there gathers up, not now the poor and needy, but some of the better classes and the rich and prosperous. For the Mainotes are preparing their firelocks and sharpening their yataghans, and the cry is in the air—that cry that always bodes no good to Greece: “The Russians are coming !” Coming to make their wrongs their own; coming to stir them up against the Turkish Sultan that they may worry his Highness of Constantinople while Catherine II. probes him in Poland and Wallachia for her own benefit. The Greek mountaineers, brave as even in the days of Thermopylæ, are always ready to rise; their cry is always: “*Cito ó polemos !*”—Hurrah for war!

But their more timid trading compatriots of the coast know that this cry means only their plunder and perchance their massacre. The “*Cito ó polemos !*” when they are whipped, will fly to their mountain

fastnesses; but there will be no place of refuge for the effete traders upon the shores of the Ægean or among the Grecian islets. The richer they are, the greater their danger of slaughter as rebels, to give cloak to their spoliation and the sale of their women and children in the slave markets of Constantinople.

A large portion of these trading classes are ready to get out of danger at any price. Therefore, sacrificing some portion of their belongings, gentlemen and ladies hurry on board Andrew's vessels, carrying with them their jewelry and money, and sign agreements to live in, they think, a fairer and more peaceful land, which are really indentures of slavery to Turnbull, who for safe keeping takes charge of their effects, but quietly confiscating them, makes some sort of division with Ballyho Bey himself, who has come from Constantinople to look out for his interests, thinking there may be good plucking in his fair town of Modon.

So the cry "The Russians are coming!" devastates the Peloponnesus even before their arrival on the shores of Greece.

With these vessels, and adding another to his fleet at Corsica and Minorca, and there with his smooth tongue beguiling a number of the inhabitants of these Mediterranean islands, Turnbull again sets sail and lands his cargoes of human flesh and blood at his Florida settlement, which is now prospering greatly for *him*. Under the lash, his colonist-slaves are breaking up the rich land for the cultivation of indigo; to their labors he adds the blood and the sweat of three more vessel loads, remorselessly portioning out tasks fit only for negroes, to delicate men and more delicate women, who have been accustomed to comfort, even to luxury.

Winked at in his iniquity by the Governor of Florida, and protected by the British flag to which he now pays revenue—for his indigo plantations begin to yield,—all goes merrily for this bluff, free-spoken, open-hearted Englishman, under Miss Susan's promptings, assisted by Signor Niccolo Machiavelli, who has a good many other people's crimes for which to answer at the judgment seat of God.

But Andrew wants more flesh and blood at the same cheap terms, and early in the year 1769, proceeds with another ship to Modon, anxious to transfer others of its citizens to the slavery of the Western World.

He has no trouble in filling up his vessel; for now the Russians are drawing *nearer* to assist the Greeks, and the Greek merchants are more affrighted than ever of their coming, though the "*Cito ó polemos*" are singing louder and louder on the mountains. During the last three years the emissaries of Catherine II., assisted by Marco Trefussis and other Hellenic leaders, have been inciting the tribes of the Peloponnesus to a blow that shall give them freedom. The Russian fleet, partially officered by Englishmen, is about to sail for Britain, and from thence round the coasts of France and Spain and make entry into the Mediterranean.

Therefore Turnbull has an easy bargain, and now is dainty and picks his slaves most carefully, selecting greedily not those from whom great labor can be expected, but those who can bring upon his ship the largest meed of ready money and rich jewelry. He is also picking out a good many of the ladies for their youth, beauty, and accomplishments; little Miss Susan having suggested to him a traffic even more immediately remunerative than the indigo manufacture. Con-

sequently, he takes some little time in getting his passengers together and having his documents of indenture signed by them; also of course paying tribute to Ballyho Bey, who, having just now arrived in Modon, assists this matter greatly by refusing permit to Greek emigrants except on Turnbull's vessel.

For the Turko-Irish captain, his squadron being ready for war and knowing that the Russians have still a long voyage before them, has come to make at his leisure, his town of Modon ready for defense, repairing the walls, improving the batteries, and digging his ditches deeper.

He is also, with military instinct, pretty certain that he can defend the place against any force that the Muscovites can bring, especially if he is succored by sea. Therefore he has brought his harem with him from Constantinople, and is safely ensconced with them in his castle, which stands commanding the harbor, a part of his strong place being even built upon a little rocky islet and connected with the main fortress by a bridge.

While here, living in barbaric luxury, the presence of Alceste Vannos in the town is reported to him, and this reminds the Turko-Irish satrap of the fair addition he some eighteen months before proposed to make to his seraglio. Remembering the extreme beauty of the girl, Ballyho exclaims: "Bedad! She must be as ripe and lovely as a houri in Paradise by this time. I don't think I will kape that kiss waiting much longer."

But the sacred kiss of Ballyho Bey upon Irene Vannos's sweet lips has in the last year been obliterated many times and oft by the moustache of a very handsome young Greek, who has now come with Alceste Vannos to Modon.

## CHAPTER XI.

## BEAUTY IN DISTRESS.

THE explanation of this is simple.

Shortly after Ballyho's departure from England, Irene, coming up to London for her holidays, has essayed to gain Alceste's promise to convey her with him the next time he visits the East.

Her very attempt to persuade her father to take her to the arms of the man she loved has been the absolute destruction of her faith in his truth and therefore her passion for him. Still it is doubtful whether the Turko-Irish satrap's turbaned charms, even had he been as immaculate as dear old St. Anthony, would have enabled Miss Vannos's heart to long withstand the fiery assaults of the dark eyes, soft voice, winning manner, virile bearing, and I-will-have-you determination that Marco Trefussis brings at the last to bear upon the young lady who puts the fires of Alcibiades into his glowing veins.

Unaware of the coming petard to his heart, this patriot has been devoting himself soul and body to his country's cause in London. So much so that Alceste is frightened, and would ask him to leave his employ; but Marco, who has the suave tongue of the Greek as well as the delicate tact of the diplomat, has won his way to the merchant's heart, becoming an intimate friend of the Vannos household. Besides, the gentleman himself suggests: "It is safer for you, my dear Alceste, to permit me to remain nominally as your clerk. Should I leave your service, I can probably find no other ostensible occupation in London, though I must remain here on account of business that I will not permit you, for your own safety, to

talk to me about. Were I to leave your employ, it might create suspicion as to what my real object is in London; consequently it is more politic for you to let me carry a quill behind my ear until I throw it down to take up a better weapon. Also, I shall be able to give you a hint of coming thunder-clap, so that you can remove your goods and business in Modon to safety before the cloud bursts."

Actuated by these motives, Vannos permits the young Greek gentleman—for Trefussis is of very fine Hellenic family—to remain nominally in his employ, though he enjoys much greater intimacy with the head of the house than any of his fellow-clerks.

Thus matters have run on until at the commencement of her mid-summer vacation Miss Irene comes up from Arcadia Lodge to her father's house in London. She arrives late in the evening. The next morning Marco Trefussis is busy in the sample-room, and the door being partly opened, he hears from Mr. Vannos's private office what he thinks is the sweetest, softest voice that has ever come to his ears.

It is saying: "Now, papa, you know I'm becoming quite a young lady. Gracious, don't talk of sending me back to school after this vacation!"

To this, in reply, comes a rather stern, "Your mother wishes it. Your education will not be complete for another year."

"La, papa! I'm nearly nineteen now."

"Yes, but still a child." Then the merchant's voice is raised, calling: "Monsieur Trefussis, please bring me that invoice of goods shipped upon the *Roderick*."

And Marco going in, stares with astonishment at the *child*. A beautiful creature is standing before him, in all the lovely development of early womanhood, and dressed like a dame of fashion. It is Miss

Irene Vannos, who, in all the glory of mid-summer muslins, with an exquisite pout upon her beautiful face, and two pretty tears just developing, one in each shining eye, is turning away disconsolate at the thought of another year of scholastic retirement.

"The invoice on the *Roderick*, Mr. Trefussis, please," remarks Alceste, business being a good weapon with which to stop Irene's pleading.

"Oh—ah! Yes sir, here it is." And the clerk puts a document in front of his principal.

But Miss Irene has seen a very handsome gentleman, and she comes forward, suggesting: "Papa, is not this Mr. Trefussis, whom they all talk about so much upstairs? You have not introduced him to me."

"Oh—to be sure, yes. Marco, this is my little daughter," remarks Vannos, easily. "Now run upstairs to your mother. She is not very well this morning," and turning to his accounts thinks that is an end of the matter.

But it is only the beginning of the matter!

Marco, with the air of a courtier, greets Miss Irene, not as a child, but as a young lady, and pleases her very much, remarking: "I have often heard of you, and now I wonder——"

"Wonder that I'm to be sent back to school?" pouts the girl, looking piquantly at this handsome fellow, who is nearly six feet high, with a face that seems to her stolen from some hero of Ancient Greece. "I should wonder if papa did *not* send me back."

"I *wonder* that he ever let you go from his side."

"It's not papa, it's mamma. Don't you know," whispers Irene, her father having got interested in his memoranda, "it's because I'm *too* old that I am sent to school? If I were really a child, mamma would permit me to remain at home."

"Trefussis, how about those bales of raw cotton?" remarks Alceste, absent-mindedly, and Marco is compelled to turn away from something more pleasing to him than statements of account. He has noted not only Irene's exquisite beauty, but the fair soul that beams upon him through her bright eyes.

For three months of passion—which is a forcing-bed for most women—have developed her mind and added even to the graces of her body. Though her love for Ballyho has had but little save memories to feed upon, it has ripened her charms, and she was beautiful enough before.

To these attractions in the next few weeks is added another to capture the affections of the young Greek—that is, distress—nothing so quickening the heart of a true man as the thought that beauty needs his sympathy and aid.

This idea comes to him gradually, for at the first Marco doesn't see the young lady very often, though he finds himself looking for her coming face and listening for her light footstep. They grow by degrees a little better acquainted, and soon he knows her well enough to perceive that Irene's eyes are troubled, and on her brow sits an anxiety unusual in one so young.

Curiously, the emotion that makes appeal to Trefussis is produced by her passion for Ballyho. For Miss Vannos is not a maid to put one man out of her heart because she has seen another, no matter how handsome. Therefore her trouble has come upon her from an entreaty to her father to take her with him to the East. This has again aroused Alceste's suspicions, and he has by deft questioning and the girl's very eagerness to make the journey to the Levant, discovered her passion for the *renegado*, and has sternly set his hand against it, telling her in few words his

opinion of the tyrant of Modon. To this she has replied with nervous indignation: "How dare you defame the man I adore! I have his words of faith. He is my true love; I will not give him up."

"Pish, idiot!" has cried her father. "Obey me, or I'll send you back to school with such a letter that the Misses Prindle will take very good care you have no further communication with a certain Turko-Irish adventurer called Ballyho Bey."

But this threat has not made Irene waver in her love. She still remembers the sacred kiss. Though very well aware that her father's letter will cause the Misses Prindle to so suspect her that they will compel the revelation of her part in the frustrated elopement of that sorrowful night, she still fights Ballyho's battle! In this extremity she goes to her mother for consolation; but gets none. Madame Vannos has been suffering for some time with an ailment her doctors do not understand, though they affect to think it is not serious. It is one that tends to make querulous this lady, who has always been frivolous, and she agrees with her husband that the girl should go back to school as soon as possible. Discussions increase her nervousness, and Irene's beauty, though Aleria won't acknowledge it to herself, makes her somewhat jealous of her daughter.

Therefore, standing by herself, Irene remains true to this scalawag whom she feels she must defend, and one day, being questioned by her father, admits frankly that she has written, since her return to London, not one but two letters pledging her faith to her Ballyho.

"I love him, papa! I am bound to him, as he is bound to me, by his sacred kiss upon my lips," she replies bravely.

But this is not the way to make a father lenient to

a daughter's mistaken passion; Vannos receives the revelation with awful curses, and tells her sternly to think of school again. So the young lady, with a heavy heart, makes her preparations to return to Arcadia Lodge.

Just about this time, the whole matter is brought to a cruel climax by the arrival of Miss Penelope Prindle in London on some business connected with her school. One afternoon, as bad luck will have it, Irene being out, this lady chancing to call upon Alceste, he makes revelation of the whole affair, and puts a dagger into the heart of the amorous old maid, by telling her of the flirtation that has been carried on under her very nose at Arcadia Lodge.

"With Ballyho Bey?" shudders the schoolmistress, and nearly faints at this unexpected blow to her ancient but ardent soul.

Suddenly a jealous gleam comes into Penelope's prim eyes. She suggests eagerly: "Why not let your daughter return with me to Arcadia Lodge? There you may be sure Irene will have no chance of surreptitious correspondence with any one."

So it is hastily arranged that Miss Penelope, who leaves town the next day, shall go by post-chaise and take the rebellious and lovesick maiden with her.

From this interview the schoolmistress departs with a very stern look upon her face and a dangerous flicker in her gray eyes, to the privacy of her lodgings, where she has a fit of jealous hysteria, sobbing out: "The awful jade—to try and steal his heart from me!" then crying in threatening voice: "The wicked, alluring, brazen minx! Wait till I get you back, Irene Vannos—we will see!"

Two hours afterward, the menaced one coming home from an excursion to Hyde Park with her younger sis-

ters, the merchant, who has put certain inquiries on foot, plants two daggers in the heart of his fair daughter. First, he proves to Irene that Ballyho Bey, the man upon whose truth she relied, has not only been unfaithful to his pretended love for her in England, but he has also three wives and many odalisques in his harem near Constantinople.

To this the girl has muttered: "Enough—I believe. You have broken my heart, but I believe." For Vannos's evidence is beyond refuting.

"Broken your heart!" sneers Alceste. "Fiddle-de-dee, *twaddle*, NONSENSE! Over your lessons you'll forget this turbaned *renegado*. Pack your boxes, you hussy. Miss Penelope has just been here; she takes you down to-morrow morning."

"Takes me to—to school! O merciful heaven!"

"She will call for you in a post-chaise, for which I pay my share, at nine o'clock. So get your things together. She also directs you to dress as a school-girl on your journey."

"A school-girl! I threw my short petticoats away when I came back."

"Then get them out! Miss Penelope says your fine lady gowns breed romantic ideas in your childish head. With such folderols as you display now, every gallant on the road will be ogling you."

If the first had produced sorrow, the last remarks of her father plant almost despair in Irene Vannos; until now she has hardly believed that Alceste really meant to send her back, and she begs and implores him to permit her to remain at home.

But Vannos, though loving his daughter very dearly, backed up by her mother, who says she is too sick to have continual scenes in the house, now plays the Roman father, and tells the girl shortly that it is her

own disobedience which has forced him to send her back to those who can control her, where a father's love can not.

So half an hour after this, papa having gone out of the house to get rid of the matter, Madame Aleria being in her sick-room, and the two younger children with their governess, Marco Trefussis, with some papers in his hand that require Alceste's signature, enters the drawing-room thinking there to find the merchant, and receives a sensation; for he beholds a picture of most melancholy loveliness.

Miss Irene Vannos, the traces of wiped-away tears in her eyes that have almost despair in them, with part of her beautiful brown locks, escaped from ribbons and bows, floating about her fair head, rises from a sofa, and in answer to his question, sighs: "No; papa is not here."

"Has anything happened to him?" queries Marco, anxiously.

"Oh, no! he is well—but *fled*!"

"FLED?"

"Fled from his cruelty to me," murmurs the girl.

"What has he done?" asks the young man, scarce believing his ears; for he knows very well the pride Vannos has in his eldest daughter.

"He is going to waste another year of my life. He—he is going to send me back to—to school."

This is uttered so piteously that Trefussis, smiling, remarks: "Is that *all*?"

Then he astonishes himself by suddenly suggesting anxiously: "I—I had feared it—it might be something else—some *petite* love affair."

Miss Irene's answer brings a discomfiture he can scarce understand.

"And if there were," says the girl quite haughtily,

"why should I tell *you* about it? Good-by." And so goes away, leaving Mr. Marco looking disconcerted and stroking reflectively his long, dark, drooping mustachios.

The next morning Trefussis, who has thought more about this affair than he has wished to, coming to his office duties about nine o'clock—very late for a clerk in that day—for he comes and goes at his pleasure, sees a chaise with post-horses and mounted postillion standing at the door of Vannos's office and residence. Upon its top, among other feminine *impedimenta*, is a big black box that he recognizes as one Irene had brought back with her from school.

Soon his fears of Miss Beauty's going away from him, for his heart has given a jump, are confirmed. Irene, dressed as school-girl, and looking most charming, but timid, trips out, and careless in her misery, steps without seeing him into the post-chaise. A moment after, he is beside the coach and speaking eagerly to the girl, who has sunk disconsolate upon the seat and is wiping with her little handkerchief two tears from her bright eyes.

"You are going to school?" asks Trefussis, sympathy in his voice.

"I'm not *going* to school; I'm already *there*!" savagely responds the girl. "Miss Penelope now has charge of me. She is inside settling the last items of account with my papa. Don't you see I'm in school dress?" making a desperate effort to smuggle out of sight two pretty feet and superb ankles tightly hosed and neatly booted that the short skirts will insist on putting in generous display. To this she adds nervously: "Please—please don't speak to me any more. It's against the rule for young ladies of Arcadia Lodge to be addressed by gentlemen."

But the very appeal in her voice makes Marco all the more eager to aid her, as gazing on her extreme beauty he thinks: "Hang it, I don't want her to go either!"

"You don't wish to return to Arcadia Lodge?" he whispers.

"No," mutters the girl, adding with a shudder: "especially after what papa has told Miss Penelope."

"Then you shan't go!"

"I must! She is coming out now! You'll—you'll get me into trouble. Please—please don't talk to me."

"Only to say this: 'You shan't go!'"

"Do you mean it?" whispers the disconsolate one, her eyes lighting up.

"I do!—on the word of Marco Trefussis!" The gentleman steps back, as Miss Penelope, accompanied by Vannos, comes out to the post-chaise.

The schoolmistress, with a stern and possessive look upon her face, remarks: "Sit over on your own side, Irene, and give me room," and, stepping in, takes seat by her scholar.

Alceste gives his daughter an affectionate kiss, and cries: "Now be a good girl—remember that your mother is ill, and let her get good reports of you—and we will send you plenty of hampers and pretty clothes from town."

Then the door being closed, the post-boy whipping up his horses and the vehicle driving away, Irene can't help thinking: "What is the word of Marco Trefussis worth?"

But Miss Penelope will not let her do much meditation upon this subject; she has something else about which to speak to her fair pupil. Apparently she is in very schoolmistress mind this morning, remarking

sharply: "Irene, why don't you sit up erect in the carriage? and—and turn your toes out. A few weeks from us has ruined your figure; we must have you in the backboard and stocks at once."

Irene, obeying these injunctions, sitting up very straight and turning the toes of her little shoes well out, Miss Penelope, after a few minutes' pause, goes on, in very serious tones: "Your father has told me all of your iniquity."

"*All!*" gasps the girl, thinking: "Good Heavens! How can papa know of the elopement?"

"Oho!" cries Miss Penelope, a sudden suspicion in her voice. "He has *not* told me *all*? Then there is something more for *you* to tell;" next sternly commands: "Irene, your face this way; don't look at every man upon the footpath!" For the girl, not caring to meet Miss Penelope's glance, turning her eyes, is gazing out of the carriage upon London Bridge, which they are just crossing. "Give me your attention and tell me all you have ever had to say or do with that awful villain, Ballyho Bey."

"You said papa had told you *all*," answers the persecuted, her glance still upon the river, a saucy ring in her voice.

"I said he had told me all he *knew*. Now I want from you all *you* know." Then into the spinster's eyes comes a baneful gleam; she cries out suddenly and fiercely: "Did you have anything to do, on that awful night, with Susan Turnbull? She was your chum before, and from that day you never spoke to her. Did you intend to run away with Ballyho, as Susan Turnbull with that other scoundrel, Bocock?" Then she shudders piteously: "Oh heaven, I see it all! it must be true. You were prevented from eloping by *my* vigilance. The gardener said there were more foot-

tracks upon the gravel walk than could have been made by one pair of shoes. But don't fear; I'll have a confession from you, Miss, this evening, at Arcadia Lodge. And then we'll have a reckoning, you hussy! The school won't open for two weeks. My sister is away; I can devote my whole time to you. There will be no one there but Vane." This is uttered in such grim and contemplative significance that her scholar shivers and tears come into her brown eyes

In this cheerful way the schoolmarm runs on for over an hour, the sky looking very dark for poor Irene, who sits thinking of the tribulations and miseries that will come upon her at Arcadia Lodge; for in present calamity she has forgotten Marco Trefussis's promise.

By this time, though they have been delayed by the crush of vehicles upon London Bridge, they have gained the country and are on Clapham Common. Suddenly the postillion commences to whip up his horses, and Miss Penelope cries: "What's the matter?"

To her the boy shouts: "A highwayman behind us, galloping to overtake us!"

Then screams and shrieks are set up by the despairing schoolmarm, she gasping: "What if the bandit carries *me* away!"

At this, Irene, miserable as she is, gazing at the prim gauntness of her schoolmistress, can't help giggling: "*You* will be very safe."

Soon they hear the ring of hoofs upon the road, and Penelope whispers with white lips: "He is coming nearer! Irene, on your knees! Let us beg him for our lives!"

Over this a man's voice is heard calling to the postillion: "Hold up a minute, you fool! I've a message for the ladies!"

With this, the boy checking his horses, suddenly the sun commences to shine in the heavens again upon Irene.

For Marco Trefussis, making a handsome figure in cords and top boots, is riding a panting horse by the side of their carriage, holding out a note and saying: "This letter charges me to bring back Miss Vannos to her father."

Oh, what a look of gratitude the girl gives him, as the prim schoolmistress, whose face grows sour as she reads, glances over the epistle.

Finally Miss Penelope sneers: "I shall not permit you to take my charge from me. How do I know that you are Mr. Trefussis. I hardly think you can be—a man who gallops up with the airs of a footpad and frightens two ladies nearly to death."

"Oh, he is Mr. Trefussis! I'll swear to that!" cries Irene, eagerly.

"Quite right," remarks Marco, "and any way I shall take her back with me to London. We will stop at the next post-house; there I can get a carriage for Miss Vannos."

"You will do it at your peril, sir!" says Penelope, giving him a glare through her spectacles that she thinks will frighten him.

But Marco laughs: "I shall do it, never fear!"

He is the more resolute in this as he sees the disappointed glance the schoolmistress throws upon the lovely creature who seems so relieved to escape her grim preceptress.

For Irene is laughing, her face is full of smiles, and she is saying archly: "Miss Penelope, please present my compliments to Vane and all the rest of the scholars when they arrive;" adding mockingly: "I'm afraid you'll be lonely without my company in these two weeks, before school begins again."

But arriving at the first inn where they can change horses, Miss Penelope makes one more effort, and says:

"Irene, I command you, do not leave the coach. I will not surrender you up on such an order—a hasty, scribbled thing, after your father has charged me to take most particular care that you shall have no conversation with gentlemen. Sit still—don't dare to move, Miss!"

But the emancipated, paying no heed even to her teacher's detaining hand, pulls herself loose from Miss Penelope's grasp, springs from the carriage and running to Trefussis, who has jumped off his horse, seizes his hand and murmurs, "Thank you!"

Her eyes speak more strongly than her words, and the clasp of her delicate fingers speaks stronger than them both, for in the soft, delicate, clinging touch which sends a sensation through his arm to his heart, Marco knows she thinks he has done her a mighty service. This thought makes him very tender to this beautiful creature who is standing by his side crying so piquantly: "Yes, that is my box, the black one! That hamper is also mine. Besides, there is my little bag. Oh! mercy! don't—don't let it fall! that case contains my darling hats!"

So Trefussis, telling the hostlers to take the indicated baggage from the top of the chaise, and seeing them well, some of the stablemen, while they put fresh horses to Miss Penelope's coach, relieve it of her erstwhile scholar's baggage.

As this is done, the grim female sitting inside looks in expressive silence upon the beauty who has escaped from her vengeance. But just as the postillion jumps into his saddle again she cannot keep silent, and putting her head out of the coach window, says to Irene:

"You have disobeyed me, Miss, in going with this man. Tell your father I will not receive you again at Arcadia Lodge, unless you bring a letter of most humble apology written in your own hand." With this Penelope drives off, apparently thinking that she has closed the gates of Paradise to the naughty princess, who stands looking so gratefully at the knight who has come to rescue her from the ogress that lives in Castle Despair.

Marco Trefussis does seem a knight to Irene Vannos, and a very courtly one, as with the sunshine of bright summer floating about him; he cheerily says: "While they get ready a coach for you, supposing we walk into this cosy country inn and order breakfast. I'm hungry; are you?"

"Awfully!" answers Irene; then falters: "I could not eat anything at home this morning; I was so unhappy."

"Ah! But all things are well now, I hope."

"Like heaven!" cries the girl; looking with grateful eyes at him.

"Well, I haven't had a bite this morning, and breakfast will seem a coming touch of Paradise," returns the gentleman. He has been going to say "Breakfast with *you* will seem a touch of Paradise;" but being a gentleman, under the circumstances simply thinks it.

"Then *allons à Paradis!*" and the young lady, airing some of her boarding-school French, flits into the inn ahead of him, where mine host attending upon them in person, they are soon seated at a pleasant little breakfast and chat quite confidentially over it.

"My! You *were* hungry!" laughs Irene, gazing at the healthy appetite that her cavalier displays over chops, rashers, and eggs. "And you gave up break-

fast and took this long hot ride to save me from going to school?"

There is a wistful gratitude in her fair face.

"To save you from something that I knew you dreaded," remarks Trefussis. "Desperately afraid of your teacher, eh?"

"I—I—" the girl blushes most charmingly and vividly.

"*Petite* love affair at school discovered?" laughs the gentleman, getting altogether too near to the true status of the affair.

"I—I should not tell you about it if it was," says Irene, airily, though the blushes of embarrassment still flit across her pretty face. Then, seeing that somehow her words make the gentleman look a little downcast, she laughs: "What nonsense! I—I had violated some of the rules of the school last term, and Miss Penelope had caught me at it, and—and I was going to be punished—and of course I didn't like to confess to that; it makes me seem so much like a child, you know, when I want to appear—when I *am* a young lady!" She draws herself up with as much dignity as her school-girl costume permits.

A moment after, perchance anxious to turn the conversation, she asks: "How did you persuade papa to let me remain at home? Oh, how I tried, and could not do it. Give me a hint of your enchanted wand, so I can use it myself."

"That is my little secret," replies Trefussis, his face flushing.

"Ah, but little secrets should be told sometimes, and I need that one very much. A mutual confidence, you know, is a sure proof of—of friendship."

"I had hoped I had given you some evidence of that," replies her cavalier earnestly. "But the horses

must now be traced to your coach." He rises from the breakfast table.

"Oh, lots! For heaven's sake, don't think me ungrateful!" cries Irene, running after him and catching his hand. And though he doesn't tell her his secret, somehow Marco holds the graceful fingers in his as they step out, to find the chaise he has ordered is ready for Miss Vannos's return to London.

Here the girl suddenly drops his hand with a little frightened start. A yokel is chuckling to a groom: "Zoonds! The maister be *he*-loping wi' the gurl—Ha-ha-haw! What'll her schoolmissus be a-saying?"

"This horrid frock labels me bread and butter," mutters Irene savagely, trying to conceal her embarrassment by a show of temper.

"Then I must treat you so much more *en princesse*," whispers Trefussis significantly, as he assists his charge with almost formal politeness into the carriage, his pointed etiquette soothing Miss Vannos's bashfulness.

Looking at him archly, perchance even coquettishly—for Marco seems a very handsome escort as he stands in his riding costume by the side of the coach—Irene suggests: "There is room for two. Your horse is warm. You are tired this hot day; won't you journey by my side?"

But he, fighting down temptation, replies: "Under the circumstances I think I had better ride by your carriage," and makes her happy even in his refusal by adding: "Since you are no longer a school-girl, it is better I treat you *en grande dame*;" then rather laughingly suggests: "Imagine Miss Penelope is still in the post-chaise with you."

"Oh, that would be too horrible!" cries Irene, and gives a little shudder, though a playful one, for she is very happy now, but remarks: "Whenever I look out

of the window, if I don't see you within talking distance I shall imagine you have not saved me from more than you can guess."

"I accept the compromise," answers Trefussis, and mounting his horse he escorts very gallantly and very gayly the young lady into London, chatting quite often into the open window of her carriage, as, the day being warm, the post-boy drives quite slowly.

Irene, gazing at him, thinks: "What a difference! The idea of papa sending me back to school because he was afraid I loved Ballyho Bey, that awful, horrible, fearful creature with three wives, who deceived me so cruelly—when—" and she grows red as she looks on her handsome cavalier.

The roses grow deeper on her cheeks—the light in her eyes even brighter—as Marco, buying from a boy on the roadside a bouquet of fresh wild flowers, hands them to her through the carriage window with a low bow, and murmurs: "Posies around the wild rose bud."

And now papa Vannos would be astonished if he knew how little the supposed love-sick maiden really had cared in the last few weeks for Mr. Ballyho. Her sentiment, which had sprung up partly from isolation and partly from a romance engendered by the literature of that day and which cried out for some object upon which to waste itself, would probably have been extinguished long before had it not received opposition; Miss Irene having some time ago begun to perceive that there were handsomer and more attractive men in the world than the turbaned Irishman.

So riding up in the early afternoon to Vannos's residence, Irene comes happily back to her home, and in the solitude of her own chamber makes confidence to herself, saying: "This is the end of Arcadia

Lodge, and the last of all the consequences of my foolish attempt at elopement."

Unfortunately it is but the beginning of them; though she doesn't guess this, and is very happy.

Coming down to her father late in the afternoon, she proceeds to pump the old gentleman as to the method Marco took to make him order her back from the clutches of Miss Prindle.

"Well," says Vannos laughing, "I think you should know. Mr. Trefussis, in whose judgment I have every confidence, told me he guaranteed that if you were in love with any man whom I deemed unworthy of you, you had too much sense to retain him in your heart."

"Oh, he did—did he?" says Irene cheerfully. "Well, Mr. Trefussis is right! My foolish passion for Ballyho Bey is a thing of the past." Then she cries suddenly, a strange blush coming into her face: "Heavens and earth, you have not told *him*!"

"Not a word," answers Alceste. "I was too ashamed of your folly to whisper it to any one."

"Thank you, dear papa," whispers the girl, a tone of extreme gratitude in her voice that rather astonishes her father.

But getting chance word with the gentleman who has given pledge for her, she says to him archly:

"You are rather a rash young fellow."

"How?" asks Marco. "Succoring damsels in distress?"

"No; of course I don't mean that. But making pledges for them is a dangerous thing." Then she prattles, her eyes growing very bright: "Don't you know I am a very romantic girl?"

"Yes, if your eyes tell the truth," replies the gentleman, glancing at the beautiful orbs the girl has turned upon him.

"Then how could you dare," cries Irene, almost laughingly, "to guarantee that I would not love *anybody* whom my father did not like?"

"Ah, that is another little secret of mine," answers Trefussis, looking at the young lady with his great big black, determined optics, until her laughter changes to blushes and she runs away from him, remarking to herself: "Oh, mercy! he is the most brazen and conceited creature I ever knew."

But Mr. Trefussis, who has a very wary wile with women, is quite cognizant of the fact that it never does a gentleman's suit any harm with a young lady of nineteen for her to guess that he is in love with her.

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## CHAPTER XII.

### THE DESTRUCTION OF THE SACRED KISS.

THIS affair would probably have come to a more direct termination, had Marco's love for Miss Vannos been less whole-souled. Though Trefussis has been enamored of many women, this is the one he desires to wear in all honor through life.

Irene's bright eyes impressing this upon him in the next few days, his manner to her becomes more guarded, and the girl appreciates it, murmuring to herself: "This man, who wishes me for his wife, respects me. The wretch who would have made a plaything of my heart, tried to pick it up as rapidly as he would have thrown it down, when tired of it."

Trefussis would probably speak his passion, did not the illness of Madame Vannos become much more serious.

To a daughter anxiously standing as nurse by her

mother's sick-bed, he feels compelled to show only his sympathy; though he admires and loves her even more, as Irene, throwing away the lighter frivolities of girlhood, takes the sufferer's place in the household, giving to the two younger girls, Georgia and little Clyte, a mother's, rather than a sister's, care.

But after a long and lingering illness, Madame Aleria finally recovers, and with her health, regains her frivolity of thought and manner.

So the time runs along, until late in the autumn of 1768; one bright day, Mr. Trefussis and Miss Irene, together with her two sisters, who perchance are more effective chaperones than older people, make a little picnic to Richmond. At least, the girls would treat it as such, prattling of lunch baskets and other *impedimenta* that men detest, did not Marco insist upon comfort.

"Be *my* guests," he suggests, "for an hour at the inn, and I will be *your* guest in the fields afterwards."

"Yours is so unbusinesslike a proposition that we accept it sharp," cries Miss Georgia, who is now seventeen years of age and a girl of strong common sense. "The park will cost us nothing; but the inn, judging by my appetite, will be very expensive to you."

To this excursion Madame Vannos has made no objection—only remarking that she is astonished that Irene takes up so much with clerks, when her beauty, and the fortune she will have, entitle her to look for a beau at the Court end of town; for Alceste, having prospered greatly in trade, has become quite rich.

Therefore Marco has driven Irene and the two children—for Irene calls Georgia and Clyte that—behind a pair of stylish-action cobs, to the town that has oft been favored by royal residence, since Edward the Third began the fashion. Chatting on this subject as

they cross London Bridge, Trefussis remarks that Queen Caroline, consort of his late Majesty, George the Second, had for a long time lived at Richmond and had erected in the park there for her diversion a royal dairy, also a wondrous Labyrinth that ends in Merlin's cave, which he will show them.

At this little Clyte, with wide opened eyes, cries out: "Merlin—the great magician! Does he live there still? and has he got any of his enchantments left? If so I'd like to conjure with him."

"Nonsense, Clyte!" replies Georgia. "There are no more enchantments left in this commonplace world."

"Oh, aren't they," returns Marco. "Would not you call this a wondrous spell, if a beautiful young maid, who had once been touched by the fires of youth and love, had suddenly grown into a statue of unmelting ice?" He glances at Irene, who sits beside him. As he speaks the girl becomes pale as a statue of ice—and then as blushing, as the beautiful maiden fired by youth and love; she very well guessing the maid of Trefussis's parable.

Noting the effect upon his beautiful companion, Marco goes on half laughingly: "What should be done with her to break the spell?"

"Put her in the fire and melt her into good Thames drinking water," says Georgia practically.

"On this hot day," cries Clyte, "let's use her to make ices, which are wondrous things and have obtained great favor at the Court end lately."

"Ah, but this statue, though chilly, will not melt," answers Trefussis.

"Then you had bet—better re-vivify her," falters Irene, very bashfully.

"That I shall try to do this day."

And this he means to do! For just about this time

Miss Vannos has been rather cold to the young gentleman; perchance thinking since she has thrown away her nurse's cap and apron he should set his tongue to talking love: a matter upon which Marco has hesitated, knowing that very shortly his country must call upon him, and judging it hardly just to ask a girl to give her heart to a man who is going away certainly to imminent danger and perhaps to sudden death. But his sweetheart's coldness has made him feel that for his own justification he must speak.

Driving along leisurely on the Surrey side, Mr. Trefussis takes his party to lunch; not to the famed *Star and Garter* of our day, but to a pretty little inn nestled in willows on the bank of the Thames, just between Richmond Park and Kew. Here, over a pleasant meal, with the Autumn sun shining on them, he would try and fire the statue's heart, were it not that Georgia and Clyte give him no opportunity and for some occult reason always keep at his elbow, doing their duty as chaperones all too effectively.

"How would you like it if I got a nice boatman to give you a row on the river?" he suavely suggests.

"Delightful!" cries Clyte.

"But you are coming with us," remarks Georgia.

"I would not dare to take Clyte out alone."

"And I would not dare to let her go *alone!*" interjects Irene, who seeing in the gentleman's eyes that her fate will come upon her if she gives him opportunity, with maiden bashfulness would postpone it. So assuming a motherly interest in her two younger sisters, she puts off a rapture that she longs for, but fears for one cruel reason.

"Don't either of you dare to wander away from me," she says sternly, and brings consternation upon the eager Marco. For now Irene's loveliness—just a little

more matured than when he caught her from Miss Penelope's grasp—makes him determined to win her before sunset.

But he knows Richmond very well, and craftily suggests: "Let us take our promised stroll in the park!" thinking grimly: "It will be the devil's own luck if I cannot manage to drop our two little hangers on in the convenient mazes of the Labyrinth."

Unknowing Marco's design, Irene adds her word to his, saying: "You must show us the dairy," though Clyte clamors for the Labyrinth and the wonders of Merlin's cave. Merlin, the great enchanter, who is going to do his last piece of necromancy very shortly upon sweet Irene Vannos, aided by a most competent assistant conjuror, Marco Trefussis!

So it comes to pass that the milk pans in the royal dairy not looking very different from any other milk pans, they soon turn away from this, and passing in through the wood leading toward the Thames, enter the mazes of the Labyrinth.

"It would be beautiful to play blind-man's-buff here!" cries little Clyte, clapping her hands. "You'll let us do it, won't you, Irene?" she says, speaking to her sister very much as she would to her mother; for the girl's tender care of the child has produced all the effects of trust and love.

"Very well; who will be blindfolded?" laughs Marco.

Soon Georgia has her eyes bound, and after a little catches Clyte.

Then Clyte's pretty eyes are closed by Mr. Trefussis's white handkerchief, and he contrives, cunning scoundrel, to be caught.

"Now we must bind your big eyes," prattles the child, "and you must catch Irene."

"I'll do my best," says the young man stoutly.

But having remembrance of the fate of the blind Cyclops, he contrives to keep one optic in such position that by holding his head tilted back, he can manage to see two of the prettiest little feet in the world, tripping about under a skirt of silk of China. So he pursues quite briskly, for the fairy feet run very swiftly, their owner having perchance some guess that she is the particular object of his hunt.

Running through the mazes, after a little time Irene suddenly pauses with a gasp of dismay: for now she knows the villain is not playing the game fairly. Marco Trefussis has taken off his bandage and is boldly following after her, with horrible, appalling eyes, she thinks, they are so ardent.

So flying like a new Atalanta, Miss Beauty comes to an artificial cavern, which is the end of her journey, it having no outlet except the path upon which the remorseless Marco strides. Here she turns, no statue of ice, but a lovely and loving woman, at bay. "Don't come near me! Approach no further! You're not playing fair," she cries.

"Anything is fair in the game I play," remarks her pursuer, cheerily, yet audaciously.

"I'm frightened! Mr. Trefussis, let me pass out; this is Merlin's cavern."

"Where I hope to work an enchantment," says the young man, a strange eagerness in his voice.

"An enchantment!—by catching me unfairly?" laughs Irene, half hysterically. "Well, have your way; put the bandage on my eyes."

"I want to take the bandage from your eyes!" returns Marco, ardently. "I desire to work here the enchantment of which I spoke—to revivify the young maiden who has become a statue of ice to me."

"Don't, Mr. Trefussis ! I beg—you—will leave—my hand—alone," falters the young lady, whose beautiful lips would be haughty were they not embarrassed.

"And yet these are the same little fingers that clasped mine once appealingly."

"Ah, then I was a school-girl; but now I have at least to show propriety to my younger sisters."

"You will have some difficulty in displaying it to them here," he laughs. "They are lost for at least half an hour."

"Lost !"

"Oh, not seriously. They have taken the fourth turn to the left; I'll find them when we want them."

"But I want them *now*."

"And I want *you* now."

"Sir?"

"Oh, yes; you have right to speak to me as you do; the laggard in love should always be the scoff of ladies," the young man lightly goes on. Then his voice becomes low and his eyes passionate, though sad, as he says softly, "But I am *no* laggard ; only an unfortunate who has two mistresses in the world."

"*Two* mistresses ? O Marco !"

This is an exclamation of so much horror, that the wretch jeers in absolute delight as he answers: "One, my country; the other, you!—who I am glad have remembered for the first time in a month that I have another name than formal Mr. Trefussis. By that name you have just called me, and by your agitation when you thought I was untrue to you, listen to me—as a woman to a man when he opens his whole heart! Before I saw you, I had but one thought—my country's liberty. For that I have placed myself in such a position that I am compelled to battle for Grecian liberty when the time comes—and it is very near now."

"Oh, Heaven! You mean——"

"I mean that, though I love you, I must soon part from you. Therefore I have hesitated to ask you, whose youth and goodness and beauty could command the love of one who could offer you all of his life, not part—to give your heart to a man who can only be with you a little time, and then perhaps will never see you more."

"You should have spoken long ago," murmurs Irene, a strange light in her beaming eyes.

"When?"

"Before you—you gained my heart," sighs the girl, embarrassment adding to her graces.

"Thank God, I have it!" And Marco's arm would go round the beautiful creature, who is sighing and panting before him, and he would press betrothal kiss upon her lips.

But suddenly and desperately she fights herself away, sobbing: "No—no; not yet! I too have a confession."

"Confession of your love? You have already made it."

"Confession that once I dreamt I loved another. Confession that these lips that you would kiss, once had another's lips upon them."

"My God—no!"

"*It is the truth!*"

For one moment he drawing back from her, though her cheeks burn with shame and her eyes droop with mortification, the girl faces him bravely, and frankly tells him all the story of her three minutes in the school-garden, where a fleeting passion for an ideal that she christened Ballyho Bey had induced her to give to the lips of a living scoundrel, a kiss of love and tenderness and truth she had called sacred.

To this he listens, with knit brows and flaming eyes,

then suddenly ejaculates: "That was the reason of your father's rage with you a year ago!"

"Yes, but it was before I saw and loved you, Marco. That is my one excuse," falters the girl.

"And this accursed kiss has made you cold to me?"

"No; but it has made me feel that I must tell you of it before I let you love me."

"You want this kiss destroyed?"

"O-oh—by your lips!" she murmurs. Then her fair cheeks redden with a mighty blush, into her eyes flies the light of love. She sighs: "How happy it would—would make me!"

"Then! Thus I wipe it out, by the most magic wand upon this earth—true love." And within the second the gallant Greek destroys the bond that binds his sweetheart to the Turkish satrap's passion.

He does it very thoroughly, and many times, taking his sweetheart to his breast in all her youthful loveliness and radiant beauty and saying to her: "You are mine, I am thine. Is not this Merlin a wondrous wizard?"

Suddenly the young lady slips from his arms, for the enchanter seems to have answered them. Two merry voices are crying from the entrance of the cave: "We have found you at last!"

"But I hardly think we came in time," suggestively laughs Georgia, who is a girl of well advanced ideas for her age.

"Oh, not a moment too soon," returns Marco, stealing a glance at Irene, who suddenly, to conceal her blushes, cries: "You naughty children; you must have hid from us."

"Did—did it take you long to catch her?" asks little Clyte. "She was running very fast."

"Yes; but at last I caught her. Didn't I, Irene?"

"Yes, Marco," says the girl. Then giving her hand to him, she whispers: "So thoroughly, I shall never run away from you again."

So the four come out very merry from Merlin's cave, and though Clyte would play blind-man's-buff once more, and insists that Irene be blindfolded, the gentleman has no more interest in the sport, and very shortly after they wander back to the inn where they have left the horses, and drive happily towards London, Trefussis whispering into the delicate ear beside him: "I shall speak to your father immediately."

At home, in the hallway of the second story, her sisters having gone away, the fiancée looks downcast, and Marco, stepping to her, mutters: "Still grieving on account of that sacred kiss?"

"Yes," replies the girl very seriously; then putting her fair head on his shoulder, pleads: "Would you mind destroying it a—a little more?"

"On one condition—that you never speak of it again!" sternly says the young Greek, who has determined to wipe out this kiss—not only by caresses on the sweet lips of his adored, but by cold steel in the heart of the man who placed the sacrilegious offering there—Ballyho Bey—the Moslem satrap whom he now hates more than any other Turkish tyrant of the lot. And taking his loved one in his arms, he makes another raid upon the once carefully guarded preserves of the departed Ottoman.

Coming out from this interview, he sighs: "And she—poor angel—felt compelled to confess to a single kiss; and I?—oh, well, men are different." For Mr. Trefussis is a philosopher of the eighteenth century, and he is very like a great many masculine sages of the nineteenth. But having given his whole heart to this

girl, Marco will be true to her and fight her battles in this world, and make her his very own, as soon as papa will let him.

With this object he seeks interview with Alceste, and to him tells the story, pleading for immediate nuptials. But Vannos says sternly: "No; you shall not leave a widow behind you; it is not fair to Irene. You will soon be called to arms. Come back from the war; then, even if you are a beggar, and she wishes you, take this daughter of my heart; for I know very well a man of your force and ability can always keep bread and butter in the house. But until you do return, marriage with Irene would not be justice to her."

With this arrangement both of them are compelled to be content. The more so, as now suddenly one day Tre-fussis steps into Vannos's office and mutters hurriedly, but excitedly: "The time has come!"

"What do you mean?"

"The Russian fleet has sailed from Cronstadt. Patriotism compels me to go to Greece."

"You are sure of your information?"

"Absolutely certain!"

"Then business takes me the same way," says Alceste, with the troubled brow of a man of business when he hears of war, that nearly always destroys trade. "You know I have practically closed up my affairs in London," he continues, "having enough. The advent of the Russian fleet, with the coming uprising in Greece, threatens my property in Modon; therefore I shall go with you, and after saving all the goods I can, return to England. Would that you might come back with me—or better still, not go at all," and he tries to persuade the young patriot to forego the desperate chances of rebellion against the Turks, but without

avail, especially as, to his astonishment, Irene doesn't support him.

Under Trefussis's teachings, his sweetheart has grown to love his cause. She thinks her Marco, who has conquered *her*, must conquer *everything*; and would, if her father permitted, marry her young Greek *Euzone*, and go with him to live in his mountains, while he lights the fires of liberty upon the plains of Messenia.

But, to her astonishment, Marco absolutely refuses to let her think of such a thing. He knows very well to what he is going; the rough mountain hamlets, the journeys over precipices, the hard fare and harder life that must come to him and all Greek patriots, whether they win or not. His delicately nurtured sweetheart, brought up to all that they thought the refinements of life in the eighteenth century, could not endure the hardships of a campaign, even if they conquered. And if not—if he should be struck down—if she should be captured by the barbarous Turks. He shudders, as in imagination he sees her fair form in the slave mart of Constantinople, and says: "My darling, let me carry your heart with me, but not your body. That is too fair, too frail, too beautiful to be risked. Besides, you could do no good."

"Couldn't I?" answers Irene, her eyes devoted. "I could nurse the wounded."

"*There will be no wounded!*" Even as he says this, Trefussis is sorry for his revealing, for he sees an awful shudder go through the girl's frame as she cries: "God of Mercy! You go to fight barbarians!"

And this makes her very tender in the last few days to her departing hero. So, when the fatal morning comes, and both her father and her lover go from her—though Irene Vannos plays the Spartan

maid, and bids her sweetheart come back with his shield or borne upon it, and kisses him with tearless eyes because she fears that her grief may make him too sad—after the final kiss, after the last wave of the hand, after he passes from her eyes and the horrible emptiness comes to her heart, she goes about her room like one possessed, wringing her hands and muttering: “I know it is the *last* of him! O God, why did you give him to me to take him from me—*so soon*? One short spasm of happiness—one little month of love, and I am left with widowed heart. For I shall never see Marco Trefussis more!”

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### CHAPTER XIII.

“HOLY ALLAH, MUST I BUST ME FATHER-IN-LAW?”

So the merchant, fearing for his goods and chattels, and the hero fearing nothing, arrive by ship, in the early part of 1769, in the town of Modon, nestled beside blue waters and backed by hills pale green with olive trees, save where the vine gives deeper tint.

Here Marco cautiously makes his communications to patriots in the town and on the mountain slopes and whispers: “The Russians are coming.” Alceste during this time gathers up all his goods and chattels that he can put his hands upon to ship them to England, knowing there will be great profit for him if the war lasts, as these articles will soon be scarce in the London markets, and furthermore, that they will be in imminent danger of confiscation as soon as the Greek patriots chant their war cry and draw their yataghans and yell “Freedom!” loud enough to furnish a plea for the despoiling of their richer compatriots—something

that Turkish governors and pashas are looking forward to quite eagerly.

Therefore Alceste Vannos busies himself in the town of Modon, collecting what is due him and buying up all merchantable products, getting together all his goods that are marketable and dispatching them to England. One or two shipments he has already made; in fact, the last gleanings of his warehouses is already embarked, and he fondly thinks things are going very well with him—likewise with Marco, who he knows has made the necessary arrangements and must now shortly leave the town to fire the patriot heart in other places—when the sudden coming of Ballyho Bey from Constantinople reminds the Greek merchant of the Turkish dignitary, an official he had almost forgotten, and puts him in an uneasy state of mind. For if Ballyho remembers the beautiful Irene, and knows Vannos is in his clutches, the poor trading gentleman guesses he is in a trap.

He makes preparations for hurried departure. But ships are scarce in Modon's harbor, there only being two, one Turnbull's vessel, and the other a barque bound for London, that will not sail for several days. On this Vannos takes passage, under a false name. But the very day before starting, a Turkish official whispers in his ear that the Governor at the castle would like to see him, and renew the pleasant hours they spent together in London. At this message Alceste's knees knock together, and his face grows deathly pale at the thought of reviving here the pleasant hours he had spent in London with this Turkish wolf, who now has nothing to stay his jaws from devouring him at his will.

But "to hear is to obey," and putting on, not his finest garments, but his poorest, for fear display of luxury may tempt his greedy ruler, Vannos, at the hour

appointed, proceeds to the castle residence of Ballyho, and there is ushered in, to find his Highness seated on his hams and chatting affably with the English merchant, Andrew Turnbull.

"*Mashallah!*" cries Ballyho, "I thought ye'd like to renew our London acquaintance, Mr. Vannos, and mightn't object to joining meself and Mr. Turnbull, whom ye've perhaps known in England, at a good dinner and the cracking of a bottle of wine."

The greeting that these two give each other astounds the Turko-Irish Bey.

"Egad!" cordially says Turnbull, who knows the Greek as a man of considerable wealth, "Vannos, we haven't met for two years. You remember the time we posted down to Brighthelmstone, you to see your pretty daughter Irene, and I to visit my pert niece Susan, at the Misses Prindle's? Didn't the two wenches cut dainty capers for us in the saraband? Your Irene promised to grow into a very beautiful girl."

"Bedad, ye don't know all the luck of our friend Vannos," suggests Ballyho, enthusiastically. "Faith, he's got two other little ones growing up like swans, and has made a big killing of ducats in the Eastern trade, besides having for his wife as lovely a lady as is seen outside of the Sultan's seraglio."

As he speaks, a curious gleam comes into this Eastern satrap's eyes. For the first time he is aware that Turnbull is the uncle of pretty little Susan, who defied him. Into his mind flies a sudden thought: "Be me soul, does this mane that I am, as I promised meself, to have *both* the darlings?" And he grows very humorous and jovial at the idea, crying: "We'll make a night of it!"

To this Andrew replies: "Would that I could; but you know, your Excellency, that I sail this evening."

But Vannos, having the Oriental power of concealing his feelings, accepts the situation as he finds it, remarking: "It is a pleasure to cross my legs beneath the table of your Mightiness, before whom my knees tremble, itching for obeisance." He also gives hearty greeting to Turnbull, of whose colonization scheme he has had some report—all except the slavery part of it, which has been kept very close both in England and the Levant, and is practically only known in the town of New Smyrna, where it is explained each day by much cracking of whip-lash.

So the Bey and his two guests being ushered into a private apartment, the slaves, white and black, arrange upon a low table, lighted by perfumed oil lamps, a sumptuous meal, including a great pie, that contains the juices of baked lamb, and is seasoned with oil of sesame, pistachio nuts, coriander and nutmeg, the odor of which makes Turnbull's eyes water with anguish and the Greek's mouth water with appetite.

"By the powers, that pie seems to catch your eyes, Alceste; it will also catch your stomach," remarks his Highness, easily. "But as for me, give me plain roast bafe and Yorkshire pudden, with plenty of praties," and clapping his hands, this dish is brought in to him.

Despite the commands of Allah, wine flows quite cheerily.

Over it Ballyho pumps both gentlemen, learning from Turnbull that his niece is now in London, aspiring to be a lady of *ton* and quality, and from Vannos, who forces himself to appear utterly unsuspecting, that his daughter Irene is now with the rest of his family at his residence in Mincing Lane.

"By St. Patrick!" cries the Bey jovially, "Ye're a brace of gentlemen to be envied. I saw both yer young ladies the day I visited Arcadia Lodge. Let us drink the darlings' health in *bumbers*!"

And they do so. For Turnbull has no suspicion of Ballyho's attentions to little Susan, and would not care a rap any way; and Alceste dare not give evidence of his fears, for that would only bring more swiftly and more surely his undoing.

So, after a little time, Andrew taking his leave, the Greek merchant would go with him; but a detaining hand is laid upon his shoulder, and his host remarks: "Of course I can excuse Mr. Turnbull, who has to board his ship, which sails to-night; but as for ye, me dear Vannos, ye don't git away from me hospitality so aisily."

The English merchant is taking departure, for Ballyho knows that little Miss Susan, if he reckons her character rightly, would let her dear uncle be tortured by slow fire and quick fire, and impaled and drawn and quartered, before she would give her dainty liberty or precious property for his aid and succor.

He has already turned away, when the Turko-Irish official suddenly suggests: "Ain't ye forgetting martial law, me friend Turnbull? Begorra! here's something that will kape ye from breakfasting with me to-morrow morning," and holds out a little piece of paper.

"Oh, ah, yes," says Andrew. "Thanks, your Excellency;" and taking the memorandum in his hand, glances at it and grins: "I can easily remember this, my amorous Turk."

Then Turnbull making his bow and going out into the ante-room, Vannos notices that he, after another look or two at the writing in his hand, twists up the little slip of paper and tosses it carelessly on the floor.

But this is obliterated from the unfortunate's mind, as the Irish satrap says genially: "Better take another bite of that orange and honey pancake, me well-beloved Alceste," adding in suave tones: "Faith, I want particularly to ask after one of yer family."

The Greek merchant, however, has no appetite for orange and honey pancake, and sinks upon a divan, guessing his fate has come upon him.

"Bedad, ye haven't bad news from yer good lady or yer beautiful daughters!" ejaculates Ballyho anxiously, for the appearance of Alceste's face is such that he thinks he has reminded him of sudden death or pestilence in his family.

"No; they are—quite—quite well, your—your Highness."

"Ah, thin, let us have another bumper to their health—especially the beauteous Irene! Mustapha, pass the wine of the *Giaour* to Alceste Vannos, the man we delight to honor. Then get out of the apartment, and don't make yer appairance until I clap me hands."

The glasses being replenished, and Mustapha having disappeared, Ballyho says: "It's about this same family of yers, Vannos, that I want to advise ye as a friend. The best thing ye can do is to bring them here to Modon."

"To Modon?" gasps the unfortunate Greek, who very well guesses the reason of this satrap's interest in his lovely daughter, and curses his desperate attempt to save his property that has placed him in this grinning demon's power.

"Faith, to *Modon*! Yer business, I'm told, ye've closed in London. It is not well for a man to live away from his family—that I say to ye in the interests of good government."

"Bring them to Modon *now*?"

"Begob, the sooner the better."

"With the Russians coming and the Greeks ready to rise——"

Here Alceste stops, his ruler's attitude showing him

in his anxiety he has made a most impolitic remark, for the Irish Bey is glaring at him, and saying sternly, "Bedad, and how do *ye* know the Greeks are going to rise? Have ye communication with the insurgent rapscallions, that ye speak so surely on that point, Mister Vannos?"

"You—yourself told me in London that the Russians were coming," gasps the dismayed Levantine.

"Maybe I did, and maybe I didn't; but I'm sure I didn't tell ye the Greeks were going to rise, did I? By Allah! have ye been scheming and holding communication with these brutes of Mainotes? Answer, I charge you in the name of the Sultan!"

"You—you are aware, your Excellency, that I am a poor man of trade," falters the merchant. "I—what have I to do with armed uprisings and mountaineers of bloody deeds? You know the Lord of Lords has no more loyal subject, that no one's knees smite together more humbly as they go down before his Padischah than Alceste Vannos, the man within thine hand."

"Faith, I'm bound to belave ye," remarks Ballyho severely, "*if ye prove it!*"

"Prove it! How? Have I not always been a faithful and devoted subject? Have I ever refused your tax-gatherer?—and he has been to me many times."

"Divil doubt that! No one refuses me tax-gatherer—otherwise the bastinado asks the *raison*. But ye can prove yer faith and loyalty to me satisfaction in only one way, and that is——"

"Yes, my lord?"

"*By bringing yer family here!* That will show ye have confidence in the protection of the Sultan and his arms, and do not mane to conspire against his lawful

authority. They will be, as it were, hostages for yer conduct; for I know ye, Vannos—a bloodthirsty man, I think—one who wouldn't hesitate to lade the charge of Hellenic rebels on a battery."

And he sneers at the Greek, whose knees are trembling, for Alceste now discovers the depth of the trap which the wily Irish *renegado* has laid for him, and falters: "Can I have time to consider the matter, your Highness? It is of mighty moment to me—to move my loved ones from far away London to this place."

"Bedad—yes—until to-morrow morning. A ship leaves for England then, and can take yer letter charging them to come. But I can tell ye now, if ye know what is good for yer Greek soul, also the soles of yer feet—what yer answer *must* be! Ye will send for them and bring them here, with all yer goods and chattels, bonds and specie, to prove yer loyalty to me liege, the Sultan, or my cadí has reckoning with ye." A nod is as good as a wink to a man like ye, who knows a thing when he sees it; and ye know me, Ballyho Bey, judging by the look on yer countenance. I shall expect an answer and the proper letters to-morrow morning early. I might also suggest that the captain of the English vessel has warning not to take ye on board, for I'm not going to have yer sneaking with yer treason from out of me grasp, Mr. Vannos. Though if ye prove yerself a loyal subject, as I know ye will, everything will go well with ye. When ye write to England, plase present me regards to yer Madame, also yer two little girls in London, and my—I mean yer beautiful Irene. Be Allah! ye don't know how much honor I may be doing yer family when ye get them here. Mustapha, show Mr. Vannos out with all respect, and tell the captain of the guard I want to see him, quick!"

And his prey being gone, his Excellency quaffs another bumper and says: "Oh, it's cruel, cruel to bust up me father-in-law, but I'm going to do it if he doesn't bring his little bird to me. Begorra, I've got him here, and the Grake fox'll find it's a different kind of reckoning to what he'd make with me in Mincing Lane, London!"

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## CHAPTER XIV

### FROM TURKISH FRYING-PAN INTO BRITISH FIRE.

BUT Ballyho Bey would not feel so triumphant did he perceive the doings of Alceste Vannos this night.

The Greek merchant, escaped from the palace, mutters under his breath: "The son of Sheytan! He shall never have my pride, my glory, my Irene! She shall not be defiled in his harem!" then thinks suddenly: "But if I stay here under his hand, it is my destruction or hers. He'll accuse me of complicity in the coming uprising—My God, Marco with me!—the agent of the Hellenic League!—then plunder and impalement—or bringing my family here and putting them also at his mercy. But how to escape? That Turko-Irish demon won't let me board the English vessel to-morrow morning. If I don't write what he dictates, and put my loved ones in his grasp, to-morrow I am lost!"

Suddenly Alceste's eyes light up, for into his crafty Oriental mind has flown: "Turnbull's ship sails *to-night!*"

Hurrying with quick steps to his house, Vannos finds Trefussis in his bedroom coolly smoking a pipe of Virginia tobacco—and more wonderful, *continuing* smok-

ing it—as, in as few words as possible, the merchant falters out his awful interview with the Turkish satrap and the danger that has come upon them.

As Marco hears that the memory of his beautiful sweetheart still lights the fires of lust in Ballyho's brain, and that for her defilement he would use her father's fear of life and property, the Greek patriot stops smoking, and as the pipe goes out, the long extinguished fires of Thermopylæ kindle and burn upon the lover's face, as he breaks forth: "And this execrable tyrant still remembers my darling's sacred kiss! I will remember it also to drown it in the miscreant's blood!" then suddenly pauses and adds: "First, I must save you—you who are compromised by my friendship, as well as by your daughter's beauty."

"Think of yourself—Irene loves you!" whispers Vannos; "I'm going to take Turnbull's ship that sails to-night."

"I will think of *you* now; she loves you also," Trefussis answers; then astounds the merchant by saying: "Give me five minutes to smoke."

"Smoke, when we must fly? Come with me to the landing-place, quick! Why must you smoke?"

"Because, since yesterday, by special order there are two Turkish patrol boats on duty, in the harbor, each night—chiefly, I think, on your account," remarks Marco, lighting his pipe again, to the astonishment of the Greek merchant, who has not been accustomed, like the Greek conspirator, to coolness and calmness in times of danger.

"I don't think Ballyho will send for you here to-night," Marco says reflectively. "The vessel for England does not sail until to-morrow, and the two guard-boats would make things safe this evening, were it not for me. While I smoke and think, do you pack up your valuables and money."

So Alceste hastily gathers up with trembling hands his treasure, and divides it into two parts, one much larger than the other, as Trefussis meditatively puffs. Suddenly the Greek patriot asks: "What was the last remark of Ballyho Bey when he bid Turnbull, the English merchant, good-night?"

"I can't remember."

"Think!—*for your life*, THINK!"

"Why?"

"Because Turnbull, to go on board his ship this evening, must have *the word of the night*, and Ballyho probably gave it to him."

"Saint Constantine! You're right!" screams Vannos, "I—I recollect," and his brain getting at work he hastily tells Marco the incident attending the English merchant's departure.

"Aha! Turnbull threw away the paper in the ante-room. You are sure?"

"Certain."

"Then go back to Ballyho as quick as your legs will take you."

"My God!—to that demon! Why should I go?" falters Alceste.

"Because that paper contains *the word of the night*, and you must get it."

"What excuse have I for going?"

"Excuse?—that you are crazy with fear, and have come back to promise to do the satrap's bidding. You won't have to act very much to simulate that," laughs Trefussis. Then he asks anxiously: "How long has Turnbull left the Bey?"

"Perhaps half an hour."

"Quick for your life!"

Spurred by these words, Vannos flies back to the castle and begs, implores, and screams to see the

Turkish governor. So it still being quite early in the night, and Alceste being remembered as a guest of the evening, he is finally admitted to the ante-room, where Ballyho Bey, coming out most convivially drunk, with a glass in one hand and a champagne bottle in the other, exclaims: "Begorra! What the devil has brought ye back? Didn't ye have champagne enough?"

"Only to tell Your Mightiness that I will do your bidding, if you will spare my life."

And Alceste grovels over the floor of the ante-room before the Turkish potentate, who regards him quite affably, saying: "Don't fail to have the beauty of yer family with ye here in Modon very shortly, and then ye'll see the honor I'll do ye. Let'sh drink her health in another glass of ch—champagne."

"Oh, thanks, Your Mightiness, for your mercy!" screams Vannos, groveling again over the floor of the room, and in his last grovel getting hold of the paper Turnbull the merchant threw away.

"Ye won't drink? Then I'll do it meself—and good-night to ye. Yer a nice crature to come in dish-turbing a dacent man when he is just going to throw the handkerchief to his favorite odalisque. Here, guards! Show the gintleman out, an' don't let him in again until to-morrow morning."

With this, Ballyho Bey strides off, happy at the thought of the coming beauty from London; while Alceste, shaking the dust of the castle from his feet, speeds back to his residence, to find Trefussis armed and ready for action.

"The paper!" gasps Vannos, thrusting it in the young man's hand.

And Marco, inspecting it, commences to grind his teeth, and looks significantly at the keen yataghan that he has concealed in the folds of his cloak, though

there is also a pair of horse-pistols buckled at his side.

"See how he desecrates my love," he mutters. "This blade is for that accursed mercenary's heart!" And holding the paper before the Greek merchant, Vannos reads: "Word of the night, *Irene*; answer, *Ballyho*."

"I will use it just the same, for his confounding," mutters Marco; then says hastily: "Come; we have not a moment to lose!"

Here the Greek merchant astonishes the Greek patriot by suddenly placing in his hand the larger portion of his ready money, muttering: "If I cannot give my blood, I can give my treasure for your cause. I take only five hundred pounds."

"And the rest?" mutters the younger man.

"Is for Greece! Take it with you to give your patriots food upon which to live, and ammunition to destroy the Turks."

"Especially that turbaned Irish renegade who sits on his hams in yonder castle, grinning so complacently," mutters Marco, as he and Vannos pass in the darkness silently to the harbor.

Here they find, in the shadow of a little wharf, a boat ready and manned by four Greek fishermen.

"This was for myself, in case I could get the word of the night, which you so fortunately brought to me," whispers the conspirator.

Embarking, they are rowed boldly out toward the first guard-boat, though Vannos timidly suggests an attempt to avoid it.

"Not at all," says Marco. "Were there any commotion in the harbor, or did Turnbull suspect, he might refuse to take you on board his ship."

So coming up to the first of the patrol boats and

being summoned by it, the Greek patriot returns the hail and gives the word of the night as "Irene."

"The countersign!"

"Ballyho!" whispers Marco between clenched teeth.

"You are connected with *Effendi* Turnbull's ship?" cries the Turkish officer, pointing out the craft that is already dropping her topsails.

"Yes; I have got his last emigrant," returns Trefussis. Then, calling on his men to give way, they are soon alongside Andrew's vessel, which has just raised anchor and is getting under way.

"Give my greeting to your fair daughter, who has my undying love," Marco whispers, then mutters: "Oh Heaven, how I envy you the sight of her dear face! Good-by; safe voyage, and God grant some day you may call me son."

Then with a hurried embrace they part, Trefussis going to join the Greek patriots, to fight for liberty a century too early, and the father of his sweetheart climbing up the side of the English vessel, down which a rope-ladder has been dropped, to enter American slavery.

But Alceste Vannos doesn't dream of this. He is aware the speculator has made fair promises of land to those who will join him in settling a country where it is said the climate is as mild as that of the Mediterranean. He knows Turnbull is an English merchant; therefore he thinks he will keep his word and bond.

On the deck of the vessel he is welcomed quite affably by the Englishman, whom he sees surrounded by many of his acquaintances—the better, the more well-to-do citizens of Modon, Coron, and neighboring districts, who have been beguiled by Turnbull's promises—one gentleman, Perseus Zalemo, an old-time friend, having his wife Alida and two pretty daughters, Chloris and Egeria, beside him

"Ah! Getting out of the way of trouble and bloodshed, I suppose? That's why you came on board so hurriedly, I imagine," remarks Andrew affably, a mighty joy lighting his eyes, for Vannos, the rich, will be a wondrous prize. Then rather guessing how matters stand, he goes on easily: "Several of your compatriots are here on board for the same reason. But you left our friend Ballyho rather hurriedly, and haven't, I believe, signed agreements with me."

"No; I am bound for England. Please put me on shore at some point in Europe."

"That will be impossible! We do not stop even at Gibraltar, and I cannot take you unless you sign the articles." For Turnbull now notes Alceste has with him a heavy leather bag, secured by lock and key, doubtless containing valuables and money.

"I do not wish to go to Florida. My destination is London, where my wife and children are."

"Then you should have waited for the English ship that sails to-morrow."

"I could not wait; my business was too urgent!"

"Hullo! What's that?" cries Turnbull suddenly.

"By bull dogs! It's a gun from the castle. Doubtless a signal for us to stop."

For now a flash from the fortifications of the town lights up the darkness of the night, and a booming report comes over the waters. Shrewdly guessing the reason of it, though not its absolute cause, and that for self-preservation Vannos has fled with sudden haste, this gun being a signal that his escape is known, Turnbull, conceiving the game is in his own hands, continues: "Unless you sign, I cannot take you!" though he tells the captain quietly to put more sail on the vessel. A moment later he adds: "Unless I have your name immediately, I shall be compelled to heave

to and return you to his Excellency, Ballyho Bey, as my compact with him permits me to take none who have not signed the articles for colonization. I cannot take the risk of violating my agreement with the Turkish government."

"I—please give me time to think."

"Two minutes. By George, there goes another gun! His Excellency must be very anxious for some escaping rebel," laughs Andrew. Then he says: "You'll have to sign *at once*—the captain wishes to put sail upon the vessel—unless you wish me to return you."

Thus compelled, Vannos goes below with the merchant, and looking over the document, which Turnbull, for convenience, has had printed by hundreds, in blank, says: "This is an indenture by which my service for ten years is required. I do not wish to sign it."

"Oh, very well. Then Andrew hallooos through the skylight: "Captain Bullock!"

"Aye, aye, sir," comes from the deck.

"Skipper, heave to; tell the men to get ready a boat! By Jove! There's another gun from the castle!"

"I dare not go back! By heaven, it means my death, or my family's destruction!" shudders the Greek merchant.

"Then you will have to sign, and abide by the agreement."

Thus compelled, Vannos places his name on the document, and springs from the frying-pan into the fire—with his wife and children. For these indentures have been construed to mean the slavery of the whole family of the man who puts his hand to them.

"You had better write to your wife to join you in Florida. I will take charge of the letter," remarks Turnbull. "Madame Vannos and your daughters can

come out on one of my vessels." For the more slaves this schemer has, the more he wants, and he knows the beauty of the Greek's family—besides, with them in his grasp, all Vannos's English money will be at his mercy.

"I would prefer to wait and see how I like it there."

"But you will have to live at New Smyrna, at least for a time, until you can get ship to England," says Andrew easily. "Then they can return to London with you. Besides, I know you will like the country. You dare not go back to Greece; your business there must be ruined. In a more beautiful and a happier land, where I live myself and to which I am about to transport my own family, there will be great opportunities for a man of your commercial ability. These indentures, which I simply keep—being compelled to have them signed under my agreement with the Turkish governor—are things that can be easily undone after you are in Florida—when my contract with the Ottoman government is fulfilled. Think over the matter; I am going on deck. Only, write your letter as soon as possible, so that if we speak a ship, I can dispatch it to London."

The Englishman leaves Vannos thinking the matter over. He knows he has signed indentures for ten years, but does not for a moment doubt that money will easily wipe this out; and he has enough even in his possession to remunerate Turnbull ten times over for his passage to Florida. Then he yearns to see his loved ones, which tends to decide him to ask their company in the New World.

While he is considering, there walks into the cabin—for Turnbull has made different arrangements for some of these beings who are to become his slaves

than for others, giving them, for money laid down, cabin accommodation, and altogether putting plenty of sugar upon his spider's web—Madame Alida Zalemo, the beautiful lady, with her pretty daughter Chloris, a girl perhaps a year older than Irene. She introduces Vannos to the young lady, and while she talks to him of his wife Aleria, who has once been her friend, and speaks of the happy New World to which they are going, where there will be no more Turkish tyrants, Alceste, thinking Zalemo, this lady's husband, must have investigated the affair thoroughly, half decides that his wife and family can make a flying trip and return with him.

A few minutes after he steps on deck and remarks to Turnbull: "What vessel of yours shall I direct Madame Vannos and my daughters to take, so as to join me in Florida?"

"The *Susan and Mary*. That is the first ship which can convey them from London. My niece goes out upon that vessel; they will make a merry party," answers the English merchant, and feels quite happy; though Vannos replies: "I will consider the matter."

"Quite right," answers the Englishman. "If they come, I will do my best to make their trip a pleasant one." Then he adds: "You were leaving our friend Ballyho in a hurry, were you not? I think you're safer here."

"Yes, I do *also*," laughs the Greek merchant, thinking of his host's parting remarks.

"By-the-by, of course you would like to buy cabin accommodations?" suggests the English man-of-trade.

"Yes, I have been accustomed to luxury, and I don't think your steerage, from what I see of it, would please me," returns Alceste, in rather happy mood. "How many ducats for the voyage?"

“One hundred. Take them to the purser and get a receipt. There is fortunately one vacant berth—and you’d better leave your valuables in his care; we have a strong box for such effects. You will, of course, receive a receipt for the same.”

“Thank you,” replies Vannos, and thinks perchance he is well out of a bad affair, for he knows what Turkish justice will be to those accused of complicity in rebellion; but still concludes he will sleep upon the matter of his wife and daughters’ trip to Florida.

The next day is Sunday. On a placid sea, a light breeze bellying the white sails, upon which the sun of the Mediterranean shines very brilliantly, under an awning on his quarter-deck the bluff old merchant, Andrew Turnbull, leads both passengers and crew in divine service very devoutly, and afterward, seated on the deck with Alceste, whom he has made his guest of honor, chats pleasantly with various Greek ladies, their children and their husbands, of the delights of the land toward which they are journeying.

Noting among these many women of refinement and education, and a number of young ladies of beauty and accomplishments, the Greek is more inclined to send for his wife and children, that he may have kiss of them the quicker; Madame Alida Zalemo and her daughters, Chloris and Egeria, doing their best to persuade him to this course; the elder, who is a girl of fine education, having been schooled in France, playing for them some pretty airs upon the guitar and singing charmingly to the accompaniment of its strings.

“You must bring out your wife, even if but for a little time. Of course we know you are very rich in London,” murmurs Alida, “but Aleria and I were

friends as children. Say that you will do it, dear Mr. Vannos." And Vannos is two-thirds persuaded.

In the evening, sitting over their wine after dinner, for Turnbull makes much of the Greek merchant, Andrew suggests: "Why should not we make this a joint business affair? You look over the indigo industry, that is now flourishing in my colony, and buy an interest with me. You will find it better than London investments, and certainly more profitable than the British funds. We'll make a little picnic party of it, when Miss Susan sails over to us with your wife and her fair daughters."

So the conversation runs, the master chatting very pleasantly; but just the same, resolved, in case Vannos doesn't write, to use sterner means to obtain the necessary letter from his bond-slave—for as such he now regards the unfortunate Greek.

Under these circumstances, after another pleasant day upon Andrew Turnbull's vessel, Vannos makes the English merchant feel quite happy by placing in his hand a packet and saying: "These are my instructions to my wife as to our London property, and the directions by which she will find her way to the New World. The place is called New Smyrna, I hear."

"Yes; quite right. I think you've made a wise decision; I'll do my best to make you feel so, anyway," returns Mr. Turnbull, buttoning up the documents in his pocket, which he feels are not only title to Vannos's wife and children, but also to his wealth. "As soon as we can speak the proper ship I will forward them to England."

Meantime this bluff and wily English merchant, who has by this time made himself quite popular with most of his future lady slaves by his urbane manners, proceeds to make himself particularly gracious with

Madame Alida Zalemo, sending from his own table to her husband and herself wine and various delicacies not common upon long voyages. He also, this lady is proud to note, takes special interest in her children, asking questions about the young ladies' accomplishments and education, remarking also to the mother quite often on the beauty and graces of her girls, and suggesting to her that it would be very pleasant in that fair new land to which they journey if Madame Vannos, her old time friend, and her pretty daughters could join them, and what a charming social circle they could make.

Under his influence and at his prompting, Alida Zalemo also writes to her old playmate, stating that her husband and her family are among the Greek emigrants to the new land, and pressing Madame Vannos in behalf of their former friendship to journey as soon as possible to New Smyrna, under whose blue skies they will renew their girlish days. "Come quick!—but come," she adds, "if only for a visit."

This letter Turnbull puts away with his other documents, feeling he has thoroughly baited his slavery trap for the Greek lady, who is now living with her family so richly and luxuriously in London.

So the voyage runs on for a few days more. They are approaching Gibraltar. Andrew, coming on deck, bids the captain drop anchor in the outer roadstead, saying that he will go on shore and from there take vessel for England.

"You've changed your plans, Mr. Turnbull," remarks Alceste eagerly. "I will go with you."

"That would violate my compact with the Turkish government. Under your agreement with me you'll be compelled to proceed to Florida."

"But I have paid for my passage. I thank you for

your act of mercy in taking me on board. I have changed my mind; I wish to see my family. From there, if we conclude to go to New Smyrna, we can make voyage in the *Susan and Mary* together."

"That will be impossible under my contract with the Mussulman governor."

"But I insist!"

"And I insist that you keep your articles of agreement with me!"

"I will forfeit to you one hundred pounds, that are locked up in your safe, to sign them off."

"I—I cannot sign them off without forfeiting my charter to the Ottoman authorities."

"You hold me to the agreement?"

"Yes!"

"Two hundred pounds! I have that in your safe."

"By Gad! If you said the whole five hundred you have in my safe," cries Turnbull, who knows very well how much of the Greek's goods he has already confiscated, "I would say no!"

"I am sorry," falters the Greek, "that you hold me so strictly to my indenture. You said that money could obliterate it." Then he checks himself suddenly and goes away dismayed; for now he suspects something is very wrong, and is determined in any event his family shall not join him in Florida.

Therefore, while Turnbull is making his arrangements for departure, Alceste hastily scribbles a few lines, directing his wife to disregard all letters from him—no matter what he writes—and stay in England with his family. He has a little money in his pocket, some few pounds that he fortunately has not delivered to the purser.

Watching his opportunity, he steps to one of the boat's crew who are going to row Turnbull ashore, and

gives the sailor this note, addressed to Madame Alceste Vannos, 38 Mincing Lane, London, England, pressing two guineas along with it into his hand. "One gold piece," he says, "for your trouble, and the other for the carriage of this letter, which, as you hope to see God, drop in the general post. Anything that is left of the last guinea, spend in drinking the health of a man who will bless you."

"All right, my hearty," replies the tar, and pockets the communication and the money.

Five minutes after, as Turnbull is about to step down the side, Captain Bullock whispers: "That Greek, Vannos, delivered to Jack Smart, who pulls the stroke oar, a letter."

Therefore Andrew, who knows that his action must have aroused some suspicion in his victim's brain, on arriving at the landing remarks to the mate of the vessel, who sits in the stern sheets of the cutter: "None of the men must leave the boat, as the ship will sail very shortly. But any errand I can do for them in the town will be taken care of."

Whereupon Jack Smart, who is an honest sea-dog, says: "Thanks, Guv'nor! Here's a letter; if you'll put it in the post, you'll get my obligashuns and them of the Greek merchant, Vannos. Here's a gold-shiner for the posting."

On this Turnbull whispers a few words to the mate in charge of the boat, and he holds it there, while this honest English merchant, stepping out of sight round a convenient corner of the houses that border the *marina*, coolly opens the last letter addressed to Madame Alceste Vannos. Reading this, he mutters: "The cursed mutinous serf!" and tearing it into little bits, destroys Aleria's and her children's last chance of safety from his hands.

Shortly after, returning to the boat, he says to Smart: "Here are fifteen shillings over postage. You can tell Vannos his letter is very safe."

Then calling the mate out of the boat, Andrew scribbles a few lines and hands it to him, saying: "Deliver this to Captain Bullock as soon as you get on board—and a safe voyage to you. Tell the captain, a pound head-money to the crew, for every emigrant he delivers safe to my superintendent at New Smyrna."

So it comes to pass that an hour afterward stout Captain Bullock calls Vannos into his cabin.

Here he is joined by the boatswain and his two mates. To them he says: "Iron that mutinous dog! If he cries out, gag him. Into the hold he goes till we get to Florida!" adding under his breath to the astounded and horrified Alceste: "Turnbull will write to his superintendent about you, and you'll catch it hot on his plantation."

Five minutes after, Vannos, in double irons, in the darkness of the lower hold, his delicate nostrils sickened by the smell of bilge water, and having society only with the wandering rats of the ship, proceeds on his voyage to slavery in Florida, moaning: "Father of mercy! Will the same cruel bondage for which I know I am destined fall on my delicate wife and lovely children? Oh Saints of God!—not that! not *that!* They shall not COME!"

And to him—to drive him to despair—in that creaking, swashing hold the wandering rats seem to scream: "COMING!"

## BOOK III.

### A DASH AT THE QUALITY.

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#### CHAPTER XV

##### LA BELLE TURNBULL.

IN happier mood, Andrew, journeying to London, makes his appearance at his residence in Lombard Street, which also contains his counting and sample rooms; for this gentleman, among his other enterprises, aspires to do something of a banking business with Smyrna. He walks upstairs, and meeting his house-keeper, says: "Where is Miss Susan?" for he is very anxious to tell his niece his various strokes of luck, as well as to get her advice on the best means of taking advantage of them.

"Miss Susan," says the woman, "doesn't live here now."

"Mars and thunder! Then where does she abide?" ejaculates the astounded merchant, who has not been in London for nearly eighteen months.

"At present she lives with Lady Tattleby, who has rooms at No. 43 Jermyn Street."

"Good Lud! With the quality?"

"Oh, she's right in the skim of the quality, Mr. Andrew. She is now called 'La Belle Turnbull,'" answers his informant.

"The devil you say!" gasps the wondering merchant.

“And it makes me proud to hear her talk when she comes here. Earls and lords and honorables run off her tongue as glib as if she'd been born to it,” continues the housekeeper, who is a household retainer of the family, of long standing.

“Good Gad! I wonder what the quality has *cost!*” mutters Turnbull, and goes down to see his head book-keeper and find out that social elevation has cost a pretty penny.

He storms to his junior partner: “How dared you let that trollop have the money?”

“She had a letter from you to that effect.”

“Well, yes—I did authorize her to draw.”

“Very well. Mistress Susan showed it to me, and told me to deny her at my peril. Besides, her suggestions have been very valuable to me,” remarks Mr. Israel Northcote, who, followed by his clerks and attachés, has by this time a prodigious respect for Miss Susan, who has impressed herself upon them all by her beautiful face, bright ways, and pretty archnesses, and has enforced her will upon them by her savage looks and awful commercial threats when they have dared to stand in the way of her sovereign pleasure. In addition, her hints to Mr. Northcote on certain financial transactions have—though hardly consistent with the highest standards of commercial morality—given him some decided advantages in both local and Eastern trade.

So muttering great oaths to himself as to what he will do to Mistress Susan for her prodigality, bluff Andrew Turnbull takes coach and proceeds to Jermyn Street.

He is received in the hallway by two magnificent footmen, whose powdered wigs affect him more than he likes to admit, and is shown into a hand-

some drawing-room, where a moment after a flunkey mutters to him: "You will please to wait; Miss Turnbull will see you when she has finished with her tiring-woman and hairdresser."

"Kicking my heels here in the jade's ante-room?" growls the bluff Andrew; but he does kick them for nigh unto an hour, and about seven o'clock in the evening rises, muttering, with an oath: "By Gad, I'll trounce the wench!" to be astonished and confounded.

For a lady of highest fashion, all brocades, laces, and jewelry, and nearly eight feet tall, minces in to him, though her stature is produced by some thirty inches of head dress—as well as high red heels upon her little shoes. It is Miss Susan, who, surrounded by an enormous hoop, confronts him. Deftly swinging it into position, she takes fashionable pose upon an ottoman, and lisps, affecting the St. James's drawl: "La, Uncle Andrew! You quite shock me! Your clothes are full two years behind *la mode*."

"Damme, Madame!" cries the merchant. "Was that any reason for your keeping me cooling my feet here like a poor debtor from the Fleet?"

"Ah! what a conjuror you are!" she laughs. "That is just what I thought you were, from Perico, my French flunkey's, description of you—some poor debtor begging alms to help him out of jail; a constable standing discreetly at the door. But you can kiss me—be careful—exactly under the patch on my left cheek—the spot I have selected for salutation this evening!"

"Egad! Will I reach the flesh there?" says Andrew, but gives the salute. For this young lady—with her two feet of powdered hair, a great coach and six dapple-gray horses of blown glass perched upon it,

with postillions and outriders equally blown,\* and a gown of such extreme décolleté as regards bust, that Andrew Turnbull, who is a straitlaced man, winces and roll his eyes askance—looks withal of the latest *ton* for evening parade, and very modishly pretty according to the notions of that day.

“Besides,” she purrs, “dear uncle, I was not robed,” and nods the coach and six quite affably at him.

“Good Gad! What are you now?” cries Andrew.

At which she says: “Te-he! I have read that joke before in the *New Ladies’ Tattler*. But I would ask you for account of our transactions in the East, were it not that Lord St. Catherines comes to take me and my Lady Tattleby, who chaperones my innocence in the court world, to Drury Lane, where we see *Zingis* and Mrs. Griffith’s farce, *The School for Rakes*. Afterwards we play unlimited loo at Lady Embonpoint’s.

“Dash it, what do I care for your unlimited loo! But from your conversation I presume you don’t want to talk business this evening?”

“To-morrow morning you shall have all the business you want from me,” says Susan, “and if you will go home and look at your ledger you will see it will be of a pleasing nature to you. You will find, though I am aristocrat in St. James’s, Almack’s, or Ranelagh, in your dingy old counting-room at Lombard Street, Susan Turnbull is business to a farthing. Go study your salesbooks and see the usuries that my brain has made for the concern, and don’t come here with scowl upon your face to rate me for having spent a little

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\* Ladies in grand toilet at this epoch wore their hair sometimes two feet high. Upon their heads blown glass ornaments, sometimes consisting of a coach and six, with dappled-gray horses, and postillions, with gold threads for reins and harness. Ladies whose purses could not support such elaborate equipages had to be content with a coach and four horses, and sometimes with a single chaise.—*Stone’s Chronicles of Fashion*.—Ed.

portion of my profits. I know that's what you came for in such a rush!" and her eyes flash. But suddenly she laughs: "I will warrant me, twenty times in your journey from Lombard Street you have said between your teeth: 'Out on the trollop wench!' But this trollop wench is going to become My Lady, Marchioness of St. Catherines; though to-morrow morning she will be Miss Susan Turnbull of Lombard Street, with a very close eye to matters of trade and 'Change.'

With this, with dainty fingers, she rings a hand-bell, and to the answering negro page says commandingly: "Koto, is my coach and four in waiting?"

"Your coach and *four*!" gasps Turnbull. "By the Lord, such extravagance means ruin!"

"By the Lord, it means supreme triumph!" she laughs. "And in that idea I bid you now adieu!"

With this Madame Susan bows her overawed uncle formally to the door, from which Andrew staggers astonished, encountering on the stairway old St. Catherines, a dried up, weazened peer of sixty-five, who stares at him for a moment, then exclaims: "Turnbull! Great lud! You've brought good news, I hope, from Florida."

"Has not my Lord Marquis received his dividend?" asks the merchant.

"Ah, yes; but larger ones, I hope, are coming after."

"If your Lordship will do me the honor to meet me at my counting-house in Lombard Street to-morrow, I will explain to you more fully in regard to your interest. Would you also mind bringing Sir William Duncan with you, if he is in town?"

"We'll both be there, my trader," replies St. Catherines jovially, then murmurs: "Is little Mistress Witchery upstairs?—an alluring maiden, who gives

me the passion of a boy whenever I look upon her budding charms."

"She awaits your Lordship," remarks Turnbull, bowing to the floor, for English merchants of that day had very weak knees before the nobility of the realm. With this he goes away dazed, muttering: "Good Gad! Great Tophet! Is my little Susan to become a marchioness?"

And he has nearly hit it right. For little Susan is very close to a coronet, my lord being daft about her beauty and her wit, also the considerable fortune that she will bring to him. In fact, he is even now divided twixt Susan's charms and those of a Miss Diana Yellowby, the daughter of a Barbados planter, who, though she is of a somewhat darker beauty than La Belle Turnbull, is said to have for her portion no less a dower than three hundred thousand pounds sterling.

But on this very night that Susan thinks is her triumph, comes catastrophe.

The next morning there makes appearance at the Lombard Street counting-room a girl with great red flaming eyes, and lips that at times quiver even as they speak, from mental torture. It is Miss Turnbull, come as per appointment, dressed in graceful, but convenient business gown of black cloth.

The girl goes over the account books with her uncle, showing him profits that make old Andrew's eyes gleam as he inspects the transactions of the house, and he chuckles: "Northcote says you have been here every morning, you little acute business wench!"

"Yes; from eight to eleven, when my fashionable friends," Susan winces as she says this, "thought I was dawdling in bed and stealing beauty sleep. "Dost think," she goes on sternly, "I'd leave my moneyed interests with a lot of shiftless clerks?"

Then she asks Turnbull eagerly of their Florida settlement, New Smyrna, and their plantations, and the next indigo crop, and receiving very good word as to these, Miss Susan next questions her uncle on his Eastern visit, and is very well pleased as to the number of Greek slaves and their possessions that he has gathered up and now has *en route* for Florida; also inquiring earnestly as to the number, beauty, youth, and accomplishments of the Greek ladies that his vessel has on board. Looking over the list of these that he has had prepared for her, this acute little feminine slave-trader marks carefully such ladies as she thinks will be salable in the markets of Havannah and New Orleans. For Miss Susan has now added another and most profitable line of business to the indigo-raising, slave-trading firm, whose business triumph has come from the inspiration of her Machiavellian mind.

Gazing down the long list of Turnbull's new victims, she comes upon the names of Alida Zalemo and her two daughters, Chloris and Egeria; and learning of the beauty and accomplishments of Miss Chloris, Susan remarks: "We are dispatching a fast sailing schooner to-morrow; it will probably arrive before the vessel from Modon. Send word to your superintendent, Johnson, to put aside Alida and her daughters for my personal service."

"Your service?" queries Turnbull.

"Yes; I think of going out to New Smyrna to reside. From your description, Chloris will make, with proper discipline and training, a fine lady's maid for me."

"Possibly," returns Turnbull, quite astonished, "though the girl is a year or two older than you, she is of considerable beauty, education and accomplishments. Besides she has a high, unbending spirit."

"Oh, but I'll bend it," laughs Susan. "Trust me to make Miss Chloris in a little time as obedient as a spaniel. Her mother will do for my housekeeper. Just write to Johnson to set apart the three to my own personal service, and not put them to hard work. I like dainty hands about me."

"Very well," mutters Andrew, "if you really think of going to Florida. I had supposed from what you said last evening the court would have been the place for my Lady Marchioness."

To this the girl, with blazing eyes, cries: "Don't you dare speak of St. Catherines to me!" Then whispers with trembling lips: "My Lord Marquis is a thing of the past. You needn't look for him to-day at your counting-room either; he daren't face me!"

As she says the words, Miss Susan brushes past her uncle, runs upstairs to a little room that she had once called her own chamber, and locks herself in, leaving Turnbull gazing after her, petrified and wondering.

Perhaps it would elucidate the matter to him somewhat could he see the young lady, who has a sturdy spirit, in her chamber. Pacing up and down the room there strides a desolate little fiend, who tears her hair at one moment, then sobs like a baby the next, and whimpers in piteous accents: "HE did it! That villain did it! That idiot! that fool! *that meddling knave!* THAT SCOUNDRELLY PIRATE, upon whose heart I'll feast!—That lying braggart—that swashbuckler—Captain Dick Bocock, who has ruined me forever!" Then she cries out piteously: "At school he got me flogged and *didn't* carry me away, and here he can't carry me away, but has got me sacked!—knocked down my hopes and nearly murdered Lord St. Catherines! 'Twas bully against coxcomb—a rare fight. And now

my dotard lord will take that yellow-skinned nigger from Barbadoes. There's no cut-throat adorer of her black charms to pull his wig off and batter him for loving Miss Yellowby's three hundred thousand pounds."

Now all this had come about by an unexpected accident—as such things mostly happen. Pretty Miss Susan, immediately after her uncle's departure for his New World speculation, had devoted all her energies and brain to one great object—becoming a young lady, not only of fashion, but of the court circle—an awful task in those days for a daughter of commerce. To do it she had but two great aids: one her own arch beauty and tactful mind; the other an income that if it did not permit her to rival the leaders of *ton*, at least was sufficient to enable her to make a creditable appearance in the Court End of Town. This income had been somewhat increased within the year by Turnbull's New Smyrna enterprise and various successful operations of the London house, and she of it had drawn a goodly portion.

The first thing she had set her mind to do was to obtain as chaperone, a lady of such station as would give her *entrée* into the charmed circles of the quality. "Only let me get my little finger in," Susan had said viciously, "and if I don't pry open the door, it's because my head has lost its cunning. I may be the kick-about-dog in St. James's for a while; but afterwards——" She sets her teeth together and the glint of triumph comes into her steely blue eyes. Therefore, this had been her first move, and she had done it very deftly.

Using her uncle's business relations with that gentleman to get into the good graces of Sir William Duncan, who, as a baronet, had a fair station in the Lon-

don world, she had succeeded at last in gaining the *entrée* of his house, where Lady Duncan, becoming pleased with the girl's unaffected archness and the exquisite humility of this merchant's niece, had introduced her to several of her friends, among them Lady Tattleby, the dowager of Baron Tattleby, of Ghosts' Castle, Hertfordshire, a lady connected both by blood and marriage with many of the nobility—for the Barons Tattleby were the cadet branch of the great ducal house of Babazon, whose relatives were as legion among the highest in the land. My lady Lucretia Tattleby was withal a widow of long pedigree, yet of attenuated fortune; besides she wagered her money injudiciously and played cards very badly.

To her necessities for the gaming table, which was then all the rage of fashionable life, Miss Turnbull had a very open ear, advancing Lady Lucretia various sums of money and demanding therefor neither repayment nor interest. A very unbusinesslike transaction, from the Lombard street point of view; but in St. James's, Mistress Susan is a very different kind of young lady. So gradually getting nearer her point, at last she had made the proposition that Lady Tattleby should let her live with her and contribute one-half the expenses of a joint establishment, though Miss Turnbull knows she will really have to pay the whole.

To this the dowager Lucretia, who had grown too old for other delights than those of hazard, unlimited loo and dicing, on further advance of other sums, had consented, and found she had made a very good bargain, which she has kept very well, introducing Miss Susan whenever opportunity has offered, and taking her charge into many drawing-rooms whose doors would never have opened to a merchant's daughter. This young lady, having put her foot in the regions of fashion, now pro-

ceeds to lay down her entrenchments and establish herself by making, if possible, a great match—not with some younger son of good blood but empty pocket—but to some peer of great debts, but also great title and station.

This she has nearly done, by her beauty and her tactful wit, as well as her fortune; for Miss Susan has very deftly caused prodigious reports to be spread about as to the enormous size of her indigo plantations, and also her thousands of slaves—all of which she is gradually making true, but still has not yet enough to pay off St. Catherines's debts—a thing this widower will probably demand before he walks up the aisle of St. George's, Hanover Square, to give his title to any aspiring young maiden, even does she have the beauty of Cleopatra, who beguiled the world from Antony.

But gradually, by deft movements, Mistress Susan has brought the thing nearer and nearer. Even the night of Turnbull's arrival—the evening of her downfall—as Lord St. Catherines looks upon her beaming face and exquisite figure, he has muttered to himself: “Demme! I am *dished* for sure!” And all would have gone well, and Susan Turnbull would have become one of the peeresses of England, had it not been for an escapade that at one time she had thought forgotten—the little affair of the elopement from Arcadia Lodge, Brighthelmstone.

Some time before the return of her uncle, this has risen up before Miss Susan like a ghost, in the person of the dashing, devilish fiend—for fiend is what she calls him—Dick Bocock, who, having recovered from his wounds, and thinking himself still beloved, and also hearing the wonderful reports now spread about of this young lady's prodigious fortune, comes gallantly to the

front once more, pursuing as well as he can—for he has no *entrée* into the *salons* of the nobility—Miss Susan Turnbull, who he swears shall be his—and “no other damned man’s upon the earth!”

Some whispers of this cock’s crowing having reached the ears of the fair aspirant to the peerage, she had sent to Captain Dick and invited him to private interview. To this he had come as to a triumph, muttering, with sailor’s modesty: “By big guns, I knew my pert little wench was true to me as jack tar is to rum! By admirals, I’ll have my Sue to a parson, and then it will be all hands splice the main brace!”

But face to face with sweet Miss Turnbull, consternation first, and then a mighty rage has come upon him. To his pleading for hasty marriage, his erstwhile sweetheart has answered: “You had your chance of me, and threw it, like a fool, away.”

“How? Did I not draw my hanger upon the villain who would have abducted you?”

“That is *where* you threw it away. My Irish gallant had whisked me over the wall to you. Why didn’t you laugh: ‘Thanks, Ballyho Bey, for saving me the trouble of stealing my Miss Susan,’ and walk me off to a post-chaise, then I had been surely thine, and would have loved you. But instead, you great ignorant lout!” she cries with flashing eyes, “who thinks to conquer always by the sword and never by the arts of diplomatic wile, must draw your blade, make a hullabaloo, get cut nearly to pieces by a *better* fighter—” there is a little sneer on Susan’s fragile lips—“and leave me to go back, in penitence and tears, to Miss Prindle’s avenging rod!” To this she adds, her thin lips very firm: “That was the end of you, Dick Bock, and you made your end yourself!”

Susan, looking at the privateersman, as he stands

before her, thinks she has made an end of him—but has not !

For with an oath so fearful that it makes the lady clap her little hands to her pretty pink ears, Dick Boccock swears by man and God that he will make an end of any one aspiring to his Dulcinea's hand. "You think," he says, "my little pert Mistress Philanderer, who aspires to be a lady of first chop and fashion, that I will let you pick me up and drop me down, and grin into my face as you do it ? By broadsides, I'll be keelhauled before I suffer such indignity ! I cannot get at you in private houses ; but beware how you display yourself with gallants in public places. Tell your pups that trot about your feet to have their swords both long and sharp when they stroll with you on the Mall or drink your health in the amphitheatre at Ranelagh, or wander in the labyrinth of Vauxhall Gardens. By boarders and broadswords, I can get at your tom-tits there !"

This advice Miss Susan, knowing the fellow's fighting instincts, had thought best to keep in mind, and for some few weeks, much to her personal inconvenience, had played hide-and-seek with dashing Dick Boccock.

But, curiously, one dark night in Black Friars, the privateering captain had been attacked from behind by four ruffians, and cudgeled and left for dead—and never guessed, poor simple soul, what dainty little hands had left his ribs so sore and pate so battered.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

### A SPRIGHTLY EVENING AT RANELAGH.

MISS TURNBULL doesn't however know, though prob-

ably her bright mind may guess, that others are greatly interested in her non-success of nuptial scheme with Lord St. Catherines—*i.e.*, his obedient son, Viscount St. Maurice, and his dutiful daughter, Lady Blanche St. Omer.

Both this young gentleman and young lady very much wish papa to marry the three hundred thousand pounds sterling. Miss Yellowby's dark charms do not appall *them*, *they* do not marry her frizzled ringlets or her saffron skin, and her prodigious money will liquidate debts upon entailed estates and make the payments of my lady Blanche's allowance more regular and sure.

To their aid about this time, comes quite innocently Miss Irene Vannos. After the first awful blank of lover's loss, for Trefussis and she had grown very close together in the intercourse of brief engagement, the girl has striven to bear his absence bravely. In this she has been aided by the duty now forced upon her of caring for her sisters. Their mother, though now physically well, having little mental strength, upon Irene has fallen the charge of the household.

So putting a resolute face on the matter, she has tried to appear happy, even gay, and in this has reasonably succeeded, for with youth there is always hope. Under this regimen Irène has developed into a young lady of considerable force of character, likewise of very exquisite feminine dignity.

To her has also come in her loneliness a supreme consolation to those who are weary in this world of trouble. Irene has become a devout member of the Catholic Church. The priest of a Greek community of that religion, one Father Aloysius, had been a friend of Marco Trefussis. Originally educated in this faith, Miss Vannos had grown in the habit of attending

with her affianced the masses held in the little chapel in an out-of-the-way lane of London.

For the court and all the Whigs in England frowned upon Catholicism, regarding it as an ally of the Stuarts who had been expelled from the throne in the person of James the Second, who had proudly styled himself the "Defender of the Faith," and whose grandson, Charles Edward Stuart, commonly called the younger Pretender, still laid claim to the throne of his fathers. Therefore, under the head of Jacobites, Papists, and such opprobrious epithets, Catholics were ostracised by the general society of London, who of course followed court circles in their religious as well as secular views.

In this little chapel had come to Irene, after Trefussis left her, a great serenity, a mighty comfort. Widowed almost in her heart, this girl had turned to the consolations of religion, and had it not been for the care of her family and perchance an earthly love she knows she never can relinquish while life lasts, might have become a bride of the church, and her exquisite face have given a saintly beauty to some sisterhood of Rome.

Upon her fair shoulders have also fallen the responsibilities of family shopping and family toilet. Though Madame Vannos does not go about much, she wishes always to be very beautifully dressed.

Chancing one day to go on board an India ship—a custom that prevailed among ladies of that day—in order to get the first pick of bargains in the beautiful and rare fabrics of Eastern looms,\* Miss Irene Vannos buys

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\* Stone, in his *Chronicles of Fashion*, states that the rare and costly fabrics of the East Indies that arrived in London, in most cases could not be duplicated, and it was very important for leaders of fashion to have the first selection of goods arriving on merchant ships from the East. Ladies often went on board the vessels, as they reached port, to forestall other shoppers; but they generally went to the India houses, which were warerooms in the vicinity of the shipping, where they would take tea and inspect the goods.

These India houses, however, originally intended for *bona fide* shopping, became famous as places of assignation.

all of a dress-pattern of brocaded Persian silk—one that will set the town on fire. But other ladies are also on board this ship, and one of them, who is being bowed down to by the officers, happening to put eyes upon the gorgeous web, cries: "*Pardie!* The very thing for Lady Southdown's garden rout!" then whispers to a friend: "Mr. Walpole may see me in it, and write a letter about Lady Blanche St. Omer—a name he hasn't as yet honored with his invective, though one would think," the lady laughs, "there had been scandal enough about me to incite him to give me at least one pen-dip of venom from his inkstand."

Being informed by the attendants that this pattern has already been purchased by a city lady, the daughter of St. Catherines breaks out into exclamations of despair, saying: "I'm distracted! There's nothing else on board will suit my new head-dress, a full menagerie in best blown glass. And sold to a merchant's dame! Lud! If you had duplicate of it, I would buy the brocade and give it to my Mrs. Biddy who scours the stairs."

"The gown is at my lady Blanche's service," says a soft voice beside her, "if she will accept it as a present from her old schoolmate Irene Vannos."

"La! Is that you, little Irene?" remarks her ladyship, quite affably. "Yes, I will take the Persian brocade; it will remind me of our school days. You remember we always shared our hampers together."

And Irene does remember that Lady Blanche had in a careless way been very kind to her at school, as the aristocrat goes on laughingly, but viciously: "It will become me greatly, and with it I will crush that viper, if she dares to show her nose at Lady Southdown's, as perchance she will, for my Lady Tattleby is always begging invitations for her." Then she asks sneeringly:

"Do you remember a little toadying snake who used to be at school with us—one Susan Turnbull?"

"Yes, I recollect Susan," answers Irene. "We were great chums at Arcadia Lodge," adding rather sadly: "But she has never spoken to me since——"

"Since what?"

"Well, since—I—I didn't pull her back over the wall one spring evening." This is in a slightly embarrassed tone.

"Ah, then there must have been a gentleman in the affair," says Lady Blanche rather eagerly.

"No; two gentlemen!" Irene laughs, but blushes.

"Two *gentlemen* at Miss Prindle's school?" queries my lady; then cries out excitedly: "It must have been an elopement!"

"Well, y-e-s—but no further than the garden wall of Arcadia Lodge."

"An elopement?" exclaims Lady Blanche, with additional interest. "So the chaste Susan had a *petite* love affair at school, eh?" A moment after, she grows wondrously affable to Irene, remarking: "You know our house in Leicester Square. Come, visit me to-morrow, before I'm up and get a-going—about eleven o'clock. We will chat over old times. You must not refuse me; I shan't let you off. You've grown into such a pretty creature; and papa must be very rich to let you buy and give away such expensive stuffs."

"Oh, my father is well enough to do," answers Miss Vannos; then says unaffectedly: "Thank you; I will come," and goes away quite pleased to tell her mother that she is to visit the next day an old school friend.

For in truth the girl has been very lonely lately. Her sisters, though they demand her care, are not her companions, and what young lady in love or out of love does not delight in social intercourse with others?

Upon hearing who it is, her mother cries out: "Oh Lud! This *will* be a lift for you. You used to be a great favorite of Lady Blanche at school."

"Yes; she often said I was *very* bright for a tradesman's daughter," laughs Irene.

"But you're a tradesman's daughter no longer. Your father has retired from business. With your pretty airs and the dower that will be showered upon you, there are many gallants in gay St. James's who will be pleased to wed your loveliness and wealth. You will be able to vie with La Belle Turnbull, who I hear is now quite the *ton* in Hyde Park and the Mall. Mademoiselle Vannos, of the Mediterranean," adds her mother, who has a certain kind of worldly wit, "is a better name to conjure with in the Court end of town than plain Susan Turnbull, whose grandfather's sign on Cheapside certain of the elder beaux must still remember—Jack Turnbull, who kept a depot for Eastern silks and sold at *retail*." The last word is emphasized by a fearful sarcasm in Aleria's voice.

But to her mother's suggestion of other suitors, Irene Vannos says firmly but sadly: "How dare you talk to me of any other than he whose ring I wear and who has carried my heart away with him? If I do not wed the man of my love, I shall turn to the love of Heaven!"

This suggestion frightens her mother into silence, for Madame Vannos has sometimes wondered lately what she would do with her other children, in case her eldest daughter became a nun.

Notwithstanding this, the next morning in a handsome coach and pair Irene drives quite cheerily to the house of my lord marquis, there to be received very affably by Lady Blanche, who is still in bed, in *négligé* of laces and furbelows and pretty ribbons. Over their

chocolate, which is served to them with cakes by my lady's own waiting woman, they chat of the old times. During this conversation the aristocratic lady pumps quite deftly from blushing Irene a full account of Susan Turnbull's flirtation and attempted elopement with dashing Dick Bocock, the privateersman.

"Oh Cupid! it must have been a rarely funny galivanting!" she laughs. "The two gallants fighting like demons in the lane outside, little Susan over the wall and not able to get back, you trembling in the shrubbery of the garden, and the Misses Prindle lighting tallow dips and screaming at the sounds of combat and noise of the watch, and then—" here Lady Blanche's voice grows vindictive—"then toad Susan sneaking back to take her flaying with the birch!" Here glancing at the exquisite girl who, dressed in brocade of the latest mode, grows pale and blushes almost tremblingly at the memory of the awful Misses Prindle, my lady laughs: "Let us forget our bugaboos," and asks quite eagerly: This Dick Bocock—I suppose he is still in London?"

Miss Vannos's answer astounds her hearer. She says: "Yes; either in the hospital or the burying-ground. I read in the *Advertiser* some weeks since that this same privateering captain had been beaten to a mummy by four cutpurses on Ludgate Hill. He is probably at Mr. Guy's hospital, if alive."

"Thank you," murmurs Lady Blanche; then she goes on laughingly: "You did not mention the name of the other gentleman in the affair, you sly puss. Is he in London also?"

"No," answers Miss Vannos, blushing very red, a kind of horror coming into her fair face.

"Then we must get you a *nearer* beau," suggests her ladyship.

"Thank you ; I have one already," replies Irene very seriously. "I am engaged to be married to a young gentleman who is now in Greece—Marco Trefussis." And a look comes into the girl's eyes that my lady cannot understand, for she has seen it upon the face of no other woman—that of undying love.

So Irene goes away from this interview quite happy, my lady asking her to call again; even appointing a time, she being very anxious that Miss Vannos may prattle to her father of La Belle Turnbull's escapade. Another idea is also in her patrician brain, which formulates itself when she meets her brother, Lord St. Maurice, strolling in the Mall later in the day.

"Philip," she says, "how would'st thou like, as diversion, to give up thy gaming and other fashionable pranks and devote thyself to charity?"

"Charity—good Lud!" gasps her brother. "When I want to give money to a beggar, I take a guinea out of my purse and put it in my right-hand pocket. There's no poorer wretch than I in London."

"Therefore we must better your fortune, and it is in that interest I speak," remarks Lady Blanche, then laughs: "What do you say to taking a tour of the hospitals?"

"Gad! Do you wish to smallpox me?" growls Philip, angrily.

"No; but I want you to discover one Captain Richard Bocock, who has for some unknown reason been cudgeled nearly to death—find him and investigate his relations with that toad, Susan Turnbull, who has my Lord Dotard on the string."

"You think there is hope of throwing the Marquis of Addlepate off his scent?" jeers St. Maurice.

"That I cannot tell; but I have found a chance of it. Better look in upon St. Bartholomew's and Guy's."

"No, thank you," says her brother, "I have not been inoculated. But Jack Swagger's had the small-pox, and I will send him there."

"Will he go?"

"Swagger would do anything for a lord. Besides, he hates Miss Susan, who has spurned him by no means proper advances. You're sure we have a chance?"

"Yes," answers his sister; and tells her brother the scandal that Irene has blabbed to her as to Miss Turnbull's schoolgirl escapade.

Acting on this hint, Jack Swagger discovers Dick Bocock just able to be about, and swearing lustily what he will do with the cutpurses, if he finds them.

Pretending to be a convalescent also, Swagger, who has a ready wit, makes acquaintance with the dashing privateersman, and shortly after introduces him to Lord St. Maurice.

Over his cups, aided by a little judicious pumping, Dick Bocock recites his wrongs at the hands of the fair Susan, stuttering: "By b—boarding p—pikes! I'm happy to meet gentlemen of quality, who can put me where—hic—where I can get these f—fops who drink in honeyed words that should be mine. Just give me a chance at them, and I'll see if they will steal my beauty—beauteous wench away from honest, broken-hearted—hic—true-souled Dick Bocock, who would now be on the briny blue were it not for the love of his Sue!"

A thing St. Maurice very shortly determines to do, reasoning that this swashbuckler's gruff attentions and bullying of Miss Turnbull's gallants will probably disgust his father with his plebeian sweetheart—before it is too late.

Talking the matter over with his sister, Lady Blanche, after listening to her brother's recital of the unprovoked attack made upon the privateersman, suddenly

queries: "Doesn't that dolt Dick Bocock know who beat him to a jelly?"

"Yes; four cut-throats who came upon him unprovoked and unexpected, on Ludgate Hill."

"No four cut-throats gave that mariner his trouncing," laughs the lady, "but the pretty little hands of Mistress Susan Turnbull, who I can tell you for your own safety, Philip, is as dangerous a little viper as ever turned upon the heel that trod on it. I remember her at school; she waited like an Indian for revenge, and generally got her scalp. We must not show ourselves in the matter—simply give this bully a fighting chance. We cannot introduce him into fashionable *salons*; but somehow I will know when Mistress Susan with papa enjoys a quiet hour at Ranelagh. Only be on hand, so as not to let the affair go too far."

"Egad! It may not be a bad stroke for me to step in and protect the *pater*," laughs St. Maurice. "It will endear me to him, and he has been rather surly to me ever since I took occasion to show him where this city Cleopatra's grandfather's haberdashery shop had been located."

"After this privateering freebooter makes papa uncomfortable, I will contrive to have my lord meet Miss Irene Vannos and listen to her prattle of Mistress Turnbull's galivanting scrape; which will, I think, finish that intrigante's chances of being my Lady Marchioness!" laughs his sister. "Then perchance papa will marry as we wish."

"But if he won't?"

"A hint to you, St. Maurice. You had better wed Miss Yellowby's pounds yourself."

"'Sdeath!" screams his lordship. "No frizzled ringlets and plumbago skin for me, until I am sixty-five and mortgaged as deep as the *pater* is."

With this, the two prepare a pleasant evening for Miss Susan the next time she visits Ranelagh under the escort of the head of their house.

This comes perchance sooner than they expect. Little Susan, thinking her bully, if not dead, at least disabled, has grown careless, and very shortly gives her enemies opportunity, the affair culminating on the very night of her uncle's arrival in London.

Accompanied by my Lady Lucretia Tattleby and my Lord Marquis of St. Catherines, she had gone to Drury Lane, but finding Colonel Drew's Tartar play not greatly to their liking, St. Catherines had suggested that they drive to Ranelagh and spend an hour or two in the amphitheatre, listening to the music and taking some refreshment, before they visit Lady Embonpoint's card table, where he knows from past experience the negus is very watery and the refreshment of a Lenten order.

In careless triumph, anxious to display her captive—Lord St. Catherines' words this evening, though guarded, for the old gentleman is a wary bird, having given her much hope—Susan consents.

The summer night is delightful. Strolling through the grounds, lighted by numerous glass lamps, and bobbing proudly to one or two exclusives that she chances to meet, also forgetting to see a wandering alderman from the city and his spouse, Mistress Susan, mighty proud of her lord marquis's company and Lady Tattleby's chaperonage, trips lightly up the stairs to the arcade as haughty as a peeress in her own right. A moment after, to the music of its enormous orchestra, she takes seat in the amphitheatre, and over tea and coffee, which are furnished free to those who have paid admission, and other refreshments ordered by their host, uses her lorgnette very modishly at one or two

near-by ladies of the nobility, of which she fondly expects soon to become, herself. She also makes play with her fan quite effectively on several young gentlemen of fashion about town, among them Mr. Swagger, who has visited this place with Lord St. Maurice and Dick Bocock, several evenings in succession, knowing that some day their time will come.

“Oh Lud! If there isn’t my lady Warwickshire!” lisps Mistress Susan, returning a slight bow from this *grande dame*, who had been wont to cut her; but now guessing, as most of the fashionable world at this time guesses, that she is to become the Marchioness of St. Catherines, remembers that La Belle Turnbull has been presented to her.

But little Susan knows she has but one game to play, and that is with my lord Marquis. Therefore, after a moment of supreme content, aware that many admiring eyes are looking at her beauty and her witcheries, she turns them all upon her senile admirer and so ogles him and charms him with her bright smiles and pretty archnesses, and lisping comments upon his speech, and modest blushes when he looks too ardently upon her airs and graces, that St. Catherines mutters to himself: “Demme! I’m a giddy boy again!—a young and rash lad—and of course ready to throw away the world for love.”

So the two become boy and girl together, and play hide-and-seek with their fingers under the table, my lord giving Susan’s pretty digits a tender squeeze each time he catches them, until Lady Tattleby says: “Fie, children, fie!”

“It is my right!” whispers St. Catherines. “That is, if sweet Mistress Susan——”

But he gets no further, for suddenly there is a gentleman standing before him and blustering: “I beg

your pardon, but I allow no philandering with my slippery Sue."

"*Your* slippery Sue?" stammers his lordship.

"Aye ! promised to me these twenty months—by her own lips !"

"Demme, sir, do you know to whom you are talking ?" returns St. Catherines, rising.

"I don't care a curse to whom I talk," says Bocock. "I have been half cut in pieces for this little hussy, when I made half elopement with her at her school."

"Can this horrid thing be true ?" gasps his lordship, while Lady Tattleby gives out a little scream of agitated fear, for the appearance of the mariner is bellicose and threatening.

"Ask my wench Susan, and see !" cries Bocock.

With this my lord, as well as the surrounding throng—Dick's language having been very boisterous—turn their gaze upon a beautiful fiend, who, with sparkling eyes, says : "St. Catherines, this drunken creature is not like other drunken louts, and does *not* tell the truth."

"Not tell the truth, you saucy Jezebel ?" screams Bocock. "By this slash under my eye, that I got from your accursed Irish lover after he had frisked you over the wall, you started to elope with me from Arcadia Lodge! Have you fooled this baldpate as well as me ?"

"Baldpate ?" cries his lordship. "You drunken buffoon! I, a baldpate ?"

"As sure as rum is Dutch courage, when I knock off your wig!" Thereupon Dick Bocock, smiting my lord Marquis, his powdered periwig falls to the floor, leaving him apparently without much hair; but jabbering awful oaths.

For a minute there is a wild *mêlée*, from which the

unfortunate peer arises minus plumpers and false teeth, a wreck upon the jeering world of lights and fashion and mocking Ranelagh.

The amphitheater is now a shriek of derision that drowns the crash of the French fiddles in the orchestra, as Dick Bocock is hustled off by the watch and patrol, leaving La Belle Turnbull's chances of being my lady Marchioness as much wrecked as my lord St. Catherine's youth and beauty. For, with sunken cheeks, he is jabbering at her, and she, despite herself, though she knows it means the ruin of her fondest hopes, cannot help giggling at the pantaloon figure that he makes.

Just here his lordship is carried off by his son, St. Maurice, who chances to come up; and Miss Susan, getting to her carriage, goes home with Lady Tattleby.

But in the coach they quarrel, her ladyship calling Miss Turnbull "a low born trollop."

"Then you have had the trollop's money," cries Susan, "you old beldame!"

"Which I shall not return to you, in punishment for your having taken me in by your low arts," remarks Lady Tattleby severely.

"You won't?—when I've got your notes of hand for it—to a penny—you broken down, gambling fool! If you don't pay with interest on demand, I will have you in a debtors' jail!" answers the daughter of commerce, who has taken poor Lady Tattleby's paper for her debts.

But this will not mend Miss Turnbull's chance of being my lady St. Catherine's. Susan knows this very well, as she has come to her business meeting with Andrew Turnbull. Broken hopes are the cause of the red rings round her pretty eyes and the whimperings of her coral lips as the resolute little lady has talked accounts and balances this awful day.

## CHAPTER XVII.

“MAKE ME A PRESENT OF HER !”

So, fighting down despair, Susan goes on, all that afternoon, over daybook and ledger with Andrew Turnbull; and the more this merchant sees of her business methods, the more he realizes that this little maiden has a greater head for business than he—saving one thing: that she, with the rashness of youth, takes chances that his age would never dare.

Soon, their work being finished, he suggests: “I will go and dine at Pontack’s, and order a chop or steak sent in here to you. Then, there being something weighty on thy mind, my wench, we’ll take coach and pass the evening at Vauxhall gardens, where, in the sound of music and fizz of fireworks, you shall forget.”

“Forget !” cries Susan. “Forget that my great aspirations, my hopes that were budding—nay, that had already blossomed—for the very words were on my lord’s senile lips—have been ruined by a foul conspiracy !” for, even in her agony of wounded pride at Ranelagh, Miss Turnbull had noted the grin on the faces of Jack Swagger and St. Maurice; and thought of this puts her into a kind of tearless paroxysm, quite awful to look upon.

After a time she says: “I *will* forget! I *must* forget!—otherwise I shall go daft!” and going to her uncle, suggests: “Take me to Vauxhall; there I’ll be as merry as any country romp come up for sight of town.”

In this less fashionable place she thinks there will be little chance of meeting the quality, who may sneer at her; for Susan very well knows the Mall and Almack’s and White’s Chocolate House and all St.

James's and Leicester Squares, not to speak of Soho or Covent Garden, have been a-buzz with the story of the aspiring city wench.

In truth there is notice in the *Daily Advertiser* of the despoiling of My Lord Marquis of St C—th—ns, of youth, beauty, periwigs, short hair and false beefsqueezers, in defense of an aspiring city maid, now fashionably styled La Belle T—n—l, whose grandfather kept a haberdasher's shop on Cheapside, by one Captain Richard Bocock, erstwhile pirate, who is now in the lock-up; the account being embellished with much effusion of cheap wit and penny-a-liners' humor.

Reading this, Susan has bitten her lips and wanted to slay the editor—something which comes quite often to some of us when belabored by gentlemanly reporters of the modern press.

So, getting to Vauxhall, the girl would pass an evening of quiet misery, were she permitted that luxury. But as direst luck would have it, Lord St. Catherines, his wig replaced and plumpers and false teeth likewise in good working order, has come to pass his evening at this place of *jouissance*, thinking also he will be away from fashionable friends.

Amid the crash of the orchestra in the Grove they meet, the fifteen hundred glass lamps being altogether too bright to permit them not to see each other.

To Susan's despair and rage, my lord is escorting the saffron-skinned beauty from Barbadoes, of whose crisp ringlets he seems not over proud. But passing by, St. Catherines forgets the little lady whom he was so happy to escort yesterday, and will not look upon the pretty fingers that played hide-and-seek with his so coyly beneath the table at Ranelagh, some twenty hours before.

Here also chance my lady Blanche and Miss Irene

Vannos, with Lord St. Maurice, who has been captivated by the pure Attic beauty of the Greek maiden, lounging at her exquisite elbow.

The party look at Susan. Lady Blanche smiles placidly; St. Maurice chokes down a grin, and Irene, who rather guesses she has been made use of in the matter and regretting her careless tattle, turns away ashamed. For now she thinks: "Susan kept my secret; I should have kept hers," and wonders if Father Aloysius will consider this a venial sin at next confession.

But Miss Turnbull has a sturdy soul, and appears not to see her jeerers, seeming to take enormous interest in a painted Roman arch and some Moorish ruins in unenduring canvas that stand before her as very vile examples of scenic artists' work.

A moment after, clapping her delicate hands, she cries, simulating joy, unto her uncle: "*Ma foi*, the fireworks will be fizzing soon! and in half an hour the curtain will be removed and show a cascade of real water driving a miller's wheel that works as lifelike as if it were grinding real corn."

But at times, despite herself, Susan cannot help turning her head, attracted by the exquisite loveliness of her erstwhile schoolmate.

For Irene Vannos is a picture of beauty this evening. She is dressed in some light silver tissue that floats about and outlines the graces of her form. She having taken the girlish privilege of not disfiguring her charming head with modish built-up *coiffure*, her brown curls, unspoiled by powder, and tied up by simple ribbon à l'*Italienne*, float about her white forehead and dazzling eyes, that this night have joy—ay, even passion—in them, because upon her snowy breast, beneath the laces of her corsage, she bears a letter that

has come to her, after months of wandering upon stormy seas, from the man she loves.

Her fair lips, remembering Trefussis's last kiss, tremble with a tempting beauty, as she thinks of the hero that she worships—too much for young Lord Philip's complacency. Though she answers his fine speeches in nonchalant vivacity, her laugh ringing sweet as Easter chimes, and her pretty hands moving in graceful gestures; *her* Marco's letter having set her soul on fire.

Noting the supreme loveliness of the girl, and her abundant happiness and joy, Mistress Susan's lips quiver, tears coming into her eyes, partly of rage, partly of sorrow, as she thinks bitterly: "Irene's girlish escapade has given to her no punishment and downfall like mine has brought to me."

Miss Turnbull would, however, give no sign of discomfiture, were it not that my lady Blanche, womanlike, cannot help having a fling at a parting dog, although he is snarling and has sharp teeth. Strolling over, and looking at the city maid through her lorgnette, this *grande dame* says: "Mistress Susan, there is an old school friend of yours at our table. You must remember Irene Vannos. She is an artless maid who has been prattling to papa of your wild, school-girl, over-the-wall galivanting. Won't you stroll to us? We all wish to drink gallant Dick Bocock's health, and wish so sturdy a wooer should have luck at last! Papa said so himself this very day. You won't come? Irene will be disappointed. You used to be Darby and Joan at Misses Prindles'

"La!" replies Susan, summoning up a mighty pride. "At school, you know, Lady Blanche, we sometimes make strange friendships. But nieces of bankers do not associate with merchants' brats—though some-

times ladies of quality do. Present my regards to your dear papa, and say I hope my Lord Marquis's wig arrived safely after him at Leicester Square, and that his plumpers were not too much damaged by Jack Swagger, whose big feet danced upon them in the *mêlée*. Also present my compliments on the wedding-day, when my lord marries that nigger-wench with three hundred thousand pounds—made most of it in buying and selling her papa, mamma, uncles and aunts, second cousins and all the rest of her Hottentot tribe."

"Thanks. I'll carry your message to Miss Yellowby with pleasure," laughs my lady. "And have you no message for sweet Irene, who told papa the pretty story that made him laugh his eyes out all the afternoon?"

"Oh Lud!" cries Susan, with a sudden snicker. "Has my Lord Marquis *false* eyes as well as manufactured teeth? Tell him they are inserted so beautifully that one would never guess that they were glass. As for Miss Irene Vannos,"—here the girl's voice grows low and bitter—"tell her I may some day speak to her on this matter—but not yet!"

So, going home in the coach with her uncle to their house on Lombard street, for Susan has already had her effects removed from Lady Tattleby's, and furthermore, has put that lady's notes of hand into her lawyer's charge for collecting with interest, Andrew Turnbull says to her: "That beautiful girl accompanying the fine lady with whom you passed such compliments this evening was Irene Vannos?"

"Yes—hang her chattering tongue!" snarls Susan.

"Why, I saw her dance at school with you. I thought her face was familiar. And she has grown strangely lovely. The daughter of Alceste Vannos, the Modon merchant?" remarks Turnbull, a strange tone in his voice.

"Yes," answers Susan. Then she says wistfully: "How I would like to get him into our colonization scheme!" but adds hopelessly: "There's as much chance of that as being elected King of Poland!"

"No chance of him!" cries her uncle. "Od rot it, wench, *I've got him!*"

"O God!" This is a sigh of longing hope. Then Susan trembles as she falters: "His—his name was not upon the list."

"No; I forgot to put Vannos down."

"Is he indentured?"

"Certainly!" And Andrew tells the story of Alceste's escape from Ballyho Bey into his clutches on the ship."

To this the girl listens with eager, gleaming eyes, and once or twice her fingers clench themselves as if grasping something very precious. "We must have letters from him to bring his family out to our plantations," she gasps.

"Trust your old uncle for that. I have the documents safe in my very pocket."

"O Heaven, I thank thee!" cries Susan. Then she whispers suddenly: "In Florida that haughty, jeering beauty would be as much our slave as if imported direct from Africa."

"Quite right!" chuckles Andrew.

"Then you must give her to me as my own personal property! And to make sure of that," she goes on, a strange and horrifying eagerness in her voice, "make present to me of her father's indenture papers."

"Humph! That would give you the whole family—father and mother and daughters also. You're a whole-sale wench," laughs Turnbull. "Why do you want Miss Irene Vannos so greatly?"

"For my *vengeance!*" whispers his niece in such a

tone she frightens him. Then Susan continues in quite a business voice: "Uncle, I have made no requests of you in all this matter; but this thing I must have! I will pay you one hundred pounds for Vannos's indenture papers signed over to me personally."

"And the mighty property we get with him?" dissents Turnbull.

"That we will halve. This Vannos matter shall be *our* private speculation. Trust me to get every penny from our slaves. Trust your little Susan," and she puts her arms round his neck, and is very fascinating and arch, laughing: "I will have it; I *must* have it! Fie, fie, you shan't deny me!" then cries in savage tones, "*I'll have it*, FOR TO ME IT WILL BE THE JOY OF LIFE!"

Finally, under her entreaties, demands, and even threats, she gets her will; for there is something in the girl's face that half frightens Andrew Turnbull.

Coming home, this very night she will not rest until Vannos's indenture papers are signed over to her and she has the Greek merchant's letter to his family, also the note of Alida Zalemo to her friend Madame Vannos.

With these in her hands, in the privacy of her own chamber, half this night Susan goes striding about like tigress impatient for her prey, looking at the documents with gloating eyes and muttering: "These are my chains for you, Irene Vannos! Once you stood between me and a love I would have gratified; to-day you stepped twixt me and a title that was in my hand! Now who will stand between me, Susan Turnbull, the mistress, and Irene Vannos, the slave, on my Florida plantation of New Smyrna? Who! Not the law—not man—not even God, whom I do thank for all His great mercies unto me!" And she falls down upon her knees and

goes to kissing the papers and fondling them to her bosom, as if they were the passports to heaven.

But little Susan believes that the Lord helps those who help themselves, and the next morning she is up and doing, not only to set her trap, but to make her bait and lure as sugary as possible.

Her private conversation with her uncle is something to this effect:

"When do you go to New Smyrna?"

"As soon as possible."

"Then I go with you. Let us charter some fast-sailing schooner. We have lots of goods to ship—much more than the *Susan and Mary* can carry. Thus we can arrive in time to prepare for the coming of our guests," she sneers, "after I have made proper arrangements here for their certain departure."

"What do you mean?" asks Turnbull, eagerly.

"I mean this: I now go down and see the captain of the vessel that is half named after me, and instruct him to let Madame Vannos and her family, when they come to take passage, have his best cabins at very reasonable rates, and furthermore, to engage a stewardess so that the vessel will look as if in the regular passenger trade. I shall have private word with this stewardess, who will come out in my pay, to make their voyage as pleasant as possible to the Vannos ladies, whispering even in the woman's ear that on her charge's safe arrival at New Smyrna she shall receive five pounds a head from me.

"In case the vessel should be compelled to put into other port, this shall be my charge to Captain Jones, even if he has to exert his authority as skipper, not to permit Madame Vannos or her daughters to go on shore on any pretext or account; but as he values my favor and his berth as master, to give no hint of his

private instructions to Aleria or her brood. For further surety, I think it would be well if you sent sealed instructions on this vessel to your superintendent, Johnson, at New Smyrna, in case, by any accident, they arrive before us."

"Under these conditions," remarks Andrew, "Madame Vannos and her family are as much your slaves, the minute they board the *Susan and Mary* and she sets sail, as if they were landed in New Smyrna."

"Precisely! Now I go to make my arrangements," remarks Miss Susan eagerly.

So, taking coach, she drives below London Bridge, and at her dock she boards the *Susan and Mary*—a barque-rigged vessel of some four hundred tons, though very light of draft, which permits her to enter the somewhat shallow waters of the Mosquito River or Inlet, now known as Hillsborough, upon which water Mr. Turnbull's plantations are located.

Doing her errand with Captain Jones, and engaging at his suggestion for stewardess a mulatto woman, one Sulky Catto, who has been accustomed to the West India trade, Miss Susan, coming back from this, suggests that her uncle walk to Mincing Lane and deliver the letters in person to Madame Aleria, charging him not to mention her in any way in the transaction and to answer all questions quite frankly to the Greek lady. "For," she adds, "Alceste Vannos wrote his letter *before* he suspected. The poor fool thought he was to join you as part proprietor on payment of certain moneys."

At her prompting, Andrew Turnbull takes his way to Madame Vannos, and, delivering the letter from her husband, also that of her girlhood friend, Alida Zalemo, finds he has an easy task to persuade that lady to take the trip to join Alceste in the Western World. Aleria

is anxious to see her husband. Without him London seems slow, and she ascribes it to the horrid climate.

"I think a change of air will do me good," she says, "especially in that sunny land. This will be quite a little jaunt for us all. You are going too, my husband writes, and if this indigo business should turn out well, perhaps he will join you in the speculation."

"He doubtless *will*!" says Turnbull confidently, despite himself a sneering smile running over his bluff and honest countenance. "In regard to your berths and cabins on my vessel, perhaps I had better give you a note to the captain," and sits down and does so.

"I thank you very much for your kindness," prattles Madame Vannos as Andrew writes. "I hope the *Susan and Mary* is large and has commodious cabins. We may take a maid or two. When does the vessel sail?"

"Next week, on Thursday."

"*Pardie!* I shall never have time to get my wardrobe ready!" cries Aleria. "You said summer frocks. My gowns will cut quite a figure on your principal promenade at New Smyrna. I shall be *la mode* there, as on Bond Street."

"No doubt of that!" answers Turnbull gallantly, "and we hope your daughters will also join our fashionable coterie."

"Oh, I could not leave one of my darlings. Your niece sails also, my husband's letter states."

"She was to," mumbles the merchant, rising, "but at present she is not well."

"Won't you stay longer and let me show you my little children? The two youngest are in the nursery."

But Turnbull, who is a wise man in his way, thinks it is safer for him to depart, lest some chance word may be the undoing of his fair niece's precious scheme.

Coming from this, he gives such reports to Miss Susan that the girl goes singing through the house, as merry as a robin in sight of worm.

As luck will have it, she is aided by the young lady she has marked for her victim. Upon her mother's first statement of Florida plan, Irene, thinking of the additional distance and wild waste of waters this will place between her and the man she loves, has answered determinedly "I shall not go!"

"You must!" cries Madame Vannos. "How can I travel without you to take care of your sisters?"

And looking at her mother, Irene knows that she must go.

Suddenly comes to her a great hope. Her father's letter, written in a hurry on shipboard, and mostly pertaining to his business affairs, in which, with Greek circumspection, he charges them to place his property in the Bank of England, subject to withdrawal only on an order bearing *two* signatures—his own and his wife's—has made mention of Marco Trefussis coming to Turnbull's vessel with him, but not of that young man's leaving him to join the Greek patriots. Over and over in her mind the girl turns the thought: "Has the man I love gone with my father to Florida? He might have, if the chances of a Greek uprising seemed to him remote."

Alceste's letter states it will probably be delivered to a passing ship; under these circumstances there is a possibility the man she loves may be with her father in the Western World. A wild hope flies into her brain.

Mr. Turnbull will know!

Therefore one morning, sitting in his counting-room and busy over preparations for coming departure, the English merchant is somewhat astonished, and for a moment dismayed, by having the card of Miss Irene

Vannos brought in to him, with the request for a moment's conversation.

Hurriedly he passes this under the eye of his niece, who is sitting with him. She glances at it, and the paleness of dismay comes into her face.

But Susan's wicked mind is one of quick resolve. She whispers to her uncle: "Tell them to show her here in five minutes," and the clerk having gone away she says: "This is perhaps the crisis of the affair."

"You think she suspects?" asks Andrew.

"I cannot tell," falters Susan; then suddenly whispers: "Let me get a look at her face," and going cautiously to another door of the counting-room, opens it a very little, and looking out, sees Irene, a dream of beauty, her eyes lighted by an expectancy—a hope.

Coming lightly back to Turnbull, she murmurs: "Miss Vannos has a favor to ask you, or something of that kind."

"How do you know?"

"Her face is a speaking one. I read it very well; for years we were chums at school. Answer her 'Yes'!" whispers Susan, and so goes away.

A moment after, Irene, very prettily gowned and exquisitely booted and gloved, with a blush upon her cheeks and two very bright eyes, that have sadness in them at one second and hope in them the next, is shown in to Turnbull. Her beauty is so great, her face so lovely, her manner so charming, that Andrew, as he rises to meet her and offers her a chair, would perhaps repent, had he not gone too far in the matter and did he not know Susan is inexorable.

"You have called—?" he remarks suavely.

"To ask you one or two questions about the Florida voyage."

"Ah, as to the ship?"

"Partly," says the young lady, telling a fib. "We have seen the cabins; they are satisfactory. But papa's letter is somewhat indefinite."

"Indefinite, how?"

"Well, as to his plans in the Western World, and an answer to this may give me a solution. His letter states that he was accompanied to your vessel by a young Greek gentleman, Marco Trefussis, who acted in London as his clerk. If that gentleman accompanied him to Florida, papa had serious intention of remaining there for some time. Did Mr. Trefussis sail with him? You may not remember his name in the crowd of passengers—papa states there are a large number of our friends on board—but perhaps you may recognize him by description." And she goes on hurriedly, anxiously: "He is tall, with dark eyes, dark moustache. He looked like—well, like a Greek god," laughs the young lady, blushing and looking down at the toe of her little boot.

"Oh, by George, I remember him now!" says Andrew suddenly, and cunningly adds: "He was very handsome."

"His description precisely!" cries Miss Vannos excitedly. "Thank you very much, dear Mr. Turnbull."

"You are coming?"

"Coming!" and her face lights up. "Coming—as quick as vessel will carry us."

At the door she pauses and returns, a wistful look in her face, and inquires: "At New Smyrna shall I have the consolations of the Holy Roman Church?"

"You—you are a Catholic?" asks Andrew.

"Yes."

"Oh, there are a goodly number of priests in Florida," answers the merchant. "The colony was lately

under Spain; there is a convent at St. Augustine."

"Thank you!" says the girl, gratefully. "You have made me very happy."

And Irene Vannos trips out from the merchant's sight, such a picture of girlish joy and radiant hope that Turnbull mutters to himself: "Will God ever forgive me? And I go to church each Sunday!" And perchance would follow her and repent him of the awful thing he is doing.

But a light, delicate, though firm, hand is placed upon his arm, and Susan, her eyes on fire with an unholy joy, whispers in his ear: "I HAVE HER!"

"You're sure?"

"Yes; I listened through the door. Marco Trefussis is the man she loves. Her passion for him will take her to New Smyrna. She is mine—all mine!"

"And the Catholic priest she asked about so earnestly?"

"To marry her to this Trefussis, my dear uncle—but I will mate her to my vengeance!" mutters Susan, and cries: "To Florida—quick!"

So Miss Irene Vannos makes all the arrangements for her family, her mother now tossing everything on her fair shoulders. Vannos's affairs are put in proper shape by a faithful old head-clerk, there not being much to do in a business way, save to dispose of the shipments of goods that have been received from Modon. His money and valuables and bonds are placed in the Bank of England, subject, as he directed, to *two* signatures, his own and his wife's, and Irene goes shopping with all her might, buying for her mother, her sisters, and herself all manner of pretty tropic articles and summery gowns; for she also wants to look well in the Western World—well in the eyes of the man she loves.

So it is Westward, ho ! with every one ; Miss Turnbull being very eager for Florida land and indigo speculation, as well as dealings in the human race. The marriage of Lord St. Catherines to Miss Yellowby of Barbadoes is now publicly announced, and with it to little Susan comes a wish to get away from jeering comment and lorgnettes that inspect her too sarcastically when they meet her on the street. Furthermore, she has been cut by all the Court-end crowd, and this has caused the chastened maid to snarl: "By Cræsus! I'll lord it over all of your grinnings yet ! Why shouldn't *I* make three hundred thousand pounds ? If I come back blue as indigo from our plantations at New Smyrna, with three hundred thousand yellow guineas, some bankrupt duke may make me *Her Grace*, and I'll go in to dinner before my Lady Marchioness of saffron skin ! "

Being now sure of her victims, she and Turnbull board his schooner, the *Sea Gull*, a Baltimore clipper that is fleet enough to be either privateer or pirate, and set sail for Florida, to await their coming guests.

And Madame Aleria Vannos, having taken all the best cabins on the *Susan and Mary*, coming on board the slower ship with her three pretty daughters, also many trunks and boxes and extra delicacies and wines for use on the voyage, they are borne down the Thames by wind and tide, to Miss Turnbull's mercy, in a Western wilderness.

## BOOK IV.

### PRINCESS SUSAN.

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#### CHAPTER XVIII.

##### THE PROMISED LAND.

SOME three months after this, Madame Aleria Vannos and her beautiful children, arrayed for landing, stand upon the white deck of the *Susan and Mary*, the blue Atlantic in gentle ripples laving the good ship's sides; before them a scene only to be looked upon within the tropics.

The sea-sand on the outer beach of Florida is gleaming like gold under the rising sun. The estuary called Mosquito Inlet is opening before the vessel, blue, soft, and tranquil. Looking down into its transparent waters, the ladies utter exclamations of delight, for the denizens of this famous fishing-ground, mullet and whiting and pompano and barracouta, are darting about rapidly, dodging pursuing sharks and dolphins through its placid tide.

The scene is to them as if they were in a gigantic aquarium, fringed with golden sand and decked with living green.

Already the stout ship, conned by a negro fisherman who has just clambered up from his canoe to be their pilot, is leaving the ocean and making her way over blue waters betwixt two sandpits. But these

both grow picturesque as she proceeds. To their right they see a bright green hill, surrounded by smaller sand dunes. To their left the beach forms itself into cliffs of no great height, for the altitudes of this scene are always moderate, though picturesque.

The vessel, under a soft Atlantic breeze, having the tide with her, glides gracefully on. Soon the jibs are hauled down, the white sails furled, and the anchor splashes near a little wharf that runs out into the blue waters for convenient landing. Then Captain Jones cries cheerily: "New Smyrna!" and remarks to Madame Vannos, who has somewhat impressed him, notwithstanding Miss Turnbull's instructions, by the delicacies and rich wines she has provided for the voyage, and the magnificent gowns she has displayed on his quarter-deck: "Here you are, safe from Davy Jones's locker."

"And very glad to get on land at last," laughs Aleria, who, though the voyage has been a tranquil one, soft breezes having accompanied them ever since they passed the Bay of Biscay, is eager to see her husband.

So the day seems very happy to Madame Vannos and her daughters as they look over the blue waters soft and tranquil, and beyond them see the Promised Land, where papa awaits their coming with anxious love.

But to Miss Irene, as she stands in exquisite summer toilet, arrayed, she thinks, for the man she loves, it is like a morning in heaven; the scene looking to her eager eyes like a garden of the gods.

The ship floats upon transparent water. Some cables' length from her is one other craft, a low, black schooner with graceful raking masts—under whose stern awning can be seen two or three dark-eyed, swarthy-complexioned gentlemen, in white linens and

nankeens with broad straw hats, lounging about her decks and smoking dreamily.

To their left, protecting the vessels from the soft waves of the Atlantic, is the outer beach, dominated by some small sand-cliffs that run to dunes, and finally, toward the south, into a narrow beach washed on one side by the surf of the ocean, upon the other laved by the rippling waters of Mosquito Inlet.

To their right is the main coast of Florida, fringed with white sand; beyond that, rising very gradually, hummocks covered with a green scrub, dotted here and there with islands of cabbage palm and evergreen pines. These roll back to prairies and savannahs covered with palmetto, live oaks and the wild vines of pea and grape and muscadine, till they reach, far beyond her view, the distant cypress swamps and lakes of the St. Johns, which flows with sluggish current some twenty miles inland. The whole a sea of living, vivid green—the green of the tropics—broken here and there by the gorgeous hues of flowering shrubs and colored blossoms that grow on climbing tendrils almost throughout the year in this favored and fruitful land.

An earthly heaven, with but one blot upon it—*man*! For nature has made this fair wilderness a paradise, AND HUMAN GREED HAS MADE THIS PARADISE A HELL!

But not knowing what she looks upon, Irene is talking joyously about it, saying excitedly: "Mamma, this can't be the main town." For all that is visible to her eyes of man's handiwork is a little wharf with a sandy road running down to it, and in a few scattered spots further inland the thatched palmetto roofs of some low cottages or sheds; the plantation of New Smyrna, with its toiling slaves and awful stench of decaying roots and vegetable matter from its indigo factories, being some mile or two back from the water.

Suddenly little Clyte gives a cry as the vessel swings to her anchor, and points to her right, where at some slight distance, surrounded by trees of wild orange even now in bloom, and flowering shrubs and growing plants and pretty, well-kept gardens, stands a low, rambling, extensive two-story cottage, made of wood, but neatly painted, and apparently the home of comfort, even luxury. It has wide verandas, in the shade of which hammocks swing, and they can see reclining chairs upon its portico.

Then Georgia, who is holding a spy-glass, ejaculates: "Look! There's a lady all in white, gazing eagerly toward us and waving her hands in welcome!"

"Why, that must be my old friend, Alida Zalemo!" says Madame Vannos.

"It is the finest house in view, mamma," remarks Irene, "though they are erecting a stone mansion upon that mound, a little further inland."

"Perhaps your father is building it for us," replies her mother.

But suddenly Miss Vannos, whose eyes are very busy, cries: "Some men upon the dock are launching a boat," and there is a little gasp: "Papa and Marco!"

"Ah, papa in that boat?" laughs little Clyte. "I hope his pockets are fully of Everton toffy. Besides, there must be cocoanuts and bananas!" And she claps her hands and dances on the deck and leans over the bulwark and waves her handkerchief toward the coming barge.

"Be careful," murmurs Irene, putting her arm round her eager little sister, and looking like a goddess of hope.

For her eyes are now filled with the light of supreme joy. In that boat not only her father is coming, but the man she loves—the man from whom she has been sepa-

rated for months that seem years—the man she has journeyed so far across this weary sea to meet. His lips will soon be upon her lips; his heart will soon beat against her heart; and she makes a picture of ecstatic pleasure.

But Georgia, putting down the telescope, suddenly remarks: "There's no one in it that I recognize. Papa can't know of our arrival."

"Marco?" says Irene, eagerly.

"He isn't there, either."

So Miss Beauty stands pouting, tapping the deck with agitated foot, as the boat makes first for the schooner.

Over the soft waters float to their ears these distant words: "Ahoy, on board!"

"*Buenos dias, Señor.*"

"Is that you, Don Sancho? The Madame's compliments, and if you will call this evening you can sail to-night."

"*Muy bueno; gracias, Señor Johnson.* At dusk I will make my bow. *Adios, Señor.*"

Then the boat turns and makes toward the *Susan and Mary*.

A few minutes after, Irene and her mother and sisters are gazing over the bulwarks into a four-oared barge, pulled by negro boatmen. A mulatto boy is steering it. Beside him, under a stern awning, smoking a big cigar, sits a man who is dressed in light yellow nankeens, though he wears high boots of soft tanned leather, also a broad hat of Panama straw, being rather a tropical dandy in his way.

This gentleman calls out: "I've come for Madame Vannos and her daughters."

"Ah, you are from papa," cries little Clyte, clapping her hands.

"Yes, look alive!" answers the man, who is tall, wiry, and broad-shouldered, with a skin tanned by long residence in the tropics, and short sandy moustache. He has sharp piercing eyes, thin, bloodless, unsympathetic lips, and speaks always as if he meant it—a habit he has got into "bossing" niggers in Barbados and Jamaica, where the very mention of "*Busha*\*" Johnson made darkies quiver till the white ivory in their gums rattled. At present he is known as Mr. Timothy Johnson, and is the general superintendent of Turnbull's plantations, New Smyrna, Florida. For little Susan has given this matter which is close to her heart into the discreet and certain hands of her head official, she being reigning princess here during the absence of her uncle at St. Augustine.

"Why is not Mr. Vannos with you?" sternly inquires Madame Aleria, who doesn't think this gentleman's rather curt address is sufficiently respectful.

"Oh, Mr. Vannos is detained by some particular business inland. He had a pressing personal appointment with Bill Bull, one of my under drivers, at Vat No. 22, that could not be postponed," laughs Johnson, who doesn't mind a little merriment when the joke is all upon his side. "Just wait a minute; I'll come on board myself," he cries. "I have a note for the stewardess."

A rope ladder being thrown over, he climbs rapidly up the side.

As he reaches the deck, Miss Vannos coming to him says eagerly: "Where is Mr. Marco Trefussis?"

"Marco Trefussis?"

"Yes. Mr. Marco Trefussis, a Greek gentleman. He is with my father."

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\* *Busha* was the common title negroes gave overseers in Jamaica in slavery days.—Ed.

"He may be," says Johnson cheerily "There are several other Greek gentlemen with your father at Vat No. 22. But look alive, will you! I can't keep my boat waiting here!" he adds brusquely, then turning to the skipper asks: "Where is your stewardess, Captain Jones?"

This abigail of the ocean coming on deck, the superintendent hands to her a letter. This woman, who is a strong, athletic mulatto, by name Sulky Catto, has had a good deal of rough work in the West Indies, having acted for several years as the matron of Madame Cockatoo's laundry at Port Royal, where she had under her thirty slave-girls, doing up the linen of the British navy. Apparently expecting this communication, she opens and reads it, and the two converse apart in low tones and short sentences.

"Which one is Irene?" says Mr. Johnson, puffing his cigar contemplatively

"The girl—look now!—lifting her hoop as she steps over that coil of rope; the one who is patting the deck so sharply with her white shoes."

For Miss Vannos has turned away, with tears of disappointment in her eyes, that the man she loves is not here, ardent and eager to welcome her to the new land.

"By monkeys!" mutters the superintendent, looking at the charming picture. "She's a pretty jade for Mistress Turnbull to lick into the traces!—rigged up as grand as a governor's lady! The other three, you understand, this note instructs you to take charge of up at the barracoon. Lock 'em up quick, and let 'em talk to no one."

"I understand," answers the woman, who has considerable intelligence and education for her class. Then she gasps: "Lord-a-massy! who'd 'a guessed

dese high-flyers are slaves to Mistress Turnbull!"

"Certainly!" says Johnson. "You'll attend to her orders?"

"Of course," answers Sulky, determined, "an' I'll do 'em jest as if dey was black Congo wenches." Then she lifts up her voice and cries down the hatchway: "Here, you Sophy! Get yo' tings ready to go on shore!"

"Yes, ma'am," replies a rather pretty Greek woman of about twenty five, putting her head nervously through the hatchway.

"Look alive!" says Mrs. Catto sharply, "or I'll come down dare and hurry yo' up."

"Oh, that's the other one," remarks Johnson.

"Yes," answers Sulky. "She's de wife of one of yo' Greeks out here, called Elmo."

"Oh, I've got her down," returns the superintendent. Turnbull told me this woman came from Greece to England after her husband left, and wanted to join him."

"Well, I didn't have no instructions to use her delicate," whispers Mrs. Catto, "so I made her work her passage out: and precious bad she's done it—sea-sick half de time. So I've promised myself to gib her a good dressing down soon as we get on shore. Cap'n Jones objected to it on board ship; he said it would make too much noise."

"Well, we don't mind a little squalling round our premises, and you'll find everything convenient for you up at the women's barracoon," laughs Johnson. Then he continues savagely: "Great gosh! Are these women never going to get ready? Cuss it! if I didn't have instructions, I'd hurry 'em."

For Madame Vannos has been holding discussion with Captain Jones, protesting she cannot go on shore until her boxes are hoisted from the hold.

"You'd better not wait for that," remarks the skipper. "I'll have a chair slung and drop you into the boat."

"Yes, move quick! ' cries Timothy, coming forward. "I want everything feminine on board this craft, even the stewardess. So heave ahead!"

But though a chair is discreetly rigged, Madame Vannos says she prefers to wait on the ship until her husband comes for her.

"You'd better come on shore at once," suggests the superintendent, apparently with difficulty keeping his words respectful. "Hang it! I can't send this boat out here half a dozen times."

"My husband will escort me to land in his own private barge."

"At this Johnson with great effort restrains a hideous guffaw, and would probably use stronger language and perhaps sterner methods, did not Irene, who has been compelled throughout the voyage to virtually take charge of the party, say suddenly: "Mother, perhaps it is best that you and Georgia and Clyte remain here. I'll go on shore and find papa; then we will know exactly what arrangements to make and where to take you."

"That's the one I want most, anyway," whispers Johnson to Mrs. Catto. "You come along with me and bring your wench, then you can return after these fine ladies. We'll get them all right in an hour or two." With this he steps to Irene and says: "Quite right, young lady. I'll get you ashore in a jiffy."

"You're sure you can take me to where papa and Mr. Trefussis are?"

"Straight as the crow flies. I can locate them to the side of an indigo vat."

"Very well; just let me run down to the cabin and

put on proper boots for a country excursion, and I'll be with you in a few minutes." The young lady, with excited expectation in her face, disappears.

Soon after, the Greek woman, coming on deck carrying her bundles, is rather unceremoniously put over into the boat.

A moment later, the vessel's freeboard not being very high, Irene, in all the beauty of a tropical *toilette* with fashionable hoops, white silk stockings, and pretty little black boots, is slung down into the boat, which is a commodious one, being Mr. Turnbull's own barge. Johnson and Sulky quickly follow.

As they leave the side of the ship, Madame Aleria calls after them: "Don't fail, Irene, to give my love to Alida Zalemo and her daughters;" then turning, complains to the captain: "Are you *never* going to get my boxes out of the hold?"

Under the stalwart strokes of the negro oarsmen, the boat drives round a point, and from the main estuary enters a salt-water creek, fringed on the hummock side with palmetto trees mixed with rough country scrub and vines, creeping plants and flowers in bloom; on the other, bordered by flats and salt marsh. Running up this some quarter of a mile, both sides become hummock, as they make a little wooden landing place, apparently used for only light craft.

From this a rough board walk, in length perhaps a couple of hundred feet, leads up to a little higher ground upon which can be seen some timber buildings of a single story, thatched with palmetto and surrounded by a high stockade of rough pine posts.

During this boat journey, Mr. Johnson, though he has looked once or twice at Irene in a somewhat free and easy way, has not spoken to her, most of his time being devoted to explanations in an undertone to Mrs. Catto.

As for Miss Vannos, her wistful eyes have glanced ahead of her. She thinks they are directed toward the man she loves. Suddenly, as they near the landing, she turns to the superintendent and asks: "You're sure Mr. Trefussis is with my father?"

"Oh, certainly. What are you so anxious about him for?"

"He—he is the gentleman to whom I am engaged to be married," answers the girl a little bashfully, looking blissfully at a circlet that glistens on her finger.

For one instant this manager of human flesh has pity in his face, and turns away his eyes. The next, however, filled with the idea that it is simply business, the negroes having run the boat alongside the landing, he steps from it and extends his hand carelessly to Irene, saying shortly: "Jump out at once!"

And she rising, somewhat astounded at the command in his speech, in all the beauty of spotless summer toilet, stands with one little foot placed on the gunwale of the boat, making as pretty a picture as man perchance has ever looked upon. Her brown curls are flying in the breeze. Her eyes are bright with the hope of seeing her dear father, brighter with the expectant joy of greeting the man of her love. Her exquisite figure, above the waist, is outlined with lightest muslin of fairy Ceylon web; below her belt, this gossamer is draped up in puffs and folds over a petticoat of soft white satin. For purposes of locomotion she has drawn aside with one hand her hoop, showing two ankles of fairy mould. With the other she holds a big white glistening satin parasol, that seems to embarrass her movements as she waves it uncertainly about. Upon her lovely head rest the last rays of the sunshine of freedom.

"Quick!—give me your parasol, and leap!" orders Johnson.

And Irene, perched on the gunwale of the boat, makes laughing jump, and springs with both her pretty feet into a slavery as absolute and as cruelly enforced as if she had been an imported negro wench from the Gold Coast and sold in the slave marts of Havannah or New Orleans, or any other place where human flesh and blood were made the subject of man's barter—and human souls as well.

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## CHAPTER XIX.

### INDIGO VAT NO. 22.

A MOMENT after Mrs. Catto and her Greek subject stand upon the landing-place beside Irene.

"Come on!" says the superintendent sharply, and leads the way briskly up the board-walk with Miss Vannos by his side. Sulky, the ex-stewardess, who has been engaged by Mistress Susan as matron to take charge of the female slaves in which she is now trafficking,\* follows with the Greek lady, to whom she is apparently speaking threateningly.

This woman, Sophia Elmo, is neatly dressed and rather pretty, having a fresh face and blue eyes, though these have now apprehension in them. She is really a lady of considerable education, her husband having been a vine-grower in the Peloponnesus who had been lured to the Western World by Turnbull's promises the year before, she at that time be-

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\* "But be it known that many children of these unfortunate parents were fair and beautiful, which valuable charms certainly excited the cupidity of the tyrant, who betook himself to selling them for purposes most infamous. \* \* \* Scores of these female children were sold by the tyrant."—*Our World. State Papers.*—ED.

ing in France on some errand about the sale of his wine. On his departure from Greece her husband had written to her, directing where she should join him, and she unknowing his bondage, has taken this opportunity of journeying to him.

To Mrs. Catto's rating, poor Sophie answers quite respectfully; though Irene, had she thoughts of anything but her father and Marco Trefussis, might have heard her say: "Madame, you—you cannot mean it! I entreat, I beg you will not do this cruel thing to me."

"You just see if I won't—*good!*" answers Sulky, savagely.

By this time they are in front of a one-story building. This is connected on either side with a pine timber stockade that incloses other structures, one or two of which are of some extent, though very rude, being simply wooden huts thatched with palmetto.

In front of this, upon a dusty road which apparently comes from further inland, stands a two-wheeled Jamaica chaise with one horse, driven by a sleepy negro boy who calls out: "Massa Johnson, de Missus say to hurry up."

"All right!" answers the superintendent. Then he says to Irene: "Just step into this carriage, and in half a minute I'll drive you where you want to go." With this, turning to Sophie, he orders: "In here, quick!" and leads the way apparently into his private office, followed by Mrs. Catto and her charge; while Miss Vannos, gathering up her dainty skirts to keep them from the dust, and acting upon his suggestion, sits impatiently awaiting him, but abstractedly noting, through a door opening apparently to another room, that some rough-looking men are seated at a plain deal table engaged in shaking dice, with a bottle labeled "Old Jamaica" in front of them.

Suddenly the Greek lady comes hurriedly out of the house and stepping to the chaise whispers in a voice agitated: "Miss Vannos, I—I implore your protection. My husband, they say, is indentured here, and they declare that that makes me a bond-slave also."

"I—I hardly know what I can do in the matter," says Irene, astonished.

"But—but," falters poor Sophie, "I—I am threatened with cruel punishment. Mrs. Catto is even now preparing to—to flog me. Help me—aid me!" : "Of course I will!" cries the girl, indignation in her eyes. "Have no fear. My father, who is a friend of Mr. Turnbull, probably now owns half of this plantation." Then Mr. Johnson making his appearance at the door, she says to him sharply: "You will charge Sulky not to lay hands upon this lady. I, Irene Vannos, command it!"

"Quite right!" answers Johnson, with a guffaw. "I'll tell Mrs. Catto."

And her protectress whispering re-assuring words to Sophie, remarks: "You may go back now without fear."

A moment after, the superintendent, who is a wag in his way, coming out laughs to her: "I delivered your message to Sulky, and she begs you will not have her discharged. Now, with your permission, I'll take you to a lady friend of yours, who is awaiting you very impatiently in yonder cottage." Then he cries to the boy in the chaise: "Jump out, Sambo!" and steps in beside her.

"A lady?" says Irene. "You must mean Madame Alida Zalemo, my mother's friend."

"Well, she asked for *you* very particularly. Besides, she will direct you where to see your father."

Without further comment, he chirps to the horse,

which goes into a brisk gait, taking the victim along the dusty road nearer to the loving arms that are awaiting her.

Soon they enter a shell drive that runs through wild orange trees, whose blossoms make the air such a perfume that Miss Vannos utters an exclamation of delight. Then taking a winding path, they arrive at the rear entrance of the pretty cottage, which seems of large extent and built with a good deal of taste, Mr. Turnbull having shipped materials from the more northern colonies for the hasty construction of this house, until he gets his new building of stone, which he now proudly calls his "castle,"\* completed.

Here Mr. Johnson astonishes his charge by saying sharply: "Step out quick, you loitering wench!" And she, indignant, but complying, stands gazing at two stout negro girls and a Greek maiden who are apparently awaiting her.

"I recognize you by papa's description. You are Miss Chloris Zalemo," says Irene to the Greek girl, shaking the dust from off her dainty muslin, though she is rather astonished at the costume of Miss Zalemo, who wears a garment that is certainly not of the fashion, and by no means ancient Athenian.

It is of plain cotton stuff, but beautifully white, and made very simply. Cut quite open at the throat and very tightly laced down the front it displays her rounded figure with lavish accuracy, and being sleeveless, leaves the girl's gleaming and shapely arms bare to the very shoulder. Altogether it is a most bizarre *toilette*, as the young lady's lithe movements show she has no stays, and wears but few skirts or undergarments. Though unconventional, Miss Zalemo looks very picturesque

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\* Some of the drainage canals cut by Turnbull's slaves are in existence to-day at New Smyrna, also the old cellars of Turnbull's *castle*, a more modern house having been built over them.—ED.

and pretty in it, as her hair, which floats behind her, is bound by a single white ribbon tied in a bow, and there is a little ruching and embroidery round the open neck of the dress, which shows a portion of her white shoulders. The skirt, which is secured at the waist by a large floating white sash, descends only a few inches below her knees, disclosing very graceful limbs, over which are strained extremely thin cotton stockings of spotless white; low black slippers being sandaled upon her small, shapely feet.

But the thing that strikes Irene most in the appearance of the girl is a certain subdued, yet anxious and frightened look in her bright eyes.

This is emphasized, as she answers, saying in a tremulous whisper: "Please speak low; my mistress doesn't like loud voices in her servants." Then tears come into her eyes, as she adds, falteringly: "You must not call me Miss Zalemo; I am now only permitted to answer to the name of Chloris."

This startles Irene, and she would ask questions. But the girl puts her finger to her lips and whispers: "Please—please come in at once!" and quickly leading the way, passes through a long hall; where turning to her right, she murmurs: "You're expected."

So, the maid opening the door, Irene Vannos passes into the private apartments of Miss Susan Turnbull, and stands astounded.

For a pair of white arms are thrown rapturously round her, she is clasped tightly to a bosom that pants with joy, and gets an ecstatic kiss upon each glowing cheek, and little Susan is crying to her: "Oh, how happy you have made me! Irene Vannos—at last, *here!*—*mine*—all MINE! Oh, you treasure—you sweet plaything—you're mine—you are Mistress Susan's little *bonne bouche* in all the Western World."

"Susan Turnbull!" gasps Irene.

"Ah, yes—Susan Turnbull, who has been awaiting your coming so anxiously for over a month. Safe here—and your mother and your sisters in my clutch also! Oh, what a happy time I'll have!"

"A happy time? I—I do not understand."

"No, but you shall!" And Susan's voice becomes stern and ominous as the crack of doom, and her eyes glitter like blue diamonds as she stands gazing on her prey like a wicked fairy; for she is arrayed in fashionable garb, with big hoops and draping muslins and pretty little slippers and delicate hosiery, as she remarks: "I sent my maids away that I might be alone with you, to look upon your face, as I say unto you: Remember! Once I told you, Irene Vännos, that some day you would think that Heaven had struck you, but it would be Susan Turnbull!"

"Struck me—how? Is my father dead?" falters Irene. "Is that the cruel news you would give to me?"

"No; better than that. He is alive—*my slave*—toiling in the fields of my plantation."

"YOUR SLAVE?—impossible!"

"So also you, in all your Pall Mall laces and Bond street ruffles and St. James's hoop and Court end airs—you are my BONDMAID, too—likewise your mother and your sisters. Aha! Once by your desertion you left me to be flayed at school; once by your prattling, gossiping tongue you struck down my hopes, when I expected to be my Lady Marchioness. Now, here in this western wilderness, surrounded by swamps and Indians and reptiles which hold you closer than prison bars, I, YOUR MISTRESS, have you in my hands."

To this Irene listens as astounded as if she had been suddenly told she had become a crawling thing or worm of the ground. She mutters: "My father a *slave*?—

You're mad ! You—you mean to murder me?" and would open the door to, perchance, cry out: "Assassination!"

For Susan's look is that of one who kills. But it is the face, not of the murderer but the executioner, and it is the voice of the executioner that calls Miss Vannos back, jeering: "Whither would you run, you pretty fool? Into my two stout mulatto wenches' arms, or out upon the road, to be taken up by our patrol and consigned to the mercy of Mr. Johnson's whipping-post? No; I won't kill you; that would be *too poor* a retribution. Besides, I am a good girl, and go to church. You see, we have a little meeting-house built here," and she points through a window to the spire of a little building, and remarks: "'Erected by my uncle, the good Andrew Turnbull, as a memorial of God's blessings on this place.' You can read the stone when I take you to church with me to fan me and to hold my garments from the dust next Sunday."

Then she goes sternly on: "No, my fine lady; that is not my plan with you. I am too proud of you. I regard you as my most precious slave-girl. Of you I am going to make, not only the most beautiful—for nature has made you that—but the best trained, best disciplined, most obedient and subservient lady's maid in all the Western World. You shall be my most strictly coerced servant. For your good and for my own pride I will keep you chaste as Diana of Ephesus; no followers will be allowed. And all the time you shall be fed and lodged, and on occasion, for my own triumph, bedecked almost in luxury—but still shall always be my faltering slave, trembling at the thought of awful mistress's whip; for no other hand than mine shall chastise your irregularities of service or careless heeding of my commands."

But Irene Vannos has not yet been made subservient as a slave. Her soft, beautiful, liquid eyes blaze indignantly. She cries: "I'll not submit to it! How dare you threaten me? I am a freeborn maiden—the daughter of a rich merchant! You are mad!"

"*You* will be mad before this day is out," laughs Susan jeeringly. Then she says: "I have no time to discuss this matter with you, my chattel," and rings a hand-bell.

With this Chloris, coming in falteringly, horrifies Irene by abjectly kneeling (for Miss Turnbull likes the Eastern method of obeisance), and saying in low and humble voice: "Thy commands, my mistress."

"Tell Mr. Johnson to take this wench and let her see her father, who is at work in Bull's gang—indigo vat No. 22," says Susan, consulting a dainty account-book. "There, my new slave, you shall talk to your father, and if he gives you any hope, you can command my superintendent to take you before Justice Cutter, where you can make your complaint and get legally corrected for being a rebellious serf. If after seeing papa, however, you think it wise to accept mercy from my hands, you shall escape the public whipping-post. Go, see your father, and come back to me obedient as a spaniel."

"I will see my father to cry outrage for my wrongs," says Irene haughtily but brokenly, and, half-dazed, follows Chloris, who motions her out.

But in the hallway she whispers: "Is it true? God of mercy!—can her words be true?"

"As true as that I—and my father, and my dear mother and my sister are slaves—and your poor father also," sighs the maiden; but adds hurriedly: "For your own sake don't struggle against your fate. It will only make it, if possible, more bitter."

Then Irene, coming out half stunned into the sunlight, sees Mr. Johnson sitting in the chaise, and his greeting does not reassure her. On Mistress Susan's message being given him, he says sharply: "Jump in, you wench! I'm to give you five minutes' talk with daddy."

Obedying him, the captive sits beside him. The whole thing seems quite a daze, or blur to her, although she notes as they drive over the dusty road, great fields of Indian corn, and immense tracts of indigo land planted with the growing shrub in wondrous luxuriance, for the land is the rich virgin soil of the New World, and it has been beaten into a garden mould by the unremitting toil of the Greek slaves, some of whom she now sees at work under the dominion of darky drivers armed with cruel whips.

And, as in an awful dream, she observes elaborate and enormous ditches for irrigation; all these having been dug with marvelous celerity, such is the power of slave labor when it is pressed to the utmost by merciless tasks and savage discipline.

But though she sees, she does not note these things. In the girl's distracted mind is but one thought: "O Heaven, my mother and my sisters! Merciful God, my father and my lover!"

For now has come to her this crushing idea: "Marco Trefussis must be also a slave here with my father!" But against this her mind rebels. She cries to herself: "He is too strong, too subtle, too *great* to have been snared by these vile arts."

They drive by long huts thatched with palmetto, and guarded by stockades, to one of which Mr. Johnson, being in a jeering mood, points, and says: "That is your father's palatial house—the one your mother chatted about. Your missus is a most merciful lady,

and in the goodness of her heart, thinking you not capable of toil in the fields, has given you easy house-work. For it you should humbly thank her. Mr. Turnbull is one of the most humane slave-owners I have ever seen. Seven quarts of corn each week to every slave, and yet the beasts grumble that they're hungry, and shrink from tasks that would make a Jamaica nigger grin; but these Greeks are tenderer flesh, and some of the fools cry out, when they're lashed, that they have been nobles in their native land!"

To this Irene only answers with plaintive sighs, and wringings of her hands, and murmuring: "My father! Take me to him, quick, that I may know this is all a phantasy and I'm delirious or mad."

Suddenly she turns to Johnson and gasps, a faltering wail in her voice: "Tell me—as you who give no mercy, hope for some from God. Tell me," and she puts her little hand entreatingly upon the man's strong arm, and with a piteous force turns him so that he faces her, "do you know of one Marco Trefussis, a slave here like the rest?"

"No; I never heard of him."

"You're sure you—you would remember?"

"Well, I think I'd have known the name."

"Perhaps if—if you've forgotten his name you may recollect his countenance. He—he has the face of a Greek god."

To this, Johnson, some pity coming into his voice, answers: "You're asking after the man you said you were to marry?"

"Y-e-s."

"Then I'll tell you I don't think he's here."

"Thank God!" sighs the girl, and for the first time since she has heard of her own and her father's fate, tears come into her beautiful eyes.

But suddenly the physical conquers the mental. The horse has turned from the road into a by-lane that runs through growing fields, and Irene cries, putting her hands to her dainty nostrils: "Goodness! What fearful stench is this? Don't drive me any further, or I shall be sick from the vile smell!"

For the wind is blowing toward them, and they are entering the awful odors of decaying indigo plants, among which the slaves must work at the vats—a set of three tanks for each seven acres of land—Turnbull at present having some four hundred of these affairs upon his place. The first two vats are each tended by two men, the toil of working the second one being simply awful. The last trough, from which the brilliant blue is taken, called *Flora*, also the second quality—of violet, named in the trade *Gorge di pigeon*—is worked by women, and the drying sheds by children, boys and girls, who turn the little cubes, so that with free access of the air and without destroying sun they dry, and are ready for the commerce of the world.\*

Stopping the chaise, Johnson cries: "Jump out, girl!" and leads her to a low shed. Then cursing the stench, he blows his whistle, which is answered by a great, big, burly, thick-lipped negro driver, to whom he says: "Bull, let Alceste, who works at number twenty-two vat, quit his task for a few minutes. He can make up his time to-night."

A minute after, to her comes, covered with sweat of arduous toil, a creature Irene Vannos would not know, were it not for his flashing eyes, that have despair in them, but these make her falter to him: "Father!"

To her he moans: "O God of mercy, thou hast

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\*For full description of indigo culture and manufacture see Bernard Romans's *Natural History of East and West Florida*, published by private subscription, New York, 1775. Captain Romans states that the stench from the effluvia of rotting indigo weeds is so strong, permeating, and offensive as to be hardly endurable a quarter of a mile from the vats.—Ed.

not heard my prayers! She is here—the daughter of my heart—to suffer with me!”

Then she whispering to him that his wife and other dear ones have come to join him in this Western World, he shrieks: “In slavery!” And sinking down on his knees, begins to curse God for the awful fate that has come upon them.

But suddenly he cries: “No—no! Impossible! You are decked in fashion’s garments. I cannot believe!”

And the girl whispers to him: “The sight of you has made me also know! Within the hour I have become as you, my father.”

Suddenly she gives a sobbing, tender cry, and shudders, for as he bends down to her fair face—ay, even as he is taking her to his broken heart—she sees upon his brawny shoulders, made hard by toil, and bronzed by the tropic sun, the cruel marks of recent stripes.

“Oh Mother of Heaven!” she screams. “And they do this to you?”

“’Tis common with us here as sunset!” moans the man.

“But they have no *legal* right to make you a slave,” she falters.

“I know that; a few more do. Poor Zalemo, who shrieks out every night—when flogged because his task is not done—that he is a noble, knows it as well as I. But what is the use? Where can we fly?—surrounded by impenetrable swamps filled with reptiles, great alligators, and savage Indians. Besides, we’re guarded carefully from any converse one with another, and kept on such poor food that our toil exhausts us, so that each night nature cries out to us to give her rest and sleep, that’s all!—just rest and sleep—to make us ready for the killing travail of the coming day. Over us

are a lot of negro and Italian fiends, save a few that are English. One or two of us have foolishly appealed to the law, but before Justice Cutter, a creature of Turnbull's, they have received only the lash for their rebellion. But still there are mutterings—and some day," whispers the Greek, and his eyes begin to blaze, "some day, if we can get together, though we may not escape, we may have vengeance!"

Then forcing himself to calmness, he asks of her mother and his daughters, and moans as he again hears they have come to New Smyrna. "They are in the barracoons now," he says to her. "Go, take your servitude at Mistress Turnbull's hands; it is better than being here, working in the fields under negro drivers and subject to their passions and their revenge if slighted."

Here Johnson, who has been talking, a little distance apart from them, with Bull, the driver, calls out: "Have you had confab enough, wench?"

"Just one more word!" pleads the girl. Then she whispers, her lips white, her eyes anxious: "The—the man I love—Marco Trefussis. He—he is not here?"

"No."

"O God, I thank thee!"

"Marco is in Greece, fighting for his country's liberty. That is better than being what I am!" sighs the man.

To this she says nothing; but puts her arms round him and gives the broken-down, despairing wretch soft kisses, that break his heart; for he knows they are a slave's caresses to her fellow slave.

But suddenly Vannos utters a cry of mingled dismay and astonishment: "The little mistress!—the cruel woman who says she owns me, and has had me

scoured for not acknowledging my servitude to her !”

And looking up, Irene sees a pretty phaeton driven by Miss Susan herself, in all the glory of her summer muslins, as spick and span as if she had just been transported from gay Hyde Park. For her driving whip is decorated with floating ribbons, and the darky Sambo, dressed in the smart livery of a London groom, is perched upon the rumble behind her.

Under the canopy, which shades fragile Miss Turnbull from the sun, sits a fat, flabby gentleman, fanning himself lazily with a palmetto leaf. He is dressed in light nankeens and wears a broad straw hat, which shades an unctuous but unsympathetic face made red by rum.

“By Snakes!” laughs Johnson. “Here’s Justice Cutter. Your mistress has come for business, wench.”

And so Susan has!

Checking her horses, a pair of spirited grays, and the sprightly groom springing to their heads, she flutters like a fay from the carriage, and drawing up her muslin petticoats to keep them from the dust, trips with dainty little boots through the field, uttering plaintive exclamations of “La! What an awful odor! Oh, my poor nostrils—I shall f-f-faint!” With this she brings forth a smelling bottle and applies it shudderingly to her pretty retroussé nose.

“Please hurry!” cries Cutter from the phaeton. “I can’t stand this infernal stench for more than five minutes.”

“It won’t take me quite as long as that, I think—” she looks at Vannos. Then she says, sharply: “Irene, go and sit in Mr. Johnson’s chaise, and wait for me!”

For one moment her captive’s head is raised haughtily, then, implored by her father’s haggard eyes, the slave’s daughter turns to obey.

But Susan calls her back and commands: "Say 'Yes, my mistress,' and make obeisance. I permit no ill manners in my servants."

"Yes, my mis—mistress," falters Irene, and does as she is ordered.

"Now, Mr. Johnson," remarks Susan to her superintendent, who has been grinning at this. "If you will kindly remain with Bull, I may have use for you in a few moments."

"All right," answers the Superintendent. "I'll be on hand," and stepping back to the negro driver he talks with him.

"Now, Alceste," says Miss Turnbull, "I want you to remember your full name long enough to sign it, but no longer."

"For the love of Heaven, what new misery are you bringing me?" shudders the wretch.

"No *new* misery; I am simply completing a transaction. Here are two papers, duplicates. I wish you to sign these as the free act and deed of Alceste Vannos, and acknowledge them before Mr. Justice-of-the-Peace Cutter, who has brought pen and ink with him for quick work. Read them if you like." Susan tosses him the papers.

And Alceste, glancing at them, commences to cry: "You have robbed me of myself; now you are robbing my children of their birthright. It is an order on the Bank of England for everything I have and hold."

"Precisely," says the dainty autocrat. "An indentured serf has no right to property, save by the will of his mistress. Will you sign?"

"Never!" screams Vannos. Then he says, pleadingly: "I must have in the Bank of England at least fifty thousand pounds."

"So much!" cries Susan. "Fifty thousand! Oh,

happy day! Fifty thousand!" And unmindful of the eyes, haggard with despair, that gaze upon her, she dances in almost childish glee.

"Of that, for the freedom of myself and my loved ones, I will give you half—half the savings and profits of a life-time—twenty-five thousand pounds. No, guineas—I'll make it guineas!" cries the man, desperate entreaty in his sob.

"And have you go away, to prattle of the wrongs that have been done to you? Oh no. Besides, little Susan wants it ALL!"

"Twenty-five thousand pounds for my children's liberty!"

"They have tongues as well as you."

"The *whole*, for my liberty and my children's!"

"And have you bring suit in England, or gabble in Greece, so we can get no more colonists? Pish! You are dealing with no stupid philanthropist, Alceste, but with your mistress, little Susan Turnbull, a business woman who holds you firmly in her strong fist. Sign!"

"Never!" cries the man.

"Sign—or you know what will happen to you."

"Never! Flog me to death. Never! With my last gasp I'll think I cheated you out of what you value most!"

"Ah, then I must reason with you in another way," laughs Susan, and she calls: "Mr. Johnson, please come here. Just make a note in your book about Irene—that wench who is flaunting her London gown in your chaise. Drive her down and put her in Giuseppe, the Italian's, women-gang, for work in the fields, and order him to mark her delinquent in her task to-night, and every third night until further orders."

"Quite right!" says Johnson, and turns to step towards the chaise.

To this Vannos listens as if for a moment he can't believe; then suddenly shudders: "My God! That—that means the whipping-post for her this very night, and public flogging," then cries, with such a shriek even placid old Cutter starts: "Mercy for the child of my love! Mercy for her!"

"No mercy, unless you sign these documents, as the free act and deed of Alceste Vannos, London merchant."

Looking at the beauty and loveliness of his daughter as she sits there—thank God, out of earshot!—so daintily arrayed that she would seem a very goddess of fashion in all her London finery, were it not for her dark, despairing eyes and proud, though drooping head, the sweat of agony is added to the sweat of toil upon Vannos's brow. He shivers as if stricken with the ague, and moans: "I'll sign."

"I thought you would; it's a wise decision," laughs little Susan, and clapping her hands, she cries eagerly: "Mr. Justice Cutter, come here and take the acknowledgment of Alceste Vannos, London merchant. And when Alceste Vannos, London merchant, has signed his name, Mr. Johnson, put Alceste, my slave, back at work at Indigo Vat, No. 22."

So Cutter, stepping out of the phaeton and coming to her with pen and ink in hand, remarks: "Let me congratulate you, Miss Turnbull, on having a very taking way with your sweet self. Every one here bows to your beauty and does your pretty bidding."

"La! You remind me of the naughty dandies of the Mall and Bond Street," giggles Susan; adding in business tones: "But Mr. Vannos is eager for you to take his acknowledgment."

Then the tormented wretch, signing with faltering hands the documents, which have been duplicated for

fear of loss at sea, and Cutter making the proper official acknowledgments of the same as the unfortunate slave's free act and deed, Vannos utters a hollow, gasping moan. "The savings of a lifetime! The robbery of my children!" and throws himself despairing upon the sunburnt earth.

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## CHAPTER XX.

### THE SPANISH SCHOONER.

AND now little Susan is in a very merry and laughing mood. She thinks: "I have bagged both his family and his money." For, unknowing Vannos's secret instructions, of which Alceste himself is not now sure, the despairing wretch's stubborn refusal to sign the documents makes her think his signature is all that is necessary to make them effective.

"This money would have been no use to your children in their condition of servitude," she says to the man, as he lies groveling on the earth. "Besides, your obedience has done you a little good." And she commands: "Mr. Johnson, take this fellow and put him at lighter labor in the gardens or at the barracons; but see he is most strictly guarded."

Then she prattles so gayly that one would think this was an outdoor pleasure party, saying very graciously: "Mr. Cutter, will you kindly drive with me to Mr. Penman's? You remember you sup with me to-morrow evening, and I wish to invite Miss Olivia to join us. There will also be Dr. Stork, the literary man, who is writing a volume upon East Florida and Andrew Turnbull's good work in its settlement—but excuse me for a moment; I have a few orders to give my maid."

With this, little Miss Susan picks up her skirts again and trips daintily over the dusty field, to where Irene, seated in the chaise, with far-away eyes is thinking of the two thousand leagues of endless waves that stand between her and the man she loves. To her she cries curtly: "Step here!"

As if awaking from a dream, the new-made slave starts up and answers: "Yes, Madame," and obeying, stands before her mistress.

"Irene, there is Mr. Justice Cutter, who administers the law," remarks Miss Turnbull complaisantly. "When I first told you your servitude, you hinted you wished to make appeal to him."

But the girl, looking at the man's severe eyes, and remembering the warning of her father, falters: "I—I do not,"

"No fool's cap on you to-day, Irene," laughs Susan. "The law here is very hard upon rebellious slaves." To this she adds, sternly: "Do you acknowledge me as your legal mistress, and yourself as my legal bondmaid, chattel, and personal estate?"

"Oh, Heaven!"

"Answer at once, or I shall call Mr. Justice Cutter here."

"I—I—" stammers the girl; then falters suddenly: "Yes, my—my mistress," and bows her head; her eyes swimming with unshed tears.

"You're wise," says Miss Turnbull. "Now, it being illegal for slaves to hold property, hand me over your money." And Irene drawing from her pocket a purse stuffed full with guineas, Susan clutches it and cries merrily: "Why, this will make my spending for a year!" next says in business tones: "I want all the jewelry you have upon your person."

Then her slave having obediently surrendered the

few ornaments she is wearing, her mistress glances at her sharply and demands: "That ring upon your finger!"

"O God! Spare me that!"

"Ah! The token from the man you love. Give it to me. Don't dare to hesitate! That ring!" And Susan seizes Irene's hand and draws from the delicate and half resisting fingers a bauble decked with diamonds and rubies in a curious Greek-cross setting. Slipping it over her own finger she jeers: "Why, this looks very pretty upon me; a motto ring—'Sweet-heart and country, Marco Trefussis!'"

"You—you shall not wear it!" cries Irene, her eyes blazing. "It is the pledge of the man I love."

"You will repent this insolence to me to-night," whispers Susan, her glance icy but menacing. Then the Justice having strolled up to her, she goes gayly on: "This is my new bondmaid. Isn't she a pretty chit, Mr. Cutter? Did you ever see a slave-girl more exquisitely fashioned?"

"Nevah! 'Fore Gad, nevah!" mutters the official, inspecting Irene, who blushes and droops before his free eye with a mortification nigh unendurable.

And he, gazing at the loveliness before him, takes occasion to lecture the fluttering creature, who is now half-fainting with misery, how she should be grateful to her kind mistress and receive correction from Miss Susan's hands in a proper and chastened spirit, for it will be for her good. To these remarks this hypocrite, who expounds, each Sabbath, in the little meeting house, though he is not in holy orders, adds a word or two from the Scriptures, quoting: "Servants obey in all things your masters according to the flesh."

"There! That should make you a very good girl, Irene," laughs Susan. A moment after, chatting gayly

to Mr. Cutter, she drives away rapidly, leaving the field and taking the road to the north, going toward the big plantation at Rock House. Here her most intimate lady friend in the neighborhood, Miss Olivia Penman, a very dashing colonial girl, resides with her father, who has an estate worked in the usual way by ordinary blacks, who take great delight in catching the white slaves of Mr. Turnbull if they try to run away, and returning them for reward unto Mr. Johnson's mercy.

A few minutes after, the superintendent comes back to the chaise and drives Irene away, his manner to the bondmaid seeming sterner, for the plantation autocrat, finding the beauty of this slave is softening his stout heart, has set himself firmly against such weakness.

Suddenly Irene's eyes light up with a dazzling sparkle.

"That's it! Brisk up a bit; a good dinner is what you want to make you happy," cries Johnson cheerily; then he suddenly astounds his captive by remarking: "Hang me if you ain't about the prettiest thing that ever came this way, and I've seen governors' ladies and daughters in Barbadoes and Jamaica."

"Would you take ten thousand pounds to aid me, my mother and father and my sisters, to escape?" suddenly whispers the girl, a wild hope flaming in her brain.

"Now stop that kind of talk right quick, Sissy," says the superintendent sharply. "In the first place, Tim Johnson is square to his employers, and in the next, I know that ye haven't got a penny in the Bank of England. Your daddy signed it all away to little Mistress Susan to-day."

"My father *signed!*" screams Miss Vannos.

"Yes, a document drawing everything from the Bank of England."

"To—to avoid the lash?" shudders Irene.

"No; it was," says Johnson, "to save your white back from the cat-o'-nine-tails at the public whipping-post to-night. That's what little Miss Susan told him; I heard her. She's the—the allfireddest, cutest, smartest little slave-driver I ever put eyes on, and I've seen a good many raspers in the West Indies. She's beyond my calculations, and yours, too, I reckon; but you'll know a little more about her in a day or two, I'm thinking," adds the man sympathetically. "But here we are at home."

For they are at the rear entrance of the Turnbull cottage.

"Here, skip out, my girl," says Johnson in half kindly tone, "and give yourself with my compliments to your Missus."

So Irene, stepping out of the chaise, is met at the door by a Greek lady, who with tears in her eyes kisses her and whispers: "My poor child! For—forgive me. My letter helped to bring you to this fate."

By her words Irene knows she is Madame Alida Zalemo, the friend of her mother, and as such addresses her. But Madame Zalemo utters in low tones the same formula as her daughter: "I am not permitted to answer to any name but Alida here. Our mistress commands us to blot out from our minds all except that we are her property and slaves. Now," she goes on, "I have instructions in regard to you. You're to have your dinner; then to get bathed and dressed in proper maid's costume for attendance on Miss Susan."

"But I have no maid's dress," says Irene. "Until to-day I was a lady, and wore the robes of such."

"Your coming was expected; your frocks pro-

vided for you weeks ago. Come with me—but don't speak loudly; Madame Susan likes a silent house. She will not return from Mr. Penman's until the extreme heat of the day is over; you will have ample time. Come."

And Irene, following this Greek slave who was once a lady, finds herself in the kitchen and a plain but comfortable meal spread before her. She has little appetite for it, though Madame Zalemo presses her, saying: "You *must* eat; your attendance upon Mistress Susan will be probably continuous during the evening."

So, though sighing deeply. Irene who has had nothing since the morning, contrives to use her pretty white teeth and feels strengthened by the food. While she eats she can't help observing the general quiet, the extreme regularity of the household. A negro butler glides through the hall with noiseless steps. Two Greek gardeners, working on the gravel-walks and shrubbery, do so without noise or conversation. Even the mulatto chambermaids chatter in low tones and laugh less boisterously than usual with their race. All this impresses the girl with the thought that her mistress—for already she thinks of Susan by this title, such is the awful convincing force of the circumstances that surround her—has a talent for discipline and authority.

She also notices Madame Zalemo, a woman of fine presence and distinguished mien, wears the same white garb of servitude and has the same subdued, yet frightened, nervous, anxious look in her eyes as Chlo-ris, her daughter, who acts as Miss Turnbull's maid.

Finishing her meal, Irene rises and says: "Now, Madame,—I mean—Alida,—please show me my duties." For the girl knows she must accept the inevitable, and

be the abject bondmaid of Miss Susan Turnbull.

In answer, Madame Zalemo leads the way to a little room under the eaves, which is very plainly furnished. "This is yours, when you're off duty ; but either you or my daughter will always sleep in readiness to answer to Miss Susan's bell," says Alida. "My room is the next one ; when you are ready, I'll assist you to put your maid's livery on. It is there on the bed awaiting you."

Irene knows she has no time to lose, and a few minutes afterward Madame Zalemo comes in to help array her in her white robes of servitude.

"Why, this is not like your daughter's," says Miss Vannos.

"No ; it's a little finer, I believe. You are to be Mistress Susan's pampered slave."

"I don't mean that. This is cut low-neck."

"It is for evening service. Chloris will wear the same to-night."

Under the deft hands of Alida, Irene finds herself costumed for duty and looking extraordinarily pretty in the short clinging garment ; her long curls stream down about her to her waist, drawn back from her fair brows and tied with a white satin ribbon. A wide flowing sash of the same color makes her girdle. The stockings which clothe her superb limbs are of the thinnest silken web. The slippers that fit so tightly on her pretty feet are of the finest black satin. Altogether she looks a pampered slave, but knows that she will not be a petted one.

"Have you any advice to give me as to my service to my—my mistress ?" asks the girl, choking over the word that indicates her bondage, as Alida is binding the sash about her lithe waist, which has now full play ; for having put away fashion's garb, and with it stays, Miss Irene Vannos has very few skirts or undergar-

ments, and her body is outlined by the costume in all its natural curves of beauty.

"Only this," whispers the Greek lady. "The same counsel as I have given my daughter. There is but one thing for all here—absolute obedience, nothing else! You can have wishes, but no will; that our—our proprietor, Mistress Susan, claims as her very own."

"And you—a woman of your age and distinction—submit?" mutters Irene, rebellion getting in her bright eyes.

"I have no choice. I am obedient, as you will be. Is it not better to suffer here than to be sent to public chastisement at the whipping-post? I was sent down once," shudders Madame Zalemo; "that was enough for me. A lot of cruel drivers and overseers, brutal men, standing about and laughing at my nudity and my agony under the merciless cowhide! Since then I am a slave. But oh, that is not my greatest anguish!" shudders the woman, wringing her hands. "Egeria, my daughter!"

"Egeria?"

"Yes; I have not seen her since they parted us when we arrived. I asked Mistress Susan once; she said my—my child had gone to her plantation further down the coast—the plantation to which they send so many young girls. Sometimes I fear, and others fear, that that plantation down the coast means the slave markets of New Orleans and the Havannah. Do you see that low, black, Spanish schooner in the inlet?" Alida points to the vessel Irene had noted on her arrival. "Whenever she comes, young married women of great beauty, and girls of attraction, comeliness, and accomplishments disappear to 'the plantation down the coast!'" And this poor Greek mother, bereft of her offspring to fatten Mistress Susan Turnbull's plethoric

purse, sinks upon the bed, weeping as if her heart would break; then mutters hoarsely: "But even slaves grow desperate, and some time these wrongs will have a fearful righting!"

"But I dare not weep," she goes on hurriedly. "Our mistress commands that we have cheerful faces in our anguish," and, dashing her tears away, the Greek matron bathes her eyes and cries: "Hurry!" For through the window can be seen a cloud of dust coming along the road, indicating that little Miss Susan is driving cheerfully and briskly to the comforts and luxury of her Western home. "You are all ready?" And Alida, making hasty inspection of Irene, says: "You look beautiful as an angel, my dear child."

"I will not have to attend her in the presence of gentlemen?" falters Irene. "This costume is so—so very unconventional." For the girl's white shoulders and bust rise up in daring simplicity above the soft frills and laces of her gown, and its extremely short skirts make Irene blush as she beholds herself in her little mirror.

"Of that you must not think," says Madame Zalemo. "Chloris and I will both be arrayed as you. We are not permitted to consider ourselves as women, but as *things*. We are absolutely Miss Turnbull's personal property. But come quick!"

So, following the Greek matron, Irene trips hurriedly down the stairs, and being taken to Miss Susan's private apartments, there finds Chloris in a little *salle de bain*, with her mistress's bath already prepared. This girl is now costumed similarly to Irene, though her garments are not of such fine stuff and so light and floating.

Madame Zalemo leaving them, these two slaves gaze on each other, and Chloris says quickly: "After we

have bathed and robed our mistress, you are to fan her and keep the gnats and flies away ; I am to sing or read or play for her as she elects. For your own sake be watchful, for if she is stung by an insect Mistress Susan will not forgive you."

A moment later the girl puts finger on her lips. A carriage is driving up, and little Miss Autocrat's voice is heard crying: "Sambo, take Flick and Flock round to the stables and tell the grooms there to be very careful of them; the poor creatures are warm. And so am I, and dusty, too," she says, as she enters the room. "Quick, Chloris! and you, Irene!" her eyes lighting up at the name. "Get me bathed and make me comfortable. You're sure the water is of the right temperature?"

"Yes, Madame."

"Then be very careful with me, for I'm hot and irritable." And the little dainty demon, who takes special care of her own comfort amid the despair of others, drops lazily into a chair, tossing her white parasol away, and murmurs languidly to Irene: "Take off my shoes and stockings; and you, Chloris, remove my gown."

To her word, the new slave sinks at the feet of her mistress, to perform her first offices as lady's maid.

A few minutes after, little Miss Susan, as fresh as a daisy and as piquant as a mosquito, in a beautiful light evening gown of softest lace and muslin, takes picturesque pose in a pretty hammock under the broad veranda; and kneeling at her side is Irene Vannos, humbly and docilely, but energetically and watchfully fanning and guarding the fair form on which she looks.

A moment after, Susan gazes at her dreamily, and stretching her white arms above her head murmurs: "I'm drowsy; I will take my *siesta*. Irene, be careful

of your mistress while she sleeps, for I think I hear mosquitoes in the air. Wake me at six o'clock; I expect two or three visitors this evening."

"Yes, Madame."

Then looking at her beautiful slave, a gleam of ecstatic triumph comes into Susan's blue eyes and she says suddenly: "I'm so happy now. You—you are *here!*" and puts her delicate fingers grippingly on the bare white shoulder of the girl, as if to make very sure; and so turns her pretty face towards the sea-breeze and goes quietly and peacefully and happily to as calm a slumber as if she were a saint.

The sea breeze plays about and rustles Susan's fair curls, as over her toil two slave-girls while she rests luxuriously, for mosquitoes are in the evening air, and Chloris is now assisting Irene to protect from slightest sting the delicate person of this being they watch so tremblingly and guard so carefully—but hate with all their hearts.

Three hours of unremitting toil, then comes the tropic evening. The sun glows luridly and sinks slowly—the shadows grow longer and deeper—*candeletes* and *ciçadas* in myriads light up the foliage with sudden darting, glancing streaks of blazing fire—the sea breeze dies away—the land breeze comes up, bearing to their ears the cries of panthers from the neighboring forests—the bellowings of alligators from the near by swamps. It is night in the tropic wilderness. Then Irene feels how far she is from the world—from hope—from justice—from even love.

As her two maids arouse the refreshed dainty demon, she purrs to them: "I have had a lovely sleep, and now am hungry. Chloris, run and ask the butler if supper is ready as I directed." Then word being brought from Antoine, who fears Miss Susan just

as much as any of the others, that the meal is served, this young lady, attended by Irene, holding her trailing white skirts up from dust—though there is none, for the house is kept with wondrous neatness—passes to the dining-room, where she says: “You are dismissed, Irene. Run to Chloris and let her show you where you are to meet me for the correction of this day’s rebellions. If Mrs. Catto and the Spanish captain come, show them into my library. If young Mr. Cutter makes his appearance, take him to the drawing-room.”

So Irene leaves Miss Susan, carefully attended by the black butler and footman and eating a sybaritic but a hearty meal, for she has got the best darky cook that can be found from Charleston to Jamaica. She comes out, and speaking to Chloris is rather tremblingly led through a long passageway which connects Miss Susan’s own apartments with a small stone room at the extreme end of the cottage wing.

Here Irene, looking round, sees implements that make her whisper shudderingly: “The punishment room!”

“Yes, dear,” answers Chloris, and she puts her arms round Irene and whispers: “Be brave to-night, poor girl.”

And Irene’s white arms going round her sister in slavery, these two poor bondmaids cling to each other and give tears and sympathy to one another.

Suddenly Chloris whispers: “I hear the noise of wheels. Now Irene, quick!”

Flying to do her mistress’s orders, Miss Vannos very shortly shows into the library the captain of the Spanish schooner, a bronzed, dark-eyed black-mustachioed gentleman, who carries in one hand a leather sack, apparently heavy and bulging with doubloons. He gazes

with gleaming eyes upon the beauty of this bondmaid. Upon her his glance rest so long, so earnestly, so searchingly, that Irene's face becomes a sea of blushes.

With him is Mrs. Catto, the mulatto, now matron of Miss Turnbull's women's barracoon. This creature, pleased to exercise her authority over her lady passenger of this morning, says commandingly : "Wench, look sharp and tell your mistress Don Sancho and me am here !"

"Yes, ma'am," answers Irene, with a courtesy, for her pretty knees are now quickly learning the attitudes of humility.

Shortly after she ushers in her mistress to meet Don Sancho of the Spanish schooner *Santa Dolores*, and at Miss Susan's command leaves her in consultation with him and Mrs. Catto.

In the hallway Madame Zalemo puts her arm round the girl and whispers: "Did you hear their conversation?" then moans: "Oh heaven, if they take Chloris from me!" and goes shuddering away.

But Irene is in much greater danger than Chloris. In the library Don Sancho says: "With your permission, might I, Señorita Turnbull?" and rolls a cigarette, looking longingly at it.

"Yes; if you, *Señor Capitan*, give me one to smoke with you," laughs Susan, who has acquired this tropical habit. Then reclining in an easy chair and puffing daintily in his face, this little lady makes bargain with him for three female slaves whom he has inspected at her barracoon, Don Sancho saying he can dispose of them quietly in Havannah.

"You wish Læana and that little girl Clyte, who came this morning, and the married wench Zadia, Mrs. Catto informs me," remarks Susan, inspecting a memorandum. "For them you will pay three hundred doub-

loons. It is not a fair price, for superb articles."

"Well, three hundred and fifty: that is my highest, but I make no profit, *Doña Susána*." After some haggling, the bargain being arranged at this figure, the Spaniard pays over the money in gold and the little slave-dealer sits gloating over it.

Suddenly Don Sancho says: "You have in your household something for which I can get you your own figure. I have an order for a girl of supreme beauty from a planter who lives like a sultan on his great sugar estate in Guadaloupe. The price makes little difference."

"Oh—Irene," remarks Susan, "the one you saw a few moments ago?"

"Yes."

"I could not think of selling her."

"Five hundred doubloons."

"She is not for sale."

"Could I see her?"

"Oh certainly," and the mistress ringing a handbell, Irene comes in to her. "This is the girl you were speaking of," she says.

"*Si, Señorita!*" and Don Sancho's eyes lighting up, he asks: "You can dance, Irena?"

"Answer this gentleman quickly!" cries Susan to her maid, who now has grown deathly pale.

"Yes, sir," falters Irene.

"And she can read and write, and sing and play the harpsichord and guitar," adds Miss Turnbull proudly, and calling the girl to her she says: "Did you ever see more graceful limbs or a more prettily rounded figure, or whiter and more perfect bust? See how plump and firm her flesh is." And she slaps with her slight hand the half-swooning girl's bare shoulders, semi-caressingly, semi-threateningly.

"She is very beautiful!" murmurs the Spaniard, his eyes on fire. "She is un—unmarried?"

"Certainly—and as chaste as Diana—you know I have a careful eye on my maids' morals—both on account of business and because I'm good myself."

"*Dios Mio!*" mutters the Don, his eyes lighting up with unholy gleam.

"Now, Irene, you may go," says Susan, "while this gentleman and I converse about you."

Faltering toward the door, the new-made slave suddenly starts and shivers, as if a chill were in her veins, for the Spaniard has said: "I must have her for the Guadeloupe planter. Six hundred doubloons!"

Then, were it not for the vengeance Susan Turnbull this night has promised herself, perchance Irene had been lost forever, and passed from view like so many other of Mr. Turnbull's slaves in the wild Western World.\*

"Six hundred doubloons—nearly two thousand pounds!" repeats the man.

"No!"

And a fainting figure, listening at the door outside, raises her eyes in gratitude to God.

"Eight hundred—more than twenty-five hundred guineas!" And Irene's fragile form nearly sinks motionless with dread, against the casement.

But Susan says: "She is my own lady's maid. I have pride in her—the handsomest slave-girl in all the colonies—I don't think the Sultan in Constantinople has her equal," then laughs, "La! You'll be asking me to sell myself next."

"Ah, if I could," murmurs the Spaniard gallantly, "what a commotion you would create."

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\*"But be it known that many were fair and beautiful, which valuable charms singularly excited the cupidity of the tyrant, who betook himself to selling them for purposes most infamous."—*Our World—State Papers.*—En

"Pooh ! I'm not as beautiful as she. But perhaps some day I will come to the Havannah, and not sell, but give myself to one of your gallant *caballeros*, with the ring of marriage on my finger. You have some handsome gentlemen in Havannah," laughs Susan, who in truth is very tired of her solitary state at New Smyrna.

"Ah, Señora; judging by me, you would not have so far to go as Havannah."

"Oh, you are always gallant, you Spaniards," says his hostess coquettishly. "Though perhaps I shall visit your capital."

"Aha ! Come, Señorita ! We have gallant *caballeros* there and counts and marquises——"

"Marquises !" mutters the girl, bitterly.

This suggestion of her lost title puts an ugly demon into Susan's soul, and destroys Don Sancho's last chance of purchasing Irene, though he murmurs : "One thousand doubloons—over *three thousand* guineas ! It is the most unheard-of price ever offered."

But, though Miss Turnbull's eyes glow at the thought of this great sum, she still says "No !" and whispers to herself : "I'd not miss my vengeance for the world !"

And Irene, hearing her words, lifts her heart in prayer and gratitude to God, thanking Him for her mistress's cruelty, because it will keep her safe from defilement and despair unutterable.

So the Spanish captain goes away. Susan, having locked up the gold in her strong box, enters her chamber and signals her maids to minister to her dainty luxury. Chloris is immediately at her side, but Irene does not answer her imperious gesture.

She angrily glances round. In the dim light of the turned down lamps—for brilliant illumination attracts

insects in this tropic land—she sees her new bondmaid kneeling in a far away nook of the large apartment.

“Irene!” Susan speaks sharply, but receives no answer.

Suddenly the mistress springs up, and striding to her serf, who is kneeling, a beautiful picture of devotion, cries: “You’re concealing something! To-day you didn’t give me *all* your jewelry! You disobedient and deceitful jade, I see the gleam of gold.”

“Madame, it is——”

But not waiting for further words, Susan seizes the white glowing shoulders and turns Irene round to her, but looking at her, utters a faint astonished cry. For the slave-girl is holding up to her mistress the cross of Christ and whispering: “By the Virgin, leave me this, her sacred emblem! You have taken from me the token of my earthly love; but this, the symbol of my heavenly love, you shall not have! My rosary I will never yield to you, though its beads are gold.”

“Oh!” stammers Susan, stepping back. “You’re—you’re a Catholic.”

“It is well for you I am such a good Catholic!” answers Irene, her eyes lighting up in strange significance. Then standing with one little foot advanced in petite slipper and silken hosiery, her white shoulders and arms, and snowy neck and maiden bosom glistening in the lamplight which falls around her, her face beatified, her eyes on fire, the slave looks like a saint, and for one moment dominates her mistress.

“Of course you can keep your rosary,” mutters Susan; then sneers: “When you have told your beads, prepare to receive my penance.”

A few moments after, Mrs. Catto, opening the curtains that drape the doorway to the long passage, says: “I’s e a’waiting fo’ her, maum.”

At this Miss Turnbull's eyes begin to gleam. She remarks: "Chloris, you can leave me, but attend in my bedchamber this evening; your companion here will be too tearful for service;" then looks at her victim, who has risen from her knees, and jeers: "Now, Irene, I shall make you regret wagging your babbling tongue! Had you let me become My Lady Marchioness then perhaps you might have remained in Mincing Lane, going to chapel in the morning, and Alderman Plunkett's routs, and other city revelries at night, instead of being here, my serf, who now shall receive from little Susan, her mistress's, own hands, the *accolade of slavery*!"

But thinking of the Spanish captain's offer, Irene's heart, though it throbs with dread of coming chastisement, grows strong, and she bows her head and answers quite firmly: "I—I am at your commands, my mistress," and so follows the mulatto woman.

Five minutes after, Mrs. Catto comes to Miss Turnbull and says: "De wench am ready, maum."

"Ah! But I must give her a *little* mercy; we cannot be too sharp with her this evening," laughs Miss Susan. "I wish her to dance for my guests after to-morrow evening's supper."

So passing with the mulatto woman through the long passage, Miss Turnbull opens the door and gives a cry half of astonishment, half of delight and joy; the beauty of her victim, who is affrightedly awaiting her coming stripes, nude, helpless, and unprotected, is so exquisite and so great.

And the two girls, who had once been friends, meet each other; one to endure, the other to inflict!

But even as Irene's screams, appeals and piteous cries and promises rend the air, the girl in all her humiliation, in all her torture, even as her delicate

limbs shrink quivering from the smart of her stern mistress's whip, has in her mind one thought: "Her cruel vengeance, her bitter hate, has saved me—from WORSE! Though a slave, I am still worthy of my Marco and his love!"

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## CHAPTER XXI.

### JUSTICE CUTTER'S EAR MAKES A SENSATION.

"We've got a good long day's work before us, Irene," says Miss Turnbull cheerfully, early the next morning. "This evening, you're to dance for my guests at my supper-party. I've given orders to my seamstresses, and they're arranging from one of your imported robes a dancing frock, in which I think you'll be a fairy. Beware, if you're *not* a fairy! And mark me!—have a smiling face and let those black eyes look happy as that day you danced for his Excellency Ballyho Bey. You remember—the night of the elopement—the night that—But if I think of that, Irene—I'll!—*I'll!*"—and with flaming eyes she springs up and stands over her slave-girl, who has with a subdued shriek fallen on her knees before her: for little Susan looks like a demon.

But suddenly Miss Variable's mood changes; she laughs "Don't fear—I'll not punish you to-day, for I want that Olivia Penman to die with envy at my having you. There'll be some Greek musicians to practice the tune with you while you make your limbs supple and rehearse your steps. Be careful that you dance very well. Now to work! Run and summon Alida."

The Greek matron coming, little Susan, reclining on a lounge, looks at her housekeeper and purrs out: "You

know I have some friends to sup with me this evening at six o'clock. Are your preparations made?"

"Yes, Madame. The fisher-boys tell me they have both pompano and whiting, but are keeping them alive in the water so they'll be very fresh. Quashie, the negro hunter, has just brought in a fine wild turkey. Fresh fruits and vegetables I thought best to have plucked immediately before the meal."

"Very well. Tell Dorcas to make some syllabubs and confectionery; she learnt their manufacture, I believe, in the governor's kitchen in Jamaica. And also direct the butler to be sure the wine is all—except the Bordeaux—made cool in the well, and let him remember that the rain-water for our drinking is to be well chilled in monkey-pots. You have done very well."

And Alida courtesying and withdrawing, Susan commands: "Irene, while I'm employed with my secretary, run and get your dancing frock tried on. When that is over, join me in the library."

A few minutes after, returning from this errand, Irene finds her mistress seated over letters and papers, and a business air upon her piquant countenance. She is attended in this work by a Greek lady of about twenty-five years of age, who stands writing at a nearby desk. She is dressed as Irene and Chloris, and has a pretty, winning expression on her face, and soft blue eyes; in them the same anxious docility.

At present Miss Susan seems to be both laughing at and rating her secretary. She is jeering: "You speak French beautifully; I am informed your Italian, Spanish and Greek are perfect. Your English has also improved, Natalie, since I became your schoolmistress. But here, you ignoramus, you have written 'the invoice of *porks*,' and by '*porks*' mean *pigs*. As your instructress, another mistake like this and I will treat you,

Madame, as if you were a charity girl and wore a dunce's cap! You know what that is by smarting experience, my lady. Now step into that closet; I have private words for Irene."

"Yes, my—my mistress," answers the woman meekly, and rising with a frightened shudder, courtesies lowly, and goes into a closet at the end of the room, closing the door after her.

Then Miss Turnbull, looking over some papers that are before her, says pleasantly: "Irene, come here and catch a mosquito or two while I talk to you. In the purse you gave me yesterday there were seventy guineas; your sister Georgia had fifteen in her pocket, and little Clyte five. From your mother's trunks and person were collected four hundred guineas. This memorandum says you started from London with five hundred; what has become of the missing ten?"

"That was expended, Madame," replies her slave, "for attendance on board ship. Seven to Mrs. Catto and three to the captain's steward."

"Ah, very well. I like to know where *my* money has gone to always," chats little Susan; "because from now on you are to have *no* money. Gold or silver in your pocket will be a crime."

Her face grows placid; she picks up another memorandum and, passing it to her slave, remarks carelessly: "Here are a few lines, written in modern Greek. You read the language; translate it for me."

Looking at the paper, Irene for one instant shivers. It is a statement of the *two* signatures required to draw her father's funds from the Bank of England. Then summoning her courage, the girl, though her lips are pale and tremble, says lightly: "Why, it's a—a list—of our laundry linen, Madame," trying desperately to conceal a fact she knows is

now all important, if any of her family ever escape.

"You lying jade!" screams Susan. "I've had that translated by my secretary, Natalie. You treacherous Jezebel! "Ah—but do not be afraid until *to-morrow*. You're a lucky girl; you dance for me *to-night*." Then suddenly her manner changes, and she adds: "I will forgive you, Irene, on one condition. The wagon, with Mr. Cutter in it, is waiting for you; take these down to the barracoon and bring them back to me with your mother's signature on each. The Justice will take acknowledgment of them."

Then other documents being placed in her hands, Irene sees upon them her father's trembling autographs and the blotting of her father's tears—and knows they are the papers that will despoil them all.

"You had better advise your mother, for her own sake, to sign these quickly, and not compel me to go and demand her signatures. Now fly and save mamma from cruel little Susan," says the autocrat sneeringly, her lips determined, her eyes *riant*.

And Irene, tottering from her mistress's presence, thinks there is a laughing fiend jeering behind her.

In the wagon is Mr. Justice Cutter, who, seeming to have an inkling of this business, says: "Tell your mother, wench, that she must sign at once and not keep me waiting."

A few minutes after, they are at the barracoon, where, Cutter stating their errand to Mr. Johnson, he tells Mrs. Catto to take the girl to her mother. Conducted by the mulatto woman, Miss Vannos, going through an open space in the stockade, comes to a great low shed in which are seated about fifty women, very silent, yet very busy. Most of them are busily sewing on brown oznaburgh, a kind of cheap, coarse sack-  
ing, which they are fashioning into slaves' garments,

some for use upon the estate and others for shipment to the West Indies.

The women, Irene notices, as she hurriedly glances about, are all young and comely, and suitable for export to Miss Susan's "plantation down the coast"—all the older and less attractive ones being at work as field hands.

In another shed, at a little distance, are a number of children carefully turning the little cubes of indigo so that they dry without deterioration from the sun, and packing them in boxes ready for export. The whole place is one of busy silence; two stout negro wenches, whom Mrs. Catto calls Jess and Jezebel, striding about preserving order and enforcing diligence with long, lithe rattan canes.

Among the women, busily working, is the poor lady Irene tried to protect the day before. Sophy looks at her with grateful and, the girl now notes, with sympathetic eyes, and shudders, thinking that she is now no better than one of these toiling slaves.

But Mrs. Catto hurrying her on, they soon arrive at a low building built of heavy posts. In a passage at one end of this are a number of small doors opening upon cells. Into one of these Irene enters, to find poor Madame Vannos, but not the Madame Vannos of yesterday, whom she had left happy and proud and decked in summer finery for husband's greeting.

To her Aleria sobs: "My daughter!" and falling into Irene's arms, begs: "Where is your father? Have they killed him?"

Feeling, however, that her mother must do their tyrant's bidding, the girl briefly explains to her their horrible situation, and begs her to put her signature upon the documents, saying: "It can do you no good to refuse. Dear mother, for your own sake, sign!"

"But you and the children?" falters Madame Vannos.

"That makes no difference to us here. Sign to escape her cruelty. Pity yourself; forget us."

"No, no! I'm robbing them!" cries the poor woman. But finally, growing calmer, and Irene putting the matter to her, saying if they ever escape they can sue Turnbull and recover the money, and begging her once more, for her own safety, Aleria, who has already been impressed by Mrs. Catto's discipline, sobs she will put her name to the documents.

This being done, and Madame Vannos's signatures acknowledged by Justice Cutter, Irene, almost broken-hearted, not only at the thought that their family prosperity may now be forever destroyed, but at the miserable situation of her mother and her sisters, neither of whom she has seen, comes back, and meekly—though there is a curious glance in her eyes—hands the documents to little Susan.

Miss Turnbull, sitting in her library, seizes them, cries out joyously, and fondling them, locks them up in her strong box along with the doubloons from the Spanish captain, and all this day seems in rapture, saying to Irene: "Your mother has saved herself and you, too. Now, after your practice with the Greek musicians, go to bed and sleep; I want your eyes bright for my triumph to-night."

Then, evening drawing near, Miss Olivia Penman drives up, attended by her quadron maid. This young lady is a good-hearted and dashing brunette, some five feet seven inches in height and altogether a thorough product of Colonial America.

"Here, Jemima," says Olivia, laughingly, as she steps from her light wagon and is shown by Alida to her chamber with her maid. "Get out my box, with

my evening gown. When you've decked me, you'll have time enough to entertain Mr. Quashie, the hunter-man. He is giving more of his care, wench, to snaring you than wild turkeys."

Half an hour afterward, the colonial belle comes into the drawing-room in a gown she thinks is very fine, it having been made by a Charleston milliner, and looks aghast at Susan's wondrous toilet. For Miss Turnbull, wearing a robe that Irene had bought for her own decking from English modistes, looks as if she had stepped from Almack's ball-room.

Then to them drifts in a callow youth, whose slang is chiefly of Jamaica origin—one Mr. Isaiah Cutter, the son of the Justice. He would be a fair-faced boy, but the sun finding itself unable to conquer with its bronze the whole of his countenance, has contented itself by attacking him in spots, and now he is black-freckled as if he had the small pox.

"La ! Mr. Cutter," says Miss Susan, greeting him. "Your father is not with you."

"No; I left the guv'nor sitting on the bench, punishing Jamaica rum and two fighting niggers," chuckles the young man, full of colonial wit. "He ordered the niggers twenty whacks apiece by the constables."

"But the bottle he whacked himself," laughs Olivia, adding : "Mr. Cutter, you have such a pretty wit. You ought to journey up to Boston ; there you could talk the malcontents into liking the Stamp Act or into drinking the tea they say is to be taxed."

"Gracious ! Why, there's Dr. Stork, the naturalist, on the veranda," cries Miss Turnbull. And the two girls, stepping to meet the man of letters through the open windows, little Susan gives an unearthly scream and falls into a near-by hammock.

"I have just killed with my umbrella a fine diamond-back rattlesnake," says the doctor, exhibiting his prize.

"On my porch!" shrieks his young hostess, beating the floor with her petulant slippers. "Oh heaven! If he had bitten *me*!" For Miss Turnbull is mortally afraid of rattlesnakes, and Florida has plenty of them, even at this day.

"The pests are everywhere," remarks Miss Penman calmly. "I killed one in my garden only yesterday."

A moment after, the dead reptile having been taken away by the gardener, Miss Susan, lifting her skirts daintily, says: "The awful things!" shudders and murmurs: "My smelling bottle, immediately, and fan me or I shall faint!" making pretty display of childish timidity and small feet.

But Dr. Stork, who is a rather gaunt individual whose trousers scarcely meet his half-boots, remarks doggedly: "I came for supper, not for affectations."

A moment later they are joined by Miss Olivia's brother, Jack Penman, a handsome young fellow of colonial ideas; then Mr. Jeffrey, the dandy London clerk from the shipping house and counting-room, comes up dressed in imitation of Bond Street. Mr. Penman is accompanied by Miss Mary Ross, the daughter of a planter a little further down the inlet, who also works his plantation by negro labor.

"Well, since Justice Cutter prefers his bottle to our company, we'll wait for him no longer," remarks Susan.

Going in, they all sit down to supper, which is discreetly served by the mulatto butler and his assistant.

Then the conversation becomes general and local. Young Penman tells them that Mr. Ross is putting in cotton as an experiment, and Miss Olivia talks about her new imported English thoroughbred. From

this, as is usual with young people, the conversation grows personal and amatory.

"Lud, Miss Susan!" says Mr. Cutter, looking at his hostess, for this youth has an idea that the young lady will some day make him master of this great estate, passion coming into his weak eyes as he gazes at her exquisite shoulders. "There's only one thing saves you from me. There's no minister in reach."

"Of course that is my salvation," answers his hostess, grinning savagely. Then she jeers: "Why don't you go up the St. Johns to Rollestown? They say there's a minister there. One of Lord Rolle's imported London queans\* might take pity on you. I'm told they're marrying them to Indians now."

At this Jack Penman laughs: "By Jove, Cutter, there's a chance for *you*. They say my lord reformed them all before he shipped them to Florida, though every lady of 'em has beaten hemp in English Bridewell."

"But you will have to hurry, Isaiah," giggles Stork. "There are only six wenches left now; the rest have died. Would you like to hear what I shall write about your suggested spouse in my history of Florida: 'Lord Rolle, a philanthropic nobleman, selected from the purlieus of London the three hundred most abandoned women in Whitechapel and shipped them to Florida, to improve the virtue of the Indians, likewise of Mr. Isaiah Cutter.'"

"Damme, sir! What do you mean?" cries the young man, for the others are all laughing.

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\* Lord Rolle obtained a grant of land on the St. Johns River. To this place he transported three hundred miserable females who were picked up about the purlieus of London. His object was to reform them and make good members of society. They all died in a few years. (Williams's Territory of Florida.)

This was one of the wild plans of the British ministry to make Florida populous. They even, it is reported, mated these women to Indians, in the hope of producing an industrial population.—Ed.

Here Susan merrily claps her hands and ejaculates: "Hurrah! Here's sensation! We shall have a duel—the first in New Smyrna! La! We're becoming quite fashionable!" then says tactfully: "But I hear my Greek musicians twanging their fiddle strings in the drawing-room. Fight to-morrow morning, gentlemen, but enjoy my entertainment to-night. My secretary, Natalie, will first recite a French poem to you, then my maid, Chloris, will sing, and afterward my prize slave, Irene, will dance for you."

Soon they all stroll into the drawing-room, Cutter and Stork apparently burying the hatchet. The apartment being quite a large one and the French windows thrown open on the veranda, Miss Susan's guests group themselves about these breathing spots, enjoying the breeze, the gentlemen smoking, while the three Greek musicians at the end of the room, one playing a fiddle, another a mandolin, and the third a zither, break into a very pretty and romantic love melody. Through this the colonial belles and beaux chat, chiefly discussing Miss Turnbull's new maid, who is to dance for them this evening, for the gentlemen have heard rumor of Irene's beauty, and the ladies are anxious to see the girl, Miss Vannos having been kept craftily secluded in her bedroom by her mistress in order to enhance the interest of her appearance.

A moment later Susan announces: "A French recitation by my secretary!" and clapping her hands cries: "Natalie, come forth!"

From some curtains at the opposite end of the room this lady makes her appearance to recite a short selection from Racine, appropriately dressed for the tragic muse in long black velvet robe, from which in striking relief her rounded arms and dimpled shoulders gleam white and brilliant. She delivers the lines from the

*Phédre* in a shrinking, nervous way, her graceful figure trembling for the girl is frightened to distraction, first by natural bashfulness, and next by terror of her mistress in case she should make a failure. Therefore she does it very badly.

Fortunately for Natalie, no one save Miss Susan understands French, and all think they must appear familiar with the language; consequently they burst into a storm of wild applause, young Cutter shrieking: "Bravo! Bravissima!" So, though Susan's eyes for one moment gleam angrily, the next instant she applauds herself and says: "Well done!" cogently reasoning: "If the girl has made a failure, and the others don't know it, why should I decry my own goods?" To her, she says graciously: "You can stand behind my chair, Natalie, and fan me."

Taking her appointed place, and doing as directed, the young Greek woman looks very pretty in a dreamy, melancholy sort of way, for she has a husband whom she dearly loves toiling in one of the indigo gangs, and has never been permitted to see him since they landed.

"It's a pity, Mr. Cutter," remarks Miss Turnbull, "that your father slights not only my supper but my entertainment. What do you think is his reason for it?"

"'Fore Gad, Miss Turnbull," replies the young man, "there can be only one."

"And that is?"

"Old Jamaica rum. He's probably asleep on the bench of the justice's court-room."

With a shrug of the shoulders at this information, the hostess announces: "Now, a song by my maid, Chloris. I think, Mr. Jeffrey, you'll say she is a prima donna."

"Oh, I know she is," answers Miss Ross. "I have heard the wench sing before."

A moment after, Chloris enters. Dressed in a plain white floating gown, she looks indeed a Greek maiden, as to the accompaniment of the musicians, she sings several *chansons* very prettily—so well that even Susan is pleased, and stepping to her she pats the girl reassuringly on her shoulder and whispers: “You remember your mistake in dressing my hair this evening?”

“Oh yes, ma’am,” falters the girl.

“It is forgiven you.”

So her mistress leads her away, one terror taken from Chloris’s heart. Passing in the curtains with her, Susan goes to her chamber, where Irene is waiting, ready dressed for her ordeal; for the girl knows it is one, and that failure or even moderate success will mean for her a most cruel reckoning.

“Stand in front of me!” says Miss Turnbull, sharply. Inspecting her from head to foot, she remarks, her eyes growing joyous: “As regards beauty you’ll do! See that you dance as prettily as you look. Come with me!”

Then Irene, following her mistress, is glad that instead of spending the afternoon in rest she had used it in most assiduously practicing and rehearsing the various steps, gestures and poses of the dance.

Leaving her slave at the curtains that drape the entrance, Susan steps in, to the clang of zither, twang of mandolin, and sharp note of fiddle, and holding up her hand, the Greek musicians stop. “Now,” she says proudly to her guests, “tell me all if I have not the prettiest dancing girl in the Western World.”

Then the orchestra begins a little soft prelude as the autocrat cries: “Irene, to me and do your best!”

At her words, from the curtains glides the girl, and throwing a sweeping courtesy, first to her mistress,

then to the company, stands posed for the beginning of the *saraband*, looking as graceful as an antelope and as beautiful as a Venus.

For Miss Turnbull has determined upon an effect, and has had her maid appareled to make one!

From Irene's graceful waist upward is a very low cut corsage of gleaming black satin, laced so tightly to her figure, that every vibration of her form is vividly apparent. Above this, white and dazzling, gleam her back and shoulders of ivory and snowy bust and arms of exquisite proportion and admirable model. About her head are gathered the girl's brown locks in curling clusters crowned with a single wreath of roses, beneath which her great hazel eyes gleam with a frightened-deer expression—her fair cheeks, and even neck and bosom, burn, glowing with blushes—the blushes of outraged modesty and wounded pride—as she is thus displayed to make her mistress's triumph.

From her waist to her knees flutter numerous skirts of delicate pink tissue; so many that they seem to make a cloud. Below these her exquisite limbs are displayed in stockings of such transparent web, the flesh tints gleam through them, from graceful knees to high arched insteps, where the little white dancing slippers are sandaled on her delicate ankles with white satin bows.

At Miss Susan's signal the musicians break into the wild *saraband*. Irene can now bless Lavender's teachings, for she bounds with the grace of a sylphide, and does her steps with so much vigor, *élan*, and even abandon that the aristocracy of New Smyrna burst into enthusiastic applause, which is broken in upon and dominated by the wild and barbaric cries and clapping of hands of Miss Turnbull's two mulatto wenches, the negro hunter, Quashie, and

Miss Penman's maid, Jemima, who, having surreptitiously crept around the corner of the balcony, are now enjoying the affair with rolling eyeballs.

"*Pardie*, Irene, you've done me proud!" whispers Susan, though even in her triumph—and she feels she has one, as she notes a wondering envy on Miss Penman's face—a tinge of bitterness comes in the mistress's voice as she jeers: "You've astounded even our Congo wenches, two of whom—my own girls—will laugh in another way to-morrow."

With this Miss Turnbull would walk toward the offenders, but Olivia interposes, laughing: "La! Don't send Jemima away; she's enjoying her first sight of European ballet. Jemima's only seen a Voodoo dance before!"

Then every one insists that Irene must do her steps again.

"It's a pity, Mr. Cutter," remarks Susan, severely, "that your father, who has such an eye for beauty, is not here this evening." For the hostess is by no means pleased at her invitation being slighted.

She claps her hands to the musicians and says: "Irene, once more—step very quickly!" And the slave-girl, who at the close of her dance had sunk gracefully upon one knee before her mistress, springing up, the music is wilder and more rapid still, but her flying feet must keep time to it, though her panting bosom shows the exertion the girl is making this hot night, as the perspiration gathers upon her forehead. Finally the orchestra ceases, and she sinks once more upon her knee before her mistress.

"Better! Better still! Bravo!" cries young Jeffrey, the London clerk, who is sipping a sangaree in the cool of the veranda.

"By Jove! We must have another round; it was

so beautiful ! ” says adolescent Cutter, enthusiastically.

But Miss Penman dissents: “ I think the wench is tired.”

“ Tired ! ” answers Susan, “ Nonsense ! Irene, my guests demand your services again ! This time faster still ! ” the last to the musicians, who once more strike up. Then Irene, her limbs quivering with exertion, again springs to do her owner’s bidding, her limbs flying, her skirts whirling more quickly. Her little feet, in their dancing slippers, flash vivaciously and vividly. The white breast heaves and pants, gasping for breath. Her eyes, as she circles round, seek those of her mistress, praying for the signal for respite, which doesn’t come. For little Susan’s feet beat time more quickly, and she claps her hands more rapidly, and they all applaud more and more enthusiastically, as Irene desperately, her heart now throbbing as if it would burst, keeps rhythm to the merciless *tempo*.

Till suddenly seeing that her own triumph will be spoiled if her dancing-girl faints from over-exertion, the little despot cries to the musicians : “ Stop ! ”

And a panting figure sinking on her knees, half swooning at her feet, Miss Turnbull pats the throbbing shoulder of the slave-girl and cries: “ Bravo ! ” then laughs: “ Young Mr. Cutter, tell your father he has missed it ! I wonder where he is now ? ”

“ D-d-r-r-unk ! ” comes in a shrieking hiccup through the casements.

And the party, starting up laughing, see, to their horror and amazement, old Justice Cutter stagger in, uttering maudlin moans and looking like a tipsy butcher, for his nankeens are all bespattered with gore and his face has now a weird, peculiar hideousness, his right ear having been cropped short off to his head.

As he lurches forward he gulps : “ Save yourselves !

They've risen and broke—broken out !—Cut off the—hic—Lord Chief Justice's ear !—Cut it off with a demmed meat axe !” and so falls writhing upon the floor.

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## CHAPTER XXII.

### MISS SUSAN DECLARES SHE IS BEING ROBBED.

THE ladies' cheeks grow pale; there is a faint shriek from Miss Ross.

“Risen!—who?” This is a cry from young Jack Penman.

“The Greeks and—hiccup—Minorcans!”

“Where are they now?” This is from little Susan.

“At the storehouses, breaking in. Oh good Lud, my murdered ear!” and Cutter utters drunken moans upon the floor.

“Oh God! my specimens!” shrieks Stork, the naturalist. “They'll eat up my pickling! My snakes and alligators are all stored in *rum*!”

“Then they've drunk your rattlers by this time sure,” jeers young Isaiah, who can't forego a joke.

Here, in a flash, little Susan astounds them all!

Even while they have been speaking, with a firm grasp on Irene's shoulder, she has drawn the girl, who is too panting to resist, toward a large closet at the end of the room and pushed her in. She now calls sternly: “Natalie, this way instantly! Step in here quick!” and the Greek lady going in from habit of obedience, Susan closes the door and locks it, and putting the key in her pocket says: “Two of them are safe; the other Greek servants are not here. Now, you musicians!” and aided by Jack Penman and young Jeffrey, she huddles the astounded jinglers on strings, instruments

and all, into the butler's pantry, where she locks them up.

Then she calls: "Here Quashie, my two mulatto girls, and you, Jemima!" whispering eagerly the moment after to Miss Olivia: "You can trust your servants?"

"With my life!"

"Then Quashie, ran to the stables, rouse up my grooms, wake Mr. Penman's coachman, and order them to harness all the horses in the stables to the light wagons and bring them round to the rear entrance—quick! Then you get your gun loaded!"

"Yes, missus," says the hunter-man, and runs away.

"What do you mean to do?" asks Jack.

"This!" answers Susan, her thin lips very pale, but cheeks and eyes blazing, "I am prepared, but it came a little sooner than I expected. My women's barracoen is a fortress. There Mr. Johnson, in case of any trouble, has orders to assemble the whole patrol and send an escort to my house. With me, in my stronghold your sister and Miss Ross are safe as in Gibraltar; we have provisions there for months and living wells of water, and can defend it forever against an unarmed force. Already, if my orders have been obeyed, a boat is under way to St. Augustine with request to Governor Grant for troops. Now, to secure property!"

And Susan commands like a general: "Get your boxes, young ladies." Have your maids pack and bring your valises down," then laughs to the other girls: "I suppose I'll lose some of my wardrobe."

"Here, Antoine," she orders the butler, "and you, Cæsar," to the footman, "help Mr. Cutter and Mr. Jeffrey take my iron chest to the outer entrance, ready to put in the first wagon that leaves."

While she is speaking these words—all of them under

her voice, because she wants none of her Greek house-servants to know an outbreak has taken place—she is ringing her handbell.

Madame Zalemo and her daughter answering her summons, she says: "Alida, my two sewing-girls—are they locked up as usual at night?"

"Yes, Madame."

"Then come with me!" and, turning to her guests, Susan says, assuming gayety: "The wagons for the evening's drive will be here in a few minutes. Excuse me for a moment." With this she leads her two slaves through her chamber to the long passage way, as her gentlemen guests convey her strong box to the outer door and help the ladies bring down their finery.

"Oh Heaven!" falters Alida. "How have we transgressed, Madame?"

"Silence—come with me!" And the two follow her tremblingly into the room where Irene had suffered the night before. Here Susan commands: "Quick, hold your wrists to me!"

To her Madame Zalemo, faltering "Pardon!" extends her hands. The next instant there is the sudden snap of steel, and she is handcuffed.

"Now, Chloris, you also!" and before the girl, accustomed to obey, half realizes what is done, her wrists are also secured. "Alida, sit down!"

"What is that?" cries Madame Zalemo, for a hoarse, distant roar comes floating on the night air, and through the open window flashes the glare of a distant conflagration.

"Sit down! Now draw up your skirts and hold out your ankles, both of you!" Their mistress's voice is hoarse with savage command.

"What—you won't?" for the two hesitate. Taking down a lithe rawhide switch, Miss Susan says

"Obey me instantly!" and in sudden fear both Madame Alida and her daughter draw up their skirts and extend their feet to her.

"Now hold them quiet!" and in a jiffy Miss Turnbull has fastened round the ankles of each, little manacles connected together with enough steel chain to permit their walking slowly, but no more.

Then Susan brings her two captives back with her into the main room and commands sternly: "Don't dare to move until I order you!"

A moment after, in her bedroom, buckling on two little pistols, this young lady autocrat says to one of her mulatto girls, who are as much slaves as ever, for they know this is no outbreak of their race: "Take this key and release my two Greek seamstresses; bring them down and put manacles upon them. If they resist, tell them I'll shoot them!" Here suddenly she gasps: "Thank God!" for she hears the wagons at the door.

So going out, she calmly says to young Penman, who stands guard over her strong box and the party's baggage: "We have plenty of time. The slaves will not be here until they've gorged themselves at the store-houses; they are half starved—that is our safety."

"By Jove! Is that you, Johnson?" calls out Jack, as hoofs are heard upon the drive and the superintendent rides up, armed.

"Thank God you're here!" murmurs Miss Turnbull, then whispers anxiously: "My barracoon?"

"Everything as you ordered. The patrol are there, also the overseers."

"Are they arming themselves?"

"Yes, madame."

"Now, Olivia and Mary, you will have to be my guests for a few days," says Susan, half merrily, to the

young ladies, who are beside her with their maids and luggage. "It is safest; don't you think so, Mr. Penman?"

"Certainly! Besides, if I stay here to-night with you—and I wouldn't leave you in such a strait—" answers the young man gallantly, "there'll be another gun to help defend the stockade."

"Very well. Then if you gentlemen will take the ladies down to the barracoon—but first put my iron-chest on the front seat!"

"You must come with us."

"Not with this load. I have my servants to secure."

"You're taking a foolish risk. Come!" cries Jeffrey.

"I come with them."

"Then I'll stay with you!" says Johnson, and jumps off his horse.

So the wagons drive away with Miss Ross, who has quite pale cheeks, and Miss Penman, who seems only excited, and whispers: "This is more ado than we've had since the Seminoles went on the warpath."

"If the negro drivers are frightened, perhaps you gentlemen had better return," calls Susan after them.

"All right; we'll come!" cries Jack.

Stepping back into the house, Miss Susan hurriedly directs her mulatto wenches to get her wardrobe and things of value together and make bundles of them, for she dares not trust her Greek servants now.

The two Minorcan sewing-girls are seated beside Madame Zalemo and her daughter, ironed and helpless.

Miss Turnbull walks quickly to the little room and selects two sets of manacles. As she comes back through the hallway, the superintendent says to her: "Do you want my assistance?"

"Not at all! There are three Greek musicians in the butler's pantry. Just see they are secured and driven down to the barracoon. I'll arrange for my two maids myself," answers the lady firmly. Going to the closet-door in the drawing-room, she unlocks it, and stands for the moment astonished.

Both captives are at the further end of their place of confinement, and Natalie is trying to climb out of a little window—the flashing light making them think the house is on fire.

Then Susan speaks shortly and sternly: "Irene, step here—hold out your hands!"

"What—what is taking place? The Greeks have risen!" Her maid makes an abortive effort to fly past her.

But Susan's lithe rawhide curls round the girl's delicate limbs where they are scarce protected by the web-like stockings—twice, viciously—and with a shriek of pain she sinks upon her knees.

"Now hold out your hands!" and before Irene, enfeebled by sudden anguish, can resist, Susan has snapped the little irons upon her wrists.

"Now, you," she calls, in slave-driver's tones, "you Natalie, here!"

And the Greek woman coming out falters: "Mercy! What is happening?"

"Hold out your wrists!"

"Madame—my—my husband!"

"Obey me!" and the next second Natalie's arms are helpless.

"Now both of you sit down! Irene, your dancing slippers this way like a flash!" and over the shapely ankles in all their silk decking for her fête Miss Susan tightly locks two manacles, with connecting chain securing them.

"Now, Natalie, lift up your skirt and give me your feet!"

But the Greek woman hesitates, murmuring frantically: "My—my husband Carlo!" for the distant fires light up the room and the roar of tumult is now louder.

Suddenly Miss Turnbull cries: "What! You will not obey!" reaches down, plucks her secretary's velvet robe away, and claps two shackles on the outstretched ankles. Then a steely light coming into her eyes, she cries: "Draw up your petticoat—you, Madame!—to your knees!" The woman doing as she is bid with her manacled hands, her mistress commands: "Now hold them out to me." And two rounded limbs being extended falteringly in their silken hose and tight black slippers, in three quick flashes Susan's little rawhide hisses and curls about them as they writhe and flinch under her correction.

"Now, that's to show you I mean business! Stop your screaming and sobbing! Both of you follow me; you can whimper as you walk." So she leads the way to the hall and here gives forth a cry of joy. Wagon wheels are running up the shell drive.

"Antoine and Cæsar, put my bundles on those wagons!" she cries. "And after that is done, both you darkies run down to the barracoons on your own hook. Now, Mr. Johnson, would you mind seeing my bundles are packed properly—and where are my Greek musicians?"

"I sent the fiddlers down by Jones, who came up to tell me the slaves have broken into the second storehouse."

"Then we've no time to lose. Now, Irene, Natalie and all my women, come here to the outer entrance, quick! Alida, Chloris, and you sewing-girls, to the front wagon!"

With the assistance of Johnson, the two mulatto wenches lift up Madame Zalemo and her daughter and the seamstresses, for they are partly helpless in their secured condition, and seat them in the vehicle.

"Now, if any of you move or speak till you're taken out of the wagons, twenty lashes at the post to-morrow morning. You can drive away. Thank you, Mr. Jack, for coming up so gallantly."

And the first wagon is off.

"Here, Irene and Natalie, in with me, and you two mulatto wenches." The two Greek girls being lifted in by Johnson, Susan takes seat between them, saying: "You're safe, my ladies, anyway, and keep very quiet!"

Then the black women get into the rear of the carriage, and the driver whips up his horses.

So they drive silently but quickly down the shell-road through the grounds, for Miss Susan's threat causes a paralysis of her women's tongues, though she talks in low tones to Mr. Johnson, who gallops beside her wagon.

As they swing into the road and get out of the shade of the shrubbery, the scene becomes brilliant with burning palmetto huts and the flames of one or two of Turnbull's storehouses. The hum of excited men is, however, not so loud, the poor creatures in a half-famished condition having devoted their first moments of liberty to gorging themselves; though some have taken to liquor, and a few are still alert for vengeance.

As the wagon makes a turn in the road, two men, the advance of some half dozen, spring toward the heads of the horses. One seizes the bits. This man, the negro hunter, who is running beside the carriage, shoots, and Johnson rides the other down with his horse.

"Quashie," cries Susan as they speed along, "that shot is five guineas in your pocket."

A moment later they drive into the grounds of the women's barracoon, through an open gateway which is guarded by a band of armed overseers who are waiting for them. The instant the last of the party are inside, Johnson orders the gates closed and barricaded.

Then coolly standing by, Susan sees her women slaves are all taken in and locked up in cells and her other goods and chattels that she has saved taken care of.

Round her cluster the ladies and gentlemen of her party, for Miss Turnbull has made this evening a great impression on all of them, Johnson remarking *sotto voce*: "By Barbadoes niggers, she's the best little slave-driver I ever saw!" and Jack Penman telling his sister and Miss Ross that their hostess, though she isn't a man, is a general.

And now Susan *does* assume command. She asks anxiously: "Mr. Johnson, how long ago did the boat leave for St. Augustine?"

"Half an hour. It is well out of the inlet now. I sent Jenks and Roberts, and two negro fishermen. She's a fast-sailing sloop, and if the wind holds, will be off Matanzas Island by to-morrow morning."

"The ships in the inlet?"—there is a little tremor in Miss Turnbull's voice.

"I've warned them. There's only the *Susan and Mary* and a schooner. Both have got up anchor and are under way."

"Then we have the rebels!" cries their mistress savagely. "They have only fishing boats now in which to say good-bye to us."

For this little lady has solved the problem of the whole affair. If the Turnbull slaves can get ships and

put to sea, they may escape to the Bahamas or the Spanish Main—never to be gathered up again. If they can be kept here until the troops arrive from St. Augustine, they will not be lost to her. As long as they remain at New Smyrna, they are still her *property*!

The barracoon, which occupies about an acre, is safe from unarmed men. The patrol, overseers and drivers make forty men to guard this, besides the gentlemen who are with them. Ten sentries are posted around the stockade, one man in a lookout-box at each of the angles, the others pacing between these points of observation. The rest, thirty, are held together, to fly to any portion of the place that may be attacked.

"Everything is all right. You'd better get to bed and take things quietly, Miss Turnbull," says the superintendent.

"Have you destroyed all the fishing-skiffs?"

"Well—no," answers Johnson; "I don't think they can put to sea in them."

"Oh, mercy! If another ship comes here, with those boats they could board and perhaps capture it. Besides, there are two schooners further down the inlet."

"Well, it's too late now, I reckon!" replies the superintendent. "The Greeks have already got the boats at the wharf."

"But we've some here at the landing. These must be destroyed. Is there not also another craft big enough to go to St. Augustine? I don't want to trust my message to only one."

"Yes, there's a good-sized pinnace that would do well enough this fine weather."

"Then send two fishermen and an under-overseer in that, and we'll destroy the rest. Stay—I'll go with you."

Wait for me a minute," and Susan, going into the rooms that have been set apart for her and the other ladies, calls one of her negro maidservants—for she doesn't dare to trust any of her Greek women this night. From this she comes out, having thrown off her light slippers and evening gown, dressed in a short, plain, black walking robe, with high boots and leggings, laughing: "I'm better fitted for business now."

As she and Johnson, accompanied by six or eight men, go down the walk to the landing to get the pinnacle off, she asks the superintendent earnestly: "Have you every Greek and Minorcan woman properly secured?"

"Tight and fast! Some are in the cells, and the others have been ironed and locked up in one of the larger rooms."

"Every one?"

"Yes—down to twelve year olds."

"Because one traitor on such a night might destroy us."

Some half hour after this, the pinnacle being dispatched and the rest of the boats sunk and destroyed—all except one small one which is carried bodily into the barracoon in case they need it, and which soon after Susan prizes as her very soul—Miss Turnbull, shaking hands with the gentlemen and thanking them for their services, says: "Mr. Cutter, how is your papa?"

"He is inside," answers Isaiah, "and we've plastered his head up as well as possible."

"And Dr. Stork?"

"By panthers!" cries Jones, an under-superintendent who is standing by: "The fool has gone to try and save his pickled snakes at the storehouse."

At this there is a general guffaw, though in the dis-

tance another palmetto hut is just breaking into flames.

"Then, gentlemen, good-night;" and Susan goes in to join the ladies, leaving the young men to keep themselves awake over cards and a bottle of Old Jamaica.

The next morning Miss Turnbull is up bright and early, and busy as Joan of Arc. She inspects the smouldering storehouses with a telescope, and seeing that no effort is being made by the liberated Greeks to get to sea, laughs: "The procrastinating fools!" and goes to breakfast, making it quite a merry meal with her lady and gentlemen guests.

Then finding she has some spare time, she has Natalie brought to her and makes that lady take down a record of the outbreak in detail, from entirely a Turnbull point of view, for transmission to the Governor; Susan swearing to the statement before Justice Cutter, who is groaning in a bunk.

Toward the middle of the day, a deputation of the escaped, carrying a white apron on a pole, comes up to the stockade and makes proposition to the superintendent; their leader, an Italian, shouting: "You, Johnson, if you will agree to give us ships to take us to Bermuda, your lives are spared. If not, we'll cut the throats of every one of you, especially Jones, Bull and Guiseppe, and we want Cutter also."

"You Messrs. Jones, Bull and Guiseppe, hear him?" remarks Susan calmly, and knows these men at least are made as true as steel.

Then she says to Mr. Johnson: "Tell these slaves my terms!"

And the superintendent, lifting up his voice, cries, at her dictation: "Miss Turnbull says her orders to you are that every man and woman of you go back to your barracoons; and then, after your ringleaders

and every tenth man of you have been flogged, she will forgive your mutiny."

To this there is a derisive cry of rage, a volley of stones, and *one* pistol shot from the malcontents, Miss Susan growing very merry, noting they have been unable to procure more potent weapons.

"Now just let them delay for a few days, Mr. Johnson," laughs Miss Diplomat. "They can't get through the swamps; my only fear is vessels."

But that very evening little Miss Susan commences to laugh upon the other side of her sweet mouth. A small fishing schooner which comes up the inlet, unsuspecting any trouble, is promptly boarded and seized by the malcontents, and their mistress commences to discover that the escapes know what is necessary for their freedom as well as she.

The next morning on making inspection with the telescope she utters a gasp of dismay. Her slaves have gone down the inlet in the little schooner and captured its consort, and though neither of these vessels is over a hundred tons burden, still, if necessary, they can bear away a good many of these beings she fondly thinks her property.

Then, as bad luck will have it, a stupid brigantine, unheeding flag-signals from the barracoon, comes sleepily in and drops her anchor lazily in the harbor. She is one of Turnbull's vessels, which has brought from South Carolina a cargo of live hogs for putting out to pasture on his wild lands. Her small crew of skipper, mate, and five sailors are easily overpowered by boats from the shore. They make no resistance, and half an hour afterward these mariners come tramping up to the barracoon, begging for entry and protection and cursing the pirates that have boarded them.

During the preceding day another little fishing-smack has been captured and brought down from Mr. Penman's plantation, that gentleman being absent in St. Augustine at this time.

"By Jove! They've got our little *Midge!*" growls his son, Jack, uttering curses under his breath.

These vessels the rebels anchor in a bunch together. Then Susan commences to tear her hair and utter cries of misery, and shriek: "I'm robbed of my slaves! The cruel villains are going to run away!" and dances about her room, muttering: "The thieves—to steal themselves from me—their legal mistress, who owns them by every right human and divine!" and sobs bitterly: "Oh, if I were a man!" For her telescope discloses that the Greeks are making preparations to go on board the vessels and sail away from their little mistress, who values them so much.

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## CHAPTER XXIII.

### THE PIRATE'S KISS.

DESPAIR would now doubtless fall upon Miss Turnbull at the loss of all this valuable flesh and blood; but early in the afternoon, while using her telescope sweeping the ocean to the north in hope of approaching aid from St. Augustine, she suddenly cries: "A sail! There's a vessel outside the inlet. Send for Mr. Johnson at once!" When the superintendent gets to her side, she says: "Look! Is that a government ship from St. Augustine?"

"No, Miss Turnbull."

"It flies the English flag."

"Yes, but that's a brig, and the government vessels are schooners. It is probably some trader."

To this Susan dissents: "I think not. You notice she has raking masts, and seems a swift-sailing craft. Any way, she may be armed. Get that boat ready, Mr. Johnson; take four men and a negro pilot, and board that brig yourself. If it is a vessel of sufficient force, tell them, two hundred guineas if they come into this inlet, re-capture the brigantine and fire the two fishing schooners."

"Yes, I guess I'd better go on this job myself," remarks the superintendent. "Perhaps it'll be a matter of bargain; I may have to pay a little more."

"Go up to five hundred guineas, if necessary. That should surely tempt them, if they've got the spirit of men and have any arms on board."

So the little skiff being taken out of the barracoon and brought down to the water, Susan watches Johnson, pulled by four stalwart negro fishermen, go out into the open inlet. Here he is seen and pursued by two or three fishing-boats manned by the Greeks.

After a lively race, however, the watching lady utters a cry of joy; for she observes the brig, which has apparently been making a course down the coast, suddenly head for the superintendent's boat; a few minutes after she sees the skiff alongside. Then she claps her hands with joy, as the strange vessel, under full sail, comes into the inlet; and half an hour afterward goes frantic with delight as she sees the brig, which is apparently a vessel of some force, make very short work with her escaping Greeks, driving them off the brigantine and setting fire to the two schooners; the little fishing-sloop escaping into the more shallow waters of the lagoon. The despair of her slaves, men and women, who had clustered upon the wharf, ready to take passage on these vessels to freedom, adds to her hilarity.

Half an hour afterward, Johnson landing from his

boat comes to where Susan and her party are laughing quite merrily, the gentlemen drinking the health of the captain of the useful and opportune brig in good, strong spirits, and the ladies doing the same in milder sangaree.

"This finishes the Greeks!" says Miss Turnbull triumphantly. "To-morrow morning, at the latest, we must have the troops from St. Augustine, and with the jack tars on that craft to aid us, we are now supremely safe." Then she calls to Johnson, who is approaching, a grin of satisfaction on his sunburnt face: "How much did the gallant skipper of that brig demand for this service he has done me? Did you succeed for two hundred guineas?"

"It didn't cost you that," chuckles the superintendent. "When I told him who you were, he said he would do it for love."

"For love?" repeats Susan.

"Aha! an old adorer!" laughs Olivia.

"Miss Susan kills hearts wherever she goes," suggests young Cutter; though not so merrily, for he doesn't like dashing sea captains appearing as his rivals.

"For *love*!" repeats Miss Turnbull angrily. "Who is the saucy knave?"

"Oh, an old flame of yours, I imagine," replies Johnson. "He sent his compliments and said he would be up in half an hour."

"His—his name?"

"Captain Dick Bocock, of the *Growler*, privateer."

"My God!" And the gentlemen and ladies see their hostess, who is standing up, clutch a chair convulsively, as if to support her pretty figure. "You—you said Captain Dick Bocock?"

"Yes. He presented his compliments and said

‘Tell my lass I’ll be up in half an hour,’” answers Johnson with a grin.

“In—half—an hour?”

“If not sooner. He’s just making things ship-shape on board the *Growler*.”

“Didn’t I tell you it was an old flame?” laughs Miss Penman. “By your agitated face, he must have left an arrow in your heart.”

“Oh, yes,” returns Susan, whose lips are trying to laugh, though her cheeks are very white. “I have not forgotten Captain Dick Bocock.” Then she says suddenly: “We must make his coming a *fête*. He is a gallant fellow, and perhaps will proffer love to *all* of you lasses. I go to prepare for our ally and preserver!” and so leaves them, with a manner that makes them think the recollection of her coming sailor lad has struck her to the heart.

And so it has! As Susan moves away, into her alert mind has flown: “I were more safe with the rebellious Greeks, from whom I could protect this barracoon. But Bocock, the privateer, with probably fifty armed sea-dogs and cannon—My God!—I—he may carry me off, for revenge.”

Getting word apart with Johnson, she asks carelessly: “Do you think the *Growler* has men enough to be safe from the Greeks to-night?”

“Lots!” says the superintendent cheerily. “She must have all of sixty about her decks—good fighting fellows, too.”

“And plenty of cannon, I hope?” Susan sighs.

“Four eight-pounders on each side, and a long twenty-four amidships—Good Lord, what’s the matter?” for Miss Turnbull has staggered a little in her walk.

“Matter! This Bocock is no better than a pirate!”

At her words stout Tim Johnson starts, falters, and grows pale under his bronze; pirates were feared and respected in the West Indies in those days. "Shall I resist his landing?" he asks dubiously.

"Of course not. His cannon make him our master. Leave me, and let me think!"

And Johnson going from her, she shudders with pale face and frightened heart: "I'm—I'm lost, if I don't use my brains. God's mercy! I shall be this drunken pirate's prey!" Then she jeers: "A woman has but one weapon, but it has conquered many a man!"

In the room set apart as her chamber Susan suddenly summons Mrs. Catto. To her she says: "Release Irene and Natalie at once; send them to me."

"Natalie?"

"Yes; she has more taste in dressing my hair than any of them. But—they're safe enough now. Besides, in this little dressing closet I can lock them up when their services are over. Send those girls to me, quick!"

Irene and Natalie coming to her, she says to them: "As you love yourselves, wenches, make me beautiful to-night. I have only one *fête* gown here—the one I wore the other evening; do the best you can with that. Natalie, give me your taste; Irene, your skillful hands."

Spurred by their fears, the two proceed to make little Susan a fairy. When they have done it, she promptly orders them into the little dressing closet, and locks and bolts the door on them, saying: "Not a word from either of you while I am gone!"

Coming out, her cheeks are very pale, but her eyes very bright. She meets Johnson and asks him breathlessly, "Is Captain Bocock coming?"

"Yes; his boat has just rounded the point and is making up to our landing."

"Then I must meet him as if borne on the wings of love!" Suddenly she runs down the board walk to the little dock, picking up her light skirts and flying like a sylph, and to the astonishment of the gallant mariner as he steps off his gig, and also the six stout tars that pull the boat, two round white arms are thrown about his neck and Dick Boccock receives his *first* kiss from Susan Turnbull.

"My preserver, thank God! You here, my sailor boy, who has come to the Western World to save thy true sweetheart!" And she is round his neck.

"By keelhauls! This *is* a surprise!" cries out the fighting skipper. "Ye've taken me more aback, lass, boarding me so unexpected, than if a mermaid had bussed me."

"You *didn't* expect it?" Oh! the reproach in Susan's enticing eyes.

"Well—no—considering the way you last treated me." And Boccock looks dubiously on her witcheries.

"Ah, but when I thought of your gallant face afterward—how you dashed the old lord down and pulled off his wig—Ah, that was fun, Dick, that was fun! Ah—well, I'm not my Lady Marchioness on account of *you*." The last, despite attempted archness and coquetry, a little bitterly—poor Susan knows it is so true.

But here Captain Richard surprises and dismays her; he turns to his coxswain and orders: "Not a man of you leave this boat and the fellow that takes a dram knows what'll happen to him. Tell my lieutenant when he comes in the long boat to march his men up to that house after me—I'll give him his orders up there!"

These words make Susan tremble, but she is around

him once again, and then they stroll along the walk, the skipper's cutlass clanking as he goes; the fellow being in big, high sea-boots and looking, what he has always been, fitted only for the quarter-deck.

"You—you—" Susan is gazing in his face. "Now confess, you naughty boy, you meant to carry me away!—Oh, fie! to abduct your little Susan." For Bocock at her words has hang-dog face.

Then suddenly he brightens up and frightens her still more. Despite herself she shivers as he says doggedly, "You've guessed it, lass; I did! And by the Lord Harry I'll do it *yet!* Do you think your kisses have made me shy of you, my wench? I'll take another." This Miss Susan is compelled to give him, and also several more.

But his caresses becoming very ardent, for the captain has taken a dram or two of Santa Cruz in the excitement of his good fortune, she laughs: "Ah, naughty Dick!" and gathering her skirts, trips ahead of him, making such a pretty display of alluring beauty that the rover's eyes grow big in his head and he mutters: "By bob-stays, lucky Dick Bocock!"

But little Susan has another object in running ahead of her swain, and that is to have time to whisper to Johnson "For heaven's sake, in some way get liquor into the tars in that boat!"

A moment after, Bocock swaggers in, and the superintendent thinks Miss Turnbull the most awful fool on earth, as she takes the arm of this buccaneer and divides her time 'twixt making love to him and prattling of her great estate and the fifteen hundred slaves she has, and gossiping about her other property in London, as well as possessions in this town of New Smyrna.

"By the Lord Harry!" thinks Johnson, "the bigger she makes her fortune, the greater ransom this sea-rover will demand."

But little Susan is deeper than her man-of-affairs. She is desperately anxious to instill into Bocock's blunt brain that if he carries her off he will only get her own pretty self and what personal property he can transport on board his vessel; but if he waits and takes her by rite of the church, he will become lord of a great domain. Therefore she proceeds to suggest this idea to him, treating him as her affianced husband—both by her apparent delight at seeing him and her simulated adoration for his handsome, reckless, devil-may-care person—hinting by her caresses the honor that he will do her if he will deign to accept not only her enticing loveliness but her mighty possessions.

Acting on this idea, she introduces him to the astounded company as her sailor laddie, who has come all the way from England to *marry* her.

The ladies of the party seem to take this announcement much better than the gentlemen, one or two of whom have had hopes of winning the fair Miss Turnbull as a bride.

"Yes; any one could tell Cupid had shot you in the heart, Susan, the minute you heard his name," laughs Mary Ross, and unwittingly assists Miss Circe's deception.

"Why, Captain Bocock," chimes in Olivia Penman, "you should have seen our pretty hostess flutter when your name was mentioned."

This makes Dick proud as a game-cock, and he begins to think that his stalwart charms have indeed vanquished his little Sue.

It is now sunset, and they all go in to supper, which has been made as bountiful as circumstances permit. Antoine and the negro footman serve it, for Miss Turnbull, though she wants Bocock to think her very rich, doesn't care for him to know that she has half a

hundred pretty wenches under lock and key. On the banquet her sea-dog falls to work, preferring quantity to quality, even the quality being a great deal above the hardtack and salt horse that were served in the cabin of a privateer in the year 1769.

"Here's driving out the scurvy!" says the jovial captain, as he attacks a piece of fresh beef and helps himself to sweet potatoes. "Besides,"—for Susan has been apologizing for the meal, saying that since her slaves have risen they have not been able to get fruit and meat and fish, as is their wont—"besides, there's plenty of grog. No Madeira for me—I prefer Santa Cruz."

As he helps himself to the rum, his Circe's eyes, that are now bewitching, grow radiant with hope. But after a few minutes, sparks of agony fly into them. Bocock seems unusually abstemious this evening, and this frightens Miss Turnbull more than anything else; for there's only one thing that keeps a tar from his grog, and that is *business*; and Susan knows any business the gallant captain proposes to transact this evening will be *with her*.

By this time the whole party are chatting quite merrily, the privateersman spinning a few yarns of sea adventure—then interruption comes, in a way not calculated to lessen his hostess's apprehensions.

A big black-bearded fellow, in a kind of half-uniform, cutlass at his side, pistols in his belt, and high sea-boots on his feet, steps in, touches his cap and says: "Captain, I've come ashore with eighteen men in the long boat. Your orders!"

With a muttered "Ladies, I'll be back before the bottle's gone round," Bocock takes his subordinate away and apparently gives him some important instructions. What they are, Susan doesn't dare to ask,

though she is tingling to know, from her finger tips to the toes of her pretty little slippers.

"You—you can leave *me* this evening?" she pouts to her sailor lover on his return.

"Only to make me dead sure of you, my lass. I have just brought twenty-four sea-dogs inside your bar-racoon, armed to the teeth, to protect you against the Greeks." Then he bursts out laughing: "'Fore Gad! ladies and gentlemen," for Bocock has, by this time, taken a glass or two in addition to what he had when he came on shore. "'Fore Gad, my Sue is such a slippery wench. Only in London, scarce three months ago, she flaunted in my face my Lord Marquis; and, damme, I was taken up and would have been juggled for tearing the old dotard's wig off his bald head, but no one appeared to swear against me."

"Oh, Dick, you thought *I* would go to Bow Street to make a charge against *you*?" says Susan, looking unutterable reproach.

"Ods beldames, I wasn't sure of it! Jack Swagger told me the four cutpurses who beat me to a mummy on Ludgate Hill were hired by thee."

"Oh, *Richard*!"

"And then, by Jove!—when she was at school and was going to jump over the wall into my arms, she slid into Ballyho, the Irish Eastern scoundrel's, outstretched paws. But I'm thinking the Misses Prindle avenged my wrongs for me that time. Did they not trounce thee soundly, wench?"

"Of course they did," says Susan blushing angrily, and biting her lips, for the company are all laughing at Bocock's revealing of her school-girl pranks. "But that was only one of *a hundred* tortures I have endured for love of thee, thou cruel swain." This last is whispered almost in the pirate's ear.

"Demme! Who would have thought you were so amorous of him? You never gabbled of Dick Bocock before to-night," remarks Isaiah, with disappointment on his freckled face.

"La! As if I wore my heart upon my sleeve, Mr. Cutter," says the young lady, with becoming modesty.

"And," continues the young man, who over the wine has grown too talkative for his own safety: "I—I rather thought, you know, I was the first matrimonial aspirant to thy sweet hand."

"'Sdeath, sir!" cries Bocock, rising and striking the table, while the ladies scream. "Would you dispute with me my little Sue, who has been my lass these three years? If so, step out, and we'll settle with sword and pistol."

But Mr. Cutter disclaims any wish to interfere with so old and true a love, and suddenly the black-bearded buccaneering mate is in again, and, saluting, says: "Captain Bocock, fifteen more men on shore!"

"Well, forty, I think, will be enough," returns Dick, languidly, "*with the parson!*"

"The—the parson!" stammers Susan, her face growing very white.

"Of course! We're to be spliced *to-night*. You're too slippery a seal to be let out of thy doting Dickie's hand again," chuckles her gallant.

"Good gracious! A wedding to-night!" cry both the young lady guests.

"But there's no parson here," pants Susan, blushing to the roots of her hair. For she has played her part so well, the ladies are patting her on the shoulder and saying: "Thy eager wooer should be rewarded!—O lucky girl, a man who has come across the seas for love of thee."

"Gad! If there was a minister within call," says

Jack Penman enthusiastically, "I'd be your best man, Bocock! Such constancy should be blessed in shortest order."

"By the Lord, it shall be!" cries the skipper of the *Growler*, his eyes lighting up at the beauty of Miss Susan, who is now a mass of blushes, and with a very anxious look in her blue eyes. "Isn't she a tight little craft, my hearties? Bring the parson, quick!"

"Oh, Dick, if there only was a minister in the place!" murmurs Miss Turnbull, and hiding her face upon his manly shoulder, gives Bocock raptures by her apparent bashful, yet overpowering love.

"No parson? What kind of a town is this?" he growls. "I saw the spire of a little kirk."

"But still no minister," remarks young Cutter.

"Then," returns Bocock, "I'll take you to one."

"Why, you foolish Dick, there's none nearer than St. Augustine," prattles Susan, who has caught a grain of confidence.

"Or Bermuda," says her skipper lover, next cries: "I'll take you to Bermuda. Hang it, I'll take bridesmaids and groomsmen too! I'll make a wedding party on the *Growler*."

But every one dissents to this, except Miss Turnbull, who claps her hands and laughs: "That's just the idea! A three days' cruise, and we are wed, my Richard!" Then she astonishes them all by adding: "And if they will not go with me, well then, we must go alone."

But Olivia entreats: "Susan, think of your good name!—even though you sail with an affianced lover."

"Pisha, then you will all have to keep me company," says Miss Naughty, riantly.

"We will not go; neither shall you," says Jack Penman determinedly.

"'Sdeath, sir! Do you dare dispute me?" cries the sailor.

"I dare dispute you," answers the young American calmly, "because this young lady, for desperate love of you, in her childish innocence has forgotten that there are babbling tongues and naughty gossip in these colonies."

And the affair would grow serious; the two young men confronting each other; Bock with his hand upon his cutlass, Penman, though unarmed, facing him stoutly.

But Miss Susan steps between them and says: "Fie, Dick! give me one word with this gentleman, who you can see wishes me well. Let me explain to him how long our love has been thwarted."

"Well, have your way, lass, for a minute or two," says the sailor, adding confidentially: "It's precious little you'll have of it, my Sue, after we're spliced."

At this his putative sweetheart pouts mightily, but leads Jack from the room into the open space in front of the low buildings.

To him she whispers: "Can't you see? The man in there is a pirate, who has forty ruffians with pistol and cutlass at the entrance of the barracoon."

"A pirate, good heavens! We must arm and resist him!" answers Penman.

At this moment Johnson, the superintendent, coming in the darkness to her, mutters: "I've got the overseers together. Shall we make a fight?"

"Are you mad? If we defeated the forty men he has on shore, what resistance could we make against the long gun of that vessel when he warps her within quarter of a mile of us? Stay quiet—leave the affair to me. Above all, say nothing to the ladies. Mr. Penman, tell the villain, when we go back, that you now approve the ardor of his suit."

"Damned if I will!"

“For my sake, yes!—For your sister’s safety—yes!”

“You have a plan?”

“Of course.”

“Very well.” And sauntering into the dining-room, Jack slaps Bocock on the shoulder and cries: “My hearty, let’s drink your health. I’m not the man to stand between a sailor and a lass who loves him like your little Susan.”

So Bocock, happy and proud, drinks again!

Noting this, and remembering his fondness for grog, a little hope comes into Susan’s heart. “Ah!” she says, as her guests are rising from the table, “you are going to give us chance to discuss this affair—my man and I,” and laughs to Olivia: “Don’t be afraid; my Dick and I will not elope until we say good-by.”

When the company have strolled away, Miss Turnbull discovers the affair is more serious even than she had thought, and that time is the very essence of this matter. For Bocock swears that she shall go on board with him this very night, and his persistence and threats are such that she is compelled to say: “Yes, Dick; of course I’ll do my future husband’s bidding. An hour to get my things together, and have my wenches pack a box of honey-moon finery for me.” Then she puts her arms round him, and pleads: “Of course you’ll—you’ll marry me in Bermuda; otherwise I would not be able to bestow on you my fortune. Besides, I trust my innocence to my own Dick’s manhood.”

“By these kisses my pert Sue shall have her will,” he returns; then, calling in his black-bearded mate, strikes Susan with despair as he orders sharply: “Have my gig manned. We take on board a *lady* passenger to-night!”

His lieutenant going out with a grin upon his saturnine phiz, Bocock says, with the tone of lord and mas-

ter: "Get ready for thy nuptial cruise, my hearty!" and gives Miss Susan a sounding buss.

At his command she leaves him, to make hasty arrangement for departure; taking great care, however, a full bottle of Santa Cruz is standing on the table, straight under his pirate eyes and nose—though she had been better pleased were it poison instead of rum.

Then Miss Turnbull appears to be in prodigious hurry, giving great show of preparations for her going, unlocking the closet door of her chamber, and calling Irene and Natalie to her help; rating them with loud voice for being lazy jades, but whispering in their ears: "If you are not as slow as snails, beware tomorrow!"

From this, after considerable noise of packing baggage and some delay of time, she comes out to Bocock, still dressed in her fête gown.

"Why are you not ready for the boat, you lagging jade?" he cries, angrily.

To him she murmurs docilely: "My maids are sleepy!"

"Rope-end the dawdling trollops!" says Dick, his voice a little husky.

"Of course, when I am thine, my lord will have the ordering of my household," whispers Susan, meekly, but her eyes burn with hope as she notes that *one-fourth* of the bottle of Santa Cruz has now somehow disappeared.

Then she would go from him, but at her beauty his eyes blaze, he pats her blushing cheek and pulls her on his knee, whispering: "Wench, thy red lips for thy ardent Dick, who will make thee a happy lass to-night—an honest lass, when parson comes on board."

And as, obedient to his word, she kisses and caresses him, O Heaven, how she fears him!—not for himself, but

for *herself*. Little Miss Susan knows her nature very well. Even as he fondles her, she feels the currish streak coursing in her blood, and knows that after she becomes this big, lusty, stalwart brawler's prey, she will be his sailor-lass as surely as if she were a Portsmouth Poll; and be true to her sailor-man, and hang about begging for his caresses, and take her Dick's trouncings meekly and tearfully when he is drunk, and be no more the Susan Turnbull who could dominate and sway, but only a poor, jealous-hearted sailor's wench, who will cry her eyes out when he sails away, and watch at dock-side eagerly, year by year, for her lad's dropping anchor.

And this she swears to herself SHE WILL NOT BE !—and trembling, not at his passion—but at her own—slips away from Dick and his Santa Cruz caresses.

A few minutes after, she flits back again; *three-quarters* of the bottle has disappeared, and Dick is laughing: "'Fore Gad, lass—this is a merry carouse—hic—Tell my bo—os'n to get a stretch—stretcher to carry your—bride-gr-groom to the boat. You will be ready s-soon, my saucy Sue ? ”

“Yes, dear. You'll have time for only another bumper to your bride's health.”

“Thank youse!” And Bocock pours out now, with shaking hand, a goblet of strongest Santa Cruz rum, stuttering: “Wench, if your l-lips were but as s-sweet as *this!*” and quaffs it off. Then he rises, the bottle in his hand, hiccoughing: “My own, my l-little S-sue. Oh—thish is good l-liquor!”

And raising the bottle to his lips, Bocock sinks down in drunken slumber on the floor, having missed his bride—*for rum!* And she, standing over him in all her graceful beauty, laughs bitterly, scoffing herself: “If he conquers me, I shall love this great,

stalwart, drunken thing, and be his miserable, doting, jealous, cuffed-about, jack-tar trollop! Oh God, NOT THAT!"

All that night the girl goes not to bed, and the next morning at daybreak, with haggard eyes, is sweeping the horizon to the north for coming aid, for she knows the rising sun will sink upon Susan Turnbull, mistress of New Smyrna, with red-coated soldiers all about her, or Susan Turnbull, Dick Bocock's sailor-lass—Dick Bocock's pirate-bride.

Suddenly she screams deliriously: "A sail!—*Two* sails! **SAVED!**"

For at the entrance to the inlet are two war-schooners flying the English flag, and Turnbull's Baltimore clipper just behind them, and the decks of all the vessels are crowded with redcoats, whose bayonets glisten in the sunlight.

Then the girl trembles, and nearly faints, but soon her eyes grow bright; she jeers: "You, pirate Bocock, who would have stolen *me*; and you, my rebellious slaves, who would have robbed me of *yourselves*, have lost your game to little Susan Turnbull—**BY A NIGHT.**"

Thirty minutes afterward, the vessels drop anchor. The redcoats, a detachment of the Ninth Regiment, commanded by Captain Baker and Lieutenants Brookes and Fosdyke, swarm on shore.

Panic-stricken at the appearance of the troops, the Greeks and Minorcans—all but some twenty, who have fled in the little fishing-smack—skurry to their barracks, save a few, who seek the mercy of the swamps. Ah! what joy comes to the mistress's heart as she sees the overseers now sally out and gather in her slaves.

Then cheerily come marching up to Susan's place of refuge the light company of the Ninth, headed by Captain Baker, accompanied by the dandy lieutenant

Fosdyke, and behind them, rubbing his fat hands together, strides Andrew Turnbull, who has journeyed down with the troops and is talking to Johnson, saying: "Damn 'um! Have no mercy on the mutinous dogs!"

Some hours after this, Dick Bocock, arising from drunken slumber, puts his hands to his head and mutters: "Od rot it! Am I a bridegroom *yet?*"

He is staring about him for his blushing bride, when Johnson, the superintendent, coming to him, astounds him by saying: "Miss Turnbull would like to see you and thank you for your gallant conduct in the matter of yesterday."

"Thank *me!* She's my lass, and shall thank me for much *more!* Could you get me a dram of Old Jamaica just as a straightener?" mutters the skipper.

But being ushered into the main room of the barracoon, Captain Bocock sees the swarming redcoats of the English infantry, and his own sea-dogs already in their boats, prepared to leave. To him comes Andrew Turnbull, leading Miss Susan, who in white muslin, looking like an alluring fairy, murmurs: "Thank you, gallant Captain, for your services to us in preventing the escape of our slaves. The two hundred guineas agreed upon for them will be paid you by my superintendent. Good-by and pleasant voyage."

"Bid me good-by?" stammers the astounded mariner, "when last night you said you'd be my lass—your Dickie's little Sue!"

At this Andrew Turnbull stares aghast.

But Susan's laugh floats rippling through the air. "Ah, that was in your drunken slumbers, Captain Bocock," she murmurs. "Our hospitality was too great for you. Good-by; I have ordered a cask of the Santa Cruz you punished so strongly last night sent on

board the *Growler*. Fair wind to you. You're going to New Orleans, I believe, to help the Spaniards in their troubles; or do you sail first to Bermuda? You spoke of that last night—to ship a parson."

So Bocock, cursing both rum and Susan under his breath, is perforce compelled to take himself off, two war-schooners and the British infantry being too strong a dose for the *Growler* to swallow at a single mouthful.

His gig is waiting for him at the landing. As he slouches out of the barracoon, he passes the little open window of Miss Susan's dressing-room, in which are locked up Irene and Natalie, their mistress not caring for her beautiful bondmaids to be much in evidence this morning; too many soldiers are about.

Suddenly a fair white hand is beckoning Bocock to the window, and a sweet but tremulous, frightened voice is whispering: "Read this, and have revenge!"

With a smothered oath he shoves the piece of paper into his pocket, as he passes on.

Half an hour after, on the deck of his ship, he reads, written with some red fluid on a torn leaflet of a copy of the *Gentleman's Magazine*:

"In the name of humanity, please try to forward this to Marco Trefussis, in the Greek insurgent camps in the Morea:

"If you would save your betrothed, Irene Vannos, find her at New Smyrna, Florida, where she is held in cruel slavery by Susan Turnbull, likewise her sisters, her mother, and her father, who boarded Turnbull's vessel from your boat at Modon."

"By Jove! I'll try to send this, though I doubt whether Trefussis, if the Turks have let him live, will ever get it," remarks the privateersman. "No sailor ever stands in the way of true love."

Glancing again at the slip of paper, he sees another message. It is as follows:

Send also by first convenient mail these words to the *Managing Director of the Bank of England*:

“‘Deliver none of Alceste Vannos’s bonds or money on any order signed by himself and wife, for these signatures have been made under duress and coercion. At least, for the security of your bank, investigate the matter.’”

“This last don’t go!” thinks Bocock, in savage determination; next mutters these curious words: “By Neptune! I’m not the man to dissipate my coming wife’s fortune! And I’ll have my hand on slippery Sue—if it takes a year!” Then he growls out orders to his men to weigh anchor and put sail on the vessel. But even as he gets under way, Dick grinds his teeth and mutters: “The third time that young jade has tricked me! Wait till *the fourth*, you Jezebel!”

For, with savage eyes, gazing from the limpid water and shining sea-beach of the inlet up to the hummocks green with palmetto and cabbage palm, he sees Turnbull’s pretty cottage, which has somehow been overlooked by the looting and rioting Greek slaves, and on its veranda notes a dainty lady robed in white. She is waving to him *bon voyage*, with fluttering yet sarcastic handkerchief, and Dick Bocock knows quite well this vision of beauty is his little Sue, who sat upon his lap the night before and plied him with Cleopatra kisses and rum of Santa Cruz.

But Richard Bocock doesn’t as yet know in all its fullness *the power of woman*!

And for that matter, neither does Susan Turnbull—nor *its weakness*! For she is laughing airily and mentally: “Aha! victorious over both naughty pirate Bocock and rebellious slaves!”

Then her eyes grow big with the glory of winning, as she sees the red-coated sentries and patrols of the Ninth, and notes two handsome officers on the veranda, who are even now seeking her favor, and feeling she

has THE POWER OF ENGLAND behind her dainty back she adds with piquant gesture and insouciant confidence: "WHO COMES NEXT?"

END OF FIRST PART,



*Part Second, entitled BALLYHO BEY, concludes "THE POWER OF WOMAN."*

## APPENDIX TO PART I.

FROM BERNARD ROMANS'S NATURAL HISTORY OF EAST AND WEST  
FLORIDA.

Published by subscription in New York, 1775.

THIRTY-TWO miles south of Tomoco Creek is the mouth of another river, called Spruce Creek. It is very rich in fresh marsh, the ground being gradually broken at its mouth; this is a more considerable stream than the last, and at a little distance from this mouth are the first settlements of Musketo, or New Smyrna, particularly Mr. Penman's.

Between three and four miles further south of Tomoco Creek is the entrance or bar of New Smyrna, of still less navigable convenience than St. Augustine, and is the outwatering of the above named lagoon, as likewise another river coming from the south, styled North Hillsborough River. Here we begin to see a few of the tropical plants such as carica, borassus, capsicum, mangles, and blackwood. At a few miles from the bar is the situation of the town or settlement made by Dr. Turnbull for Sir William Duncan, himself and perhaps more associates; this town is called New Smyrna, from the place of the doctor's lady's nativity. The settlements round this famous town extend considerably along the banks of this lagoon, and large quantities of very good indigo have been made here. If my reader is inquisitive to know why I call this famous, I answer on account of the cruel methods used in settling it, which made it the daily topic of conversation for a long time in this and the neighboring province.

About fifteen hundred people, men, women, and children, were deluded away from their native country, where they lived at home in the plentiful cornfields and vineyards of Greece and Italy to this place where, instead of plenty they found want in its last degree; instead of promised fields, a dreary wilderness; instead of grateful fertile soil, a barren arid land; and in addition to their misery were obliged to indent themselves, their wives, and children for many years to a man who had the most sanguine expectations of transplanting *Bashawship* from the Levant.

The better to effect his purpose he granted them a pitiful portion of land for ten years, upon the plan of the feudal system; this being improved and just rendered fit for cultivation at the end of that term, it again reverts to the original grantor, and the grantee may, if he chooses, begin a new state of vassalage for ten years more. Many were denied even such grants as these and were obliged to work in the manner of negroes a task in the field; their provisions were at the best of times only a quart of maize per day and two ounces of pork per week; this

might have sufficed with the help of fish, which abounds in the lagoon ; but they were denied the liberty of fishing, and lest they should not labor enough, inhuman taskmasters were set over them, and instead of allowing each family to do with their homely fare as they pleased, they were forced to join altogether in one mess and at the beat of a vile drum to come to one common copper, from whence their *hominy* was laded out to them.<sup>2</sup> Even this coarse and scanty meal was through careless management rendered still more coarse, and through the knavery of the proveditor and pilfering of a hungry cook, still more scant.

Masters of vessels were forwarned from giving any of them a piece of bread or meat. Imagine to yourself an African (an expert hunter) who had been long a favorite of his master, through the importunities of this petty tyrant sold to him ; imagine to yourself one of a class whose hearts are generally callous against the soft feelings, melted with the wants of some of these wretches, giving them a piece of venison, of which he caught what he pleased, and for this charitable act disgraced, whipped, and in course of time used so severely that the unusual servitude soon released him to a happier state.

Again, behold a man *obliged to whip his own wife* in public for pilfering bread to relieve her helpless family ; then think of a time when the small allowance was reduced to *half*, and see some brave, generous seamen charitably sharing their own allowance with some of these wretches ; the merciful tars suffering abuse for their generosity and the miserable objects of their ill-timed pity undergoing bodily punishment for satisfying the cravings of a long disappointed appetite, and you may form some judgment of the manner in which New Smyrna was settled.

Mr. Joseph Purcell, an excellent young man who was draftsman to our department, had been several times an eye-witness to this distress, and told me that he knew many among the unhappy sufferers who were comfortably established in Europe, but by great promises deluded away.

Before I leave this subject I will relate the insurrection to which those unhappy people at New Smyrna were obliged to have recourse, and which the great ones styled rebellion. In the year 1769, at a time when the unparalleled severity of these taskmasters, particularly one Cutter (who had been made a justice of the peace with no other view than to enable him to execute his barbarities in a larger extent and with the greater appearance of authority), had driven these wretches to despair, they resolved to escape to the Havannah ; to execute this they broke into the provision stores and seized on some craft lying in the harbor, but were prevented from taking others by the care of the masters. Destitute of any man fit for the important post of leader, their proceedings were all confusion, and an Italian of very bad principles, who was accused of a rape of a very young girl, but of so much note that he had formally been admitted to the overseer's table, assumed a kind of com-

mand. They thought themselves secure where they were, and this occasioned a delay till a detachment of the Ninth regiment had time to arrive, to whom they submitted, except one boatful, which escaped to the Florida keys, but was taken up by a Providence man. Many were the victims destined for punishment.

As I was one of the Grand Jury who sat fifteen days on this business, I had the opportunity of canvassing it well, but the accusations were of so small account that we found only five bills. One of these was against a man for maiming the above-said Cutter, whom it seems they had pitched upon as the principal object of their resentment and curtailed his ear and two of his fingers; another for shooting a cow, which being a capital crime in England, the law making it such was extended to this province; the others were against the leader and three more, for a burglary committed on the provision store. The distresses of the sufferers touched us so that we almost unanimously wished for some happy circumstances that might justify our rejecting all the bills except that against the chief, who was a villain. One man was brought before us three or four times, and at last was joined in one accusation with the person who maimed Cutter; yet no evidence of weight appearing against him, I had the opportunity to mark by the appearance of some faces in court that he had been marked and that the Grand Jury disappointed the expectations of more than one great man. Governor Grant pardoned two, and the third, who was obliged to be the executioner of the remaining two.

On this occasion I saw one of the most moving scenes I ever experienced. Long and obstinate was the struggle of this man's mind, who repeatedly called out that he chose to die rather than be the executioner of his friends in distress: this not a little perplexed Mr. Woolridge, the sheriff, till at length the entreaties of the victims themselves put an end to the conflict in his breast by encouraging him to the act. Now we beheld a man thus compelled to mount the ladder, take leave of his friends in the most moving manner, kissing them the moment before he committed them to an ignominious death. . . . It is said that Dr. Stork, who was near the spot, died with fright, and Cutter, some time after, died a lingering death, having experienced, besides his wounds, the terrors of a coward in power overthrown by vengeance.

FROM "WILLIAMS' TERRITORY OF FLORIDA," New York, 1837.

1763. This year the King of France ceded Florida to Great Britain. There were but six hundred inhabitants in the province, besides the regular troops, and they were very poor. Nearly all of them removed to Cuba and left the country to be parceled out among the half-pay officers and disbanded soldiers who had served in the American campaigns. Emigrants also arrived from Great Britain, and from many other parts of Europe. Several of the English nobility settled plantations at

Hillsborough River, on the St. Johns River, and on Amelia Island. A few also settled at Pensacola.

Lord Rolle obtained a grant of land on the St. Johns, which he named Charlottia. To this place he transported three hundred miserable females, who were picked up about the purlieus of London. His object was to reform them and make them good members of society. They all died in a few years.

1767. Doctor Turnbull tried a different speculation. He sailed to the Peloponnesus and for the sum of four hundred pounds sterling, obtained permission from the governor of Modon to convey to Florida a large number of Greek families. In 1767 he arrived with one small vessel and took as many Greeks as he could obtain. On his way back from Modon, he put in at the islands of Corsica and Minorca and recruited his number of settlers to fifteen hundred. He agreed to carry them free of expense, to find them in good provisions and clothing, and at the end of three years to give fifty acres of land to each head of families and twenty-five acres to each child. If they were dissatisfied, in six months he agreed to send them back. There was a long voyage of four months; many of the old people died. Twenty-nine died in one vessel. They arrived in the fall season. Sixty thousand acres of land were granted them by the governor of Florida. They built huts of palmetto to shelter them through the winter, and in the spring they planted provisions. Their settlement was named New Smyrna; it was about four miles west of Mosquito Inlet and seventy-four miles south of St. Augustine.

After a sufficient quantity of provisions were raised, Turnbull turned his attention to indigo. In five years they had planted nearly three thousand acres of good land, highly improved, and in one year the net value of the indigo crop amounted to £3,174.

He selected a few Italians and negroes and made them overseers and drivers. The rest, men, women, and children, were reduced to the most abject slavery. Tasks were assigned them as large as they could possibly perform during the week. The food of the laborers was seven quarts of corn per week for the whites, and ten quarts for the negroes, a number of which had been placed on the settlement; to the sick three and a half quarts were allowed.

Most of the Minorcans and Corsicans had brought a good stock of clothing with them; when that was worn out they were furnished with a suit of oznaburghs each year. One blanket and one pair of shoes for the whole term of service were given to the men, but the women had no shoes, *although many of them had been accustomed to live in affluence in their own country.* In this state of slavery were these people kept *The tyranny exercised over them was not exceeded by the savage Spaniards of San Domingo.*

On the most trifling occasions they were beaten excessively, and the negroes were usually chosen as the instruments of diabolical cruelty; they were often compelled to beat and lacerate those who had not performed their tasks, till they died. After scourging the skin from their

backs they were sometimes left naked, tied to a tree all night, for the mosquitos to suck their blood. These usually swelled up ready to burst with their tortures. If induced by despair to run away, they were stopped and taken up by the negroes on the neighboring plantations, who were paid for returning them. Some wandered off and died in the forests.

IN REGARD to Turnbull's practices of selecting and selling the most beautiful of his Greek lady slaves into other American colonies, Havannah and New Orleans, see various footnotes in the book, taken from THE NEW WORLD, STATE PAPERS, ETC.—ED.



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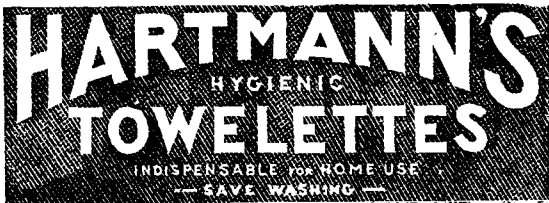
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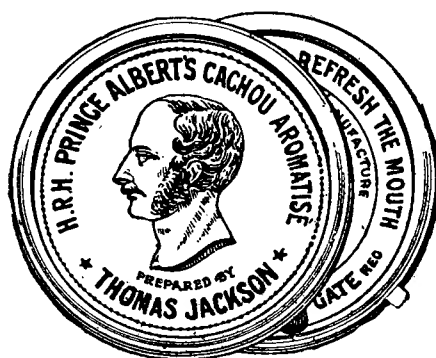
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